This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

P267.4

35-11V
L-4

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

FOR 1806.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

CRESCIT EUNDO.

VOL. VI.

PHILADELPHIA,

PUBLISHED BY J. CONRAD & CO., CHESNUT-STREET; M. & J. CONRAD & CO., BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO., NORFOLK;

AT ANY OF WHICH PLACES COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH-STREET.

1806.

P267.4

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 34. JULY, 1806. VOL. VI.

CONTENTS.

	page.
Education of the deaf and dumb	3
On the picturesque	6
Biographical sketch of William Pitt	9
Betel and areka	21
Female clothing	22
Funeral customs and ideas of the Greeks	23
Addison a punster	26
Poplar worm	ibid.
Anecdotes of the lion	28
The Gleaner, No. III.	30
Learned trifling	32
New York	33
Cumberland's memoirs	ibid.
Dodington, lord Melcombe	34
Sketches of the Irish character	38
The West Indian	40
Irish portraits	46
Garrick	49
Pressing, a fragment	52
Pain and pleasure	ibid.
The fear of death	54
Adversaria, No. XV	55
Trumbull's M'Fingal	57
Swift's Tale of a Tub	62
History of the Russian stage	63
Orations of the apostles	68
Romance of real life	70
Female loquacity	71
Specimen of a nocturnal	ibid.
Hindoo almanacs	72
Remarks on Ariosto and his translator	73
Sketch of Dr. Hugh Blair	74
Why the arts are not encouraged in America.	76
POETRY.	
Elegy	78
Elegy to Amanda	ibid.
Remonstrance of the poplar worm	80
To correspondents	ibid.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & C. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1806.

31-112
6-6

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 34. JULY, 1806. VOL. VI.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

ONE of the first teachers of the deaf and dumb was Bonet, a priest, secretary to the constable of Castile. He undertook the tuition of his younger brother, who had lost the sense of hearing at two years of age; and he published an account of his system in 1620, at Madrid. Amman, a Swiss physician, was the next systematic writer on this subject. He printed at Amsterdam a treatise in Latin, about 1692, intitled *Surdus loquens*. Wallis, a few years afterward, published his Method of Instructing Persons who were Deaf and Dumb, in Britain; and he was followed by Holder, Dalgarno, and Bulwer.

In recent times, this art has been exercised in Paris by father Vanin and Mr. Perreire; in Leipsick by Mr. Heinich; in London by Mr. Baker; and in Edinburgh by Mr. Braidwood.

By a contingency, such as destines multitudes to particular studies or avocations, the abbe de l'Epee engaged in it. Vanin had under his tuition two young ladies, who were twin sisters, both having the misfortune of deafness and dumbness. Death soon deprived them of his lessons; and as an instructor to supply his place was sought for in vain, the abbe de l'Epee undertook to continue their education. The contemplation of their condition excited his tenderness, and his tenderness inflamed his philanthropy towards all in the same afflicting circumstances. His mind, thus turned to the subject, was, by degrees, wholly absorbed in it; till, at last, incited by religion and humanity, he dedicated himself entirely to their tuition. He instituted a seminary, in which he received as many of the deaf and Dumb as he could superintend, and he formed preceptors to teach those in distant parts. The number of his scholars grew to upwards of sixty; and, as the fame of his operations extended, persons from Germany, from Switzerland, from Spain, and from Holland, came to Paris to be initiated in the method he practised, and transfer it to their several countries.

The philanthropic exertions of this excellent man, in behalf of his unfortunate pupils, were unwearied. The greatest part of his income was appropriated to their support, and he refused pecuniary assistance in every shape; of which the following is a remarkable instance.

When the Russian ambassador at Paris made the abbe a visit, in the year 1780, he offered him a present in money proportioned to the customary magnificence of the empress. This the abbe declined to accept, saying, he never received gold from any one; but that since his labours had obtained him the esteem of the empress, he begged she would send a deaf and dumb person to him to be educated, which he should deem a more flattering mark of her distinction.

An asylum for the support and education of the deaf and dumb children of the poor, was instituted in 1792, in the Grange road, Bermondsey, under the patronage of the marquis of Buckingham, a nobleman whose encouragement of literature and the fine arts hath justly entitled him to the reputation of taste and knowledge, as this office has done to the superior character of philanthropy. Of this asylum, Mr. Thornton, member for Southwark, is the treasurer; the Rev. Mr. Mason, of Bermondsey, the secretary; and Mr. Watson, formerly the assistant to Mr. Braidwood, the zealous and industrious teacher.

The abbe de l'Epee gives the following sketch of the method he pursues with his pupils.

It is not by the mere pronunciation of words, in any language, that we are taught their signification: the words *door*, *window*, &c. in our own might have been repeated to us hundreds of times, in vain: we should never have attached an idea to them, had not the objects designated by these names been shown to us at the same time. A sign of the hand or of the eye has been the sole mean by which we learned to unite the idea of these objects with the sounds that struck our ear. Whenever we heard these sounds, the same ideas arose in our minds, because we recollected the signs made to us when they were pronounced.

Exactly similar must be our measures with the deaf and dumb.—Their tuition commences with teaching them a manual alphabet, such as boys at school make use of to hold conversation at one end of a form with their companions at the other. The various figures of these letters strike forcibly the eyes of deaf and dumb persons, who no more confound them than we confound the various sounds that strike our ears.

We next write in large characters with a white crayon, upon a black table, these two words, *the door*, and we show them the door. They immediately apply their manual alphabet five or six times to each of the letters composing the word *door*, they spell it with their fingers, and impress on their memory the number of letters and arrangement of them; this done, they efface the word, and, taking the crayon themselves, write it down in characters, no matter whether well or ill formed; afterwards they will write it as often as you show them the same object.

It will be the same with respect to every thing else pointed out to them, the name being previously written down; which being first on the table, in large characters, may afterwards be inscribed in characters of ordinary size, upon different cards; and these being given to them, they amuse themselves in examining one another's proficiency, and ridicule those that blunder. Experience has manifested that a deaf and dumb person possessing any mental powers will acquire, by this method, upwards of eighty words in less than three days.

Take some cards having suitable inscriptions, and deliver them one by one to your pupil; he will carry his hand successively to every part of his body conformably to the name on the card delivered to him. Mix and shuffle the cards as you please; he will make no mistake; or if you

chuse to write down any of these names on the table, you will see him, in like manner, distinguish with his finger every object whose name is so offered him; and thus clearly prove that he comprehends the meaning of every one.

By this process the pupil will obtain, in very few days, a knowledge of all the words which express the different parts of our frame, from head to foot, as well as of those that express the various objects which surround us, on being properly pointed out to him as you write their names down on the table, or on cards put into his hands.

We are not, however, even in this early stage, to confine ourselves to this single species of instruction, amusing as it is to our pupils. The very first or second day we guide their hands to make them write down, or we write down for them ourselves the present tense of the indicative of the verb *to carry*.

Several deaf and dumb pupils being round a table, I place my new scholar on my right hand. I put the forefinger of my left hand on the word *I*, and we explain it by signs in this manner: showing myself with the forefinger of my right, I give two or three gentle taps on my breast. I then lay my left forefinger on the word *carry*, and taking up a large quarto volume, I carry it under my arm, in the skirts of my gown, on my shoulder, on my head, and on my back, walking all the while with the mien of a person bearing a load. None of these motions escape his observation.

I return to the table; and in order to explain the second person, I lay my left forefinger on the word *thou*, and carrying my right to my pupil's breast, I give him a few gentle taps, making him notice that I look at *him*, and that he is likewise to look at me. I next lay my finger on the word *carriest*, the second person, and having delivered him the quarto volume, I make signs for him to perform what he has just seen me perform: he laughs, takes the volume, and executes his commission extremely well.

This method is adapted to the conception of the pupil, in his progress through the intricacies of grammar. The following description of the means of initiating him in a knowledge of the tenses of verbs will convey a sufficient idea of the plan:

The pupil, though deaf and dumb, had, like us, an idea of the past, the present, and the future, before he was placed under our tuition, and was at no loss for signs to manifest the difference.

Did he mean to express a present action? He made a sign, prompted by nature, which we all make in the same case, without being conscious of it, and which consists in appealing to the eyes of the spectators to witness the presence of our operation; but if the action did not take place in his sight, he laid his two hands flat upon the table, beating upon it gently, as we are all apt to do on similar occasions: and these are the signs he learns again in our lessons, by which to indicate the present of a verb.

Did he design to signify that an action is past? He tossed his hand carelessly two or three times over his shoulder: these signs we adopt to characterize the past tenses of a verb.

And, lastly, when it was his intent to announce a future action, he projected his right hand: here again is a sign we give him to represent the future of a verb.

It is now time to call in art to the assistance of nature.

Having previously taught him to write out the names of the seven days of the week, one directly under the other, we desire him to set them down in that order, and we then put on each side of his writing what follows before and after the same words under different heads.

Present.—To-day, Sunday, I arrange nothing.

Imperfect.—Yesterday, Monday, I was arranging my books.

Perfect.—Day before yesterday, Tuesday, I arranged my chamber.

Past perfect.—Three days ago, Wednesday, I had arranged my closet.

Future.—To-morrow, Thursday, I shall arrange my papers.

Future.—Day after to-morrow, Friday, I shall arrange my drawers.

Future.—Three days hence, Saturday, I shall arrange my cupboards.

Yesterday, day before yesterday, three days ago, are explained by the number of times we have slept since the day of which we speak.

To-morrow, day after to-morrow, three days hence, are explained by the number of times we are to sleep till the day in question arrive.

We next teach our pupil to lay a restriction upon his motions. To express a thing past, he used to throw his arm backwards and forwards towards his shoulder, without rule: we tell him he must throw it only once for the imperfect, twice for the perfect, and three times for the past perfect; which in truth is analogous to what is signified, the past perfect announcing an action longer past than the perfect, and the latter being in the same predicament with regard to the imperfect.

Mr. Tooke's principles of grammar, now his learned work is completed, will perhaps enable teachers of the deaf and dumb to substitute signs still more simple and expressive than those which are here indicated.

No attempts of this kind have hitherto been made in America. To what cause is this owing? The want of benevolence, or talents, or of pupils?

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PICTURESQUE.

MEN of true taste do not suppose *all beauty* to consist in *picturesque beauty*, and the face of nature to be examined *only by the rules of painting*. They speak of the grand scenes of nature, though uninteresting in a *picturesque* light, as having a strong effect on the imagination, often a stronger than when they are properly disposed for the pencil. They every where make a distinction between scenes that are *beautiful* and *amusing*, and scenes that are *picturesque*. They examine and admire both. Even artificial objects they admire, whether in a grand or in a humble style, though unconnected with picturesque beauty; the palace and the cottage, the improved garden-scene and the neat home-stall. Works of tillage also afford them equal delight; the plough, the mower, the reaper, the hay-field, and the harvest-wane. In a word, they reverence and admire the works of God, and look with benevolence and pleasure on the works of men.

At the expence of no other species of beauty, they merely endeavour to illustrate and recommend one species more; which, though among the most interesting, has seldom been made the set object of investigation. From scenes indeed of the picturesque kind, they exclude the appendages of tillage, and in general the works of men; which too often introduce preciseness and formality. But excluding artificial objects from one species of beauty is not degrading them from all.

Of all kinds of travellers, or pedestrian hunters, those that travel in search of the pleasure of the picturesque are the fewest in number, particularly in America, but perhaps they are the most judicious in their choice of an object of pursuit. Let us hear what a great traveller of this kind has to say in favour of his own taste.

From the *objects* of picturesque travel, we may consider its *sources of amusement*, or in what way the mind is gratified by these objects.

We might begin in moral style, and consider the objects of nature in a higher light than merely as amusement. We might observe, that a

search after beauty should naturally lead the mind to the great origin of all beauty, to the

——first good, first perfect, and first fair.

But though in theory this seems a natural climax, we insist the less upon it, as in fact we have scarce ground to hope that every admirer of *picturesque beauty* is an admirer also of the *beauty of virtue*, and that every lover of nature reflects, that

Nature is but a name for an *effect*,
Whose *cause* is God.——

If, however, the admirer of nature can turn his amusements to a higher purpose; if its great scenes can inspire him with religious awe; or its tranquil scenes with that complacency of mind, which is so nearly allied to benevolence, it is certainly the better. *Apponat lucro.* It is so much into the bargain: for we dare not *promise* him more from picturesque travel than a rational and agreeable amusement. Yet even this may be of some use in an age teeming with licentious pleasure; and may in this light at least be considered as having a moral tendency.

The first source of amusement to the picturesque traveller is the *pursuit* of his object; the expectation of new scenes continally opening and arising to his view. We suppose the country to have been unexplored. Under this circumstance the mind is kept constantly in an agreeable suspence. The love of novelty is the foundation of this pleasure. Every distant horizon promises something new; and with this pleasing expectation we follow nature through all her walks. We pursue her from hill to dale; and hunt after those various beauties with which she every where abounds.

The pleasures of the chase are universal. A hare started before dogs is enough to set a whole country in an uproar. The plough and the spade are deserted. Care is left behind; and every human faculty is dilated with joy.

And shall we suppose it a greater pleasure to the sportsman to pursue a trivial animal, than it is to the man of taste to pursue the beauties of nature? to follow her through all her recesses? to obtain a sudden glance, as she flits past him in some airy shape? to trace her through the mazes of the cover? to wind after her along the vale? or along the reaches of the river?

After the pursuit we are gratified with the *attainment* of the object. Our amusement, on this head, arises from the employment of the mind in examining the beautiful scenes we have found. Sometimes we examine them under the idea of a *whole:* we admire the composition, the colouring, and the light, in one *comprehensive view.* When we are fortunate enough to fall in with scenes of this kind, we are highly delighted. But as we have less frequent opportunities of being thus gratified, we are more commonly employed in analizing the *parts of scenes;* which may be exquisitely beautiful, though unable to produce a whole. We examine what would amend the composition; how little is wanting to reduce it to the rules of our art; what a trifling circumstance sometimes forms the limit between beauty and deformity. Or we compare the objects before us with other objects of the same kind: or perhaps we compare them with the imitations of art. From all these operations of the mind results great amusement.

But it is not from this *scientifical* employment that we derive our chief pleasure. We are most delighted when some grand scene, though perhaps of incorrect composition, rising before the eye, strikes us beyond the power of thought; when the *vox faucibus hæret*, and every mental operation is suspended. In this pause of intellect, this *deliquium* of the soul, an enthusiastic sensation of pleasure overspreads it, previous to any examination by

the rules of art. The general idea of the scenes makes an impression, before any appeal is made to the judgment. We rather *feel* than *survey* it.

This high delight is generally, indeed, produced by the scenes of nature, yet sometimes by artificial objects. Here and there a capital picture will raise these emotions, but oftener the rough sketch of a capital master. This has sometimes an astonishing effect on the mind, giving the imagination an opening into all those glowing ideas which inspired the artist, and which the imagination *only* can translate. In general, however, the works of art affect us coolly, and allow the eye to criticise at leisure.

Having gained, by a minute examination of incidents, a complete idea of an object, our next amusement arises from enlarging and correcting our general stock of ideas. The variety of nature is such, that *new objects*, and new combinations of them, are continually adding something to our fund, and enlarging our collection; while the *same kind of object*, occurring frequently, is seen under various shapes, and makes us, if I may so speak, more learned in nature. We get it more by heart. He who has seen only one oak tree has no complete idea of an oak in general; but he who has examined thousands of oak trees must have seen that beautiful plant in all its varieties, and obtains a full and complete idea of it.

From this correct knowledge of objects arises another amusement; that of representing, by a few strokes in a sketch, those ideas, which have made the most impression upon us. A few scratches, like a short-hand scrawl of our own, legible at least to ourselves, will serve to raise in our minds the remembrance of the beauties they humbly represent, and recal to our memory even the splendid colouring and force of light, which existed in the real scene. Some naturalists suppose the act of ruminating, in animals, to be attended with more pleasure than the act of grosser mastication. It may be so in travelling also. There may be more pleasure in recollecting and recording, from a few transient lines, the scenes we have admired, than in the present enjoyment of them. If the scenes indeed have *peculiar greatness*, this secondary pleasure cannot be attended with those enthusiastic feelings, which accompanied the real exhibition. But, in general, though it may be a calmer species of pleasure, it is more uniform and uninterrupted. It flatters us too with the idea of a sort of creation of our own, and it is unallied with that fatigue, which is often a considerable abatement to the pleasures of traversing the wild and savage parts of nature. After we have amused *ourselves* with our sketches, if we can, in any degree, contribute to the amusement of others also, the pleasure is surely so much enhanced.

There is still another amusement arising from the correct knowledge of objects; and that is the power of creating and representing *scenes of fancy*, which is still more a work of creation than copying from nature. The imagination becomes a camera obscura, only with this difference, that the camera represents objects as they really are, while the imagination, impressed with the most beautiful scenes, and chastened by rules of art, forms its pictures, not only from the most admirable parts of nature, but in the best taste.

We are, in some degree, also amused by the very visions of fancy itself. Often, when slumber has half closed the eye, and shut out all the objects of sense, especially after the enjoyment of some splendid scene, the imagination, active and alert, collects its scattered ideas, transposes, combines, and shifts them into a thousand forms, producing such exquisite scenes, such sublime arrangements, such glow and harmony of colouring, such brilliant lights, such depth and clearness of shadow, as equally foil description and every attempt of artificial colouring.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM PITT.

WILLIAM PITT, the fourth child of William Pitt, earl of Chatham*, by Hester Grenville, sister of Richard, earl Temple, was born May 28, 1759. Nicholas Pitt, who lived in the reign of Henry VI, was the common ancestor of the lately ennobled families of Chatham, Camelford, and Rivers; and his descendant John appears to have been a clerk of the exchequer in the time of Elizabeth.

At Blandford, in Dorsetshire, the Pitts were originally situate, and Thomas Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, was the first of that name who attained considerable eminence. Having resided several years at Fort St. George, when the company was a mere mercantile body, and their chief officers factors and traders, he purchased for 20,400l. that large diamond called the *regent*, weighing 127 carats, which he sold to the regent of France for 135,000l., and which at present occupies a conspicuous place in the imperial diadem of Bonaparte. This enabled him to acquire a considerable estate at Boconnock, in Cornwall; yet his grand-children were not all amply provided for, as William Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, inherited but a scanty patrimony, and, though he had recourse to the profession of arms for support, never rose higher than a cornet of horse. What was wanting, however, in wealth was abundantly supplied by talents, for nature lavished on him her choicest store, and formed him on the model of ancient times.

Having opposed sir Robert Walpole, that minister meanly deprived him of his commission; but this proved no obstacle to his advancement in the state, for in 1756 he became minister. His administration forms the most illustrious portion of the British annals, and it is memorable in every point of view. During that period, so able were his plans, and so original, and yet judicious, the manner in which they were executed, that, notwithstanding a strong opposition in the cabinet, the nation united in his support. Despising narrow prejudices, he was the first to call forth all the resources of the empire, by employing indiscriminately all its inhabitants; and with this collected mass he smote the French monarchy with a blow, from which it could never have recovered had he been supported in that quarter where he had the strongest claims. Thus the early portion of the reign of George III became clouded by his dismission, and men of penetration began to forebode the most diastrous events.

Retiring, though not in disgrace, the wishes of the people still followed him; nor did he ever betray their confidence, for he persevered to the last moment of his life in those principles which he had early avowed. Two of the great objects on which his noble mind was constantly employed during the latter years of his life appear to have been a reform in parliament, without which he prognosticated the most fatal evils, and an immediate conclusion to the American war, the disasters of which he but too clearly anticipated.

He may be said to have died as he had lived, in the service of his country: for, having fainted in consequence of his violent exertions in the house of peers, he was seized with a malady which speedily conducted him to his grave.

The demise of Chatham was la-

* The following is an account of the family of the former earl of Chatham:

John, the present earl, born September 10, 1755.

Lady Hesther, born October 18, 1756, married December 19, 1774, Charles viscount Mahon, only son of Philip earl Stanhope (now earl Stanhope), and died July 18, 1780.

Henrietta, commonly called lady Harriot, born April 14, 1758.

William.

And James Charles, born April 24, 1761, who entered into the royal navy, and died in 1780.

mented by all parties; as during his ministry no inroads were made on public liberty, and as he had no enemies but those of his country, his death was counted a public calamity. The parliament which had despised his counsels unanimously voted him a funeral at the public expence, in Westminster Abbey, and a pension of 4000l. per annum to his heirs, annexed in perpetuity to the title which he had so gloriously acquired for *them*, rather than himself.

William, his second son, born in the midst of a war with France, appeared at a most auspicious era, and came into the world as if to witness the triumphs of his native country, under the auspices of his illustrious parent.

The present earl being destined for the army, and James Charles for the sea service, lord Chatham determined to breed the second son in the paternal mansion at Hayes as a statesman. Having accordingly confided the care of the two other sons to other preceptors, he took William to himself, and the rapid progress of this wonderful boy seemed to cheer the solitude, and illumine the declining day of this veteran politician, who already predicted his future talents and success, and amidst the groves of Burton Pynsent, a seat bequeathed to him on account of his patriotism, presaged his future destiny.

While his school exercises were performed under the immediate care of a private tutor, the Rev. Mr. afterwards Dr. Wilson, and a canon of Windsor, his father conversed with him freely on all subjects, with a view of expanding his mind and maturing his judgment. As he grew up, matters of the utmost importance were started and discussed before him. On these occasions, a fond parent, so eminent for his talents, and particularly for his eloquence, was accustomed to make the little orator declaim from a chair or a table. He knew that in a free country the gift of speaking with facility on every subject was one of the most desirable acquisitions for a young man who panted to excel his contemporaries, and command his equals. He was conscious that this qualification had supplied all deficiencies of fortune in himself; and as his son, at the same time of life, was but scantily provided for, he wished, if possible, to bequeath it to him as an inheritance. His lordship was aware also, perhaps, that his old rival, lord Holland, had bred up one of his children in the same manner; and as Charles Fox began already to distinguish himself in the house of commons, so as to have no compeer, it perhaps entered into his calculations that one William Pitt might outstrip the young as much as another had excelled the old Fox.

At a proper period it was determined to send him to one of the universities; and Cambridge was preferred to Oxford, from a notion long cherished by many whig families, that the political doctrines inculcated there were more liberal than those usually engendered at Oxford. He was placed under Dr. Joseph Turner, since dean of Norwich, and who in 1784 was elected master of Pembroke Hall. Dr. Prettyman, now bishop of Lincoln, dean of St. Pauls, also participated in the care of his education, the latter being his private instructor.

While at Cambridge, Mr. Pitt's morals and conduct were unimpeachable; and if the example of the young nobility is supposed to be sometimes but little beneficial in general, this rule found a noble exception in his person. Here he took his bachelor's degree and that of M. A., and established then such a character for industry, talents, and propriety of demeanour, as proved not a little serviceable in his future pursuits in life.

On leaving college, Mr. Pitt entered Lincoln's Inn, nearly at the same time with Mr. Addington, whose father had been the physician and friend of his family: there he soon after hired chambers; and be-

ing, as usual, favoured on account of his degree, was, at the end of three years, called to the bar.

When this took place, he, as is customary with junior counsel, selected one of the circuits as the scene of his early efforts, and on this occasion he made choice of the western. The late Mr. Widmore, afterwards a bencher of the Inner Temple, *led* in the first cause in which Mr. Pitt appeared. One of the first briefs he received was in the Cricklade election cause, when Mr. Samuel Petrie, a petitioning candidate, brought 76 separate actions against the sitting member for bribery and corruption.

But Mr. Pitt had little practice, and consequently little celebrity, as an advocate; and perhaps he was but ill qualified, on the score of patient and laborious investigation, for a pursuit in which nothing great can be achieved, without the unabating industry of a whole life. John Dunning, afterwards lord Ashburton, and Thomas, now lord, Erskine, the two most successful men in the annals of legal history, are examples; as for lords Thurlow and Rosslyn, their rise is attributed to their *practice* in parliament, and not in the courts of justice.

William Pitt had been bred a statesman, and the house of commons was consequently the goal whence he was to start in his professional career. At the request of some of the many friends he had made at Cambridge, he proposed himself as a candidate for that university, but failed from mere want of influence. A noble M. A. of Trinity college, however, accomplished by accident what all the good designs of his other friends had been unable to achieve. Happening to meet sir James Lowther, who died earl of Lonsdale, the duke of Rutland, after detailing the particulars of the late discomfiture, concluded by asking him, as a favour, if he could possibly make room in any of his boroughs for his young friend, Mr. Pitt, who had thus lost his election for Cambridge. Sir James, on this occasion, set aside a north country attorney, and brought in the son of the most favourite, able, and upright minister that England had ever witnessed. It was thus owing to a casual rencounter in St. James's-street, that the future premier was returned by the influence of an opulent commoner for the borough of Appleby. Mr. Pitt, who was never unmindful of political favours, with a princely munificence conferred, in due time, an earldom on one, and a viceroyalty on another of the two persons who thus early contributed to his advancement.

The American war was raging with unabated violence, and the member for Appleby, following the generous counsels and example of his father, reprobated it as one of the most shameful and disastrous conflicts ever witnessed in modern times. No one was more eager, at the same time, than he to arraign the conduct of the minister, and to attribute the worst and most selfish motives to all his actions.

Having thus taken the popular side of this great question, his rising powers were exhibited to no common advantage, and he soon began to be considered not only as a promising speaker, but as a man one day destined to hold a conspicuous place in the councils of his country. This was no small degree of merit, when, in one house, a Rockingham, a Richmond, and a Shelburne, and, in another, a Saville, a Dunning, a Burke, a Barry, and a Fox, occupied, and almost exclusively engrossed, the public attention. Yet there was still found a vacancy for this young orator, who so prematurely aspired to notice; and the eloquence, the talents, the long and meritorious services of his father operated like a spell to fix the attention of mankind on the conduct of a darling son, who already promised to rival him in patriotism, and almost in genius.

The extent of the regal power had engaged the attention of this parliament, and a vote of the commons, moved by the great lawyer,

afterwards known as lord Ashburton, *that the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished*, clearly pointed at an object, the real or supposed existence of which occasioned considerable discontent. In the mean time, Mr. Burke, then in the bloom of his popularity, had been encouraged by this and other symptoms of jealousy to broach once more his plan of economy, which, as it was founded on a progressive retrenchment, appeared admirably calculated to clip the wings of the prerogative. The bill was of course rejected by lord North, when the motion was debated February 19, 1781; but it was ably supported by Mr. Pitt, who, in his maiden speech, very forcibly ridiculed the objection, that it proposed to bring no more than 200,000l. a year into the public coffers, a sum insignificant compared to the millions expended.

After a long debate, the bill was rejected by a trifling majority; but it was afterwards introduced at a more favourable opportunity, and carried partly into effect.

On the 12th of June, the same session, Mr. Fox made a motion, that the house should resolve itself into a committee to consider the American war; and he meant, he said, provided this should be carried, to follow it up with another: that his majesty's ministers ought immediately to take every possible measure for concluding peace with the American colonies. He was supported by many distinguished members, particularly by Mr. Pitt, who engaged the whole attention of the house, while he expressed himself in the most indignant terms on the cruelty and impolicy of the contest with the colonies. It was conceived, he said, in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution, and devastation. In short, every thing that went to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude were to be found in it. It was pregnant with mischief of every kind, while it meditated destruction to the miserable people who were the devoted objects of the black resentments which produced it.

About this time, the lord advocate of Scotland, the present viscount Melville, though a stickler for the American war, and a zealous friend of the minister, paid many high compliments to this youthful statesman, with whom he was afterwards fated to act, and whose future advancement he seemed even now, with his usual intuitive sagacity, to prognosticate. His powerful abilities and brilliant eloquence, he said, were universally acknowledged proofs that the astonishing extent and force of an exalted understanding had descended, in a hereditary line, from the late illustrious possessor of them, to a son equally endued with all the fire, and strength, and grace of oratory. Mr. Wilkes also pronounced a neat eulogium on the same subject, and to the same purpose.

Next to the American war, a more equal representation of the people in the house of commons was one of the chief objects to which the nation directed its attention. It was fully recognized as the undoubted prerogative of the crown to declare war, but as the supplies were exclusively entrusted to the direction of the representative branch of the constitution, all independent men seemed to allow that, but for the venality and corruption of a former parliament, it would have been impossible for any minister to have carried on a conflict accompanied with the waste of so much blood and treasure.

To profit by experience, to correct the future by the past, to restore the constitution to its original purity, and to confer on the people their due weight in a mixed form of government, had now become the aim and object of Mr. Pitt's endeavours.

This ingenious statesman, as yet uncorrupted with power, and viewing a well merited renown as the sole reward and only recompence

of his virtuous endeavours, boldly, fairly, and honestly entered on a measure which now served as a spear to probe the character of his political adversaries, and was afterwards employed by the Abdiels, who opposed him to probe his own heart, when it was supposed to have been perverted by the fascinations of office, and the habit of command. We now allude to the measure so early adopted, and for a while so strenuously supported, by him, of obtaining a more equal representation of the people in parliament.

On this occasion, his sentiments were these:

The representation of the commons in parliament was a matter so truly interesting, that it had at all times excited the admiration of men the most enlightened; while the defects found in it had given them reason to apprehend the most alarming consequences. That it had lately undergone material alterations, by which the commons' house of parliament had received an improper and dangerous bias, he believed it would be idle for him to attempt to prove.

That beautiful frame of government, which had made us the envy and admiration of mankind, and in which the people were entitled to hold so distinguished a share, was so far dwindled and departed from its original purity, that the representatives ceased, in a great degree, to be connected with the people.

It is not his intention to enter into any inquiry respecting the proper mode of reform, or to consider what would most completely tally and square with the original frame of the constitution; this he left to a committee: but he still felt it his duty to state some facts and circumstances which, in his opinion, made this object of reform essentially necessary.

He believed, indeed, that there was no member of that house who would not acknowledge, that the representation was incomplete. It was perfectly understood that there were some of the boroughs under the influence of the treasury, and others totally possessed by them. It was manifest that such boroughs had not one quality of representation in them. They had no share or concern in the general interests of the country; and they had in fact no stake for which to appoint guardians in the popular assembly. The influence of the treasury in some boroughs was also contested, not by the electors of those boroughs, but by some powerful man, who assumed or pretended to a hereditary property in what ought only to be the rights and privileges of the electors.

There were other boroughs, which had now in fact no actual existence but in the return of members to that house. They had no existence in property, in population, in trade, or in weight of any kind.

Another set of boroughs and towns claimed to themselves the right of bringing their votes to market. They had no other market, no other property, and no other stake in the country, than the property and price which they procured for their votes. Such boroughs were the most dangerous of all others. So far from consulting the interests of their country in the choice which they made, they held out their borough to the best purchaser; and in fact, some of them belonged more to the nabob of Arcot than they did to the people of England. They were towns and boroughs more within the jurisdiction of the Carnatic, than the limits of the empire of Great Britain; and it was a fact pretty well known, and generally understood, that the nabob had no less than seven or eight members in that house.

No man possessed more reverence for the constitution, and more respect even for its vestiges, than himself. But he was afraid that the reverence and enthusiasm which Englishmen entertained for the constitution would, if not suddenly prevented, be the means of destroying it; for such was their enthusiasm,

that they would not even remove its defects, for fear of touching its beauty. But so great was his reverence for the beauties of that constitution, that he wished to remove those defects, as he clearly perceived that they were defects which altered the radical principles of the constitution.

That a reform of the present parliamentary representation was indispensably necessary, was the sentiment of some of the first and greatest characters in the kingdom; he well knew it to be the sentiment of his much honoured father, the late earl of Chatham, who was firmly of opinion that a reform of the representation was absolutely requisite for the security of the liberties of the people of this country. He concluded with moving, that a committee should be appointed to enquire into the state of the representation in parliament, and to report to the house their observations thereon.

This proposition was seconded by alderman Sawbridge, and supported by sir George Saville. Mr. Fox, though then a minister, spoke in favour of reform; and instanced the county of Middlesex, which he said was so litttle represented, that though it contained one eighth of the whole number of electors of Great Britain, though it paid one sixth part of the land-tax, and a full third of all other taxes, yet had not more than a fifty-fifth part of the representation.

The motion, however, was rejected; but the majority was small, for it only consisted of 40, the numbers being 161 to 121.

In proportion as this subject was canvassed, it obtained additional support, even in the house of commons. In respect to the nation at large, it was indeed so extremely popular, that many of the counties and cities, especially Yorkshire, Middlesex, Kent, Westminster, &c. associated for the express purpose of obtaining a reform; and Mr. Pitt himself actually sat in a convention of delegates, convoked in the vicinity of the very spot where the acknowledged legislature held its sittings.

In the mean time, the American war was brought to a close; and the old minister being hunted into the toils, the spoils of office became the reward of his opponents. But they aspired to nobler distinctions, and that short-lived administration, of which the marquis of Rockingham was the head, and Mr. Fox one of the secretaries of state, put the seal to their integrity, by *realizing* in part the expectations of the public. During its existence, contractors were excluded from the house of commons; custom and excise officers were disqualified from voting at elections; the proceedings with regard to the Middlesex election were rescinded; and while a more liberal and enlightened policy was adopted in respect to Ireland, a reform bill in England abolished a multitude of useless officers, and thus clipt the wings of corruption. More, much more, would have been effected, had not the death of Rockingham led to great and sudden changes.

In consequence of the new arrangements, Mr. Fox retired; and lord Shelburne, on whom had now devolved the office of first lord of the treasury, selected Mr. Pitt, who declared that he would accept no inferior office, though then only 23 years of age, as chancellor of the exchequer. Peace at any rate, was now become desirable; but the terms were objected to, by an opposition rendered formidable in consequence of a *coalition* between two men hitherto considered as mortal enemies, and lord North and Mr. Fox, previously to whose political marriage, Mr. Pitt solemnly, in open parliament, forbad the *banns*, having obtained a majority, he retired from power, with a character unimpeached and a heart untainted.

In a few weeks after his dismission, Mr. Pitt once more urged a reform in parliament, which he

knew would restore him to all his former popularity, and pave the way for his return to power.

He accordingly submitted three motions to the house; but though ably supported by Mr. Fox, and other members, yet on a division he was left in a minority, the ayes being 129, and the noes 293.

Nothwithstanding the popularity connected with the name and talents of Pitt, the coalition ministry continued to possess a great majority in parliament; till the celebrated India bill, by which the entire government of that company was to be vested in commissioners, was conceived. This measure, of which Mr. Burke was the father, received a regular and systematic opposition from Mr. Pitt, who chiefly insisted on the infringement, or rather the violation of the charter, and on the new and unconstitutional influence it was calculated to create. He allowed that the government of India wanted reform, but it was a constitutional not a tyrannical alteration that broke through every principle of justice. By this bill an attack was made on the most solemn charters; it also pointed a fatal blow against the integrity and the faith of parliament; and, in addition to this, it broke through every tie by which man was bound to man. The charter was not indebted for its birth or its pretensions to the foolish prepossession, or mad prodigality, of a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or a Stuart: it was a fair purchase made of the public, an equal compact for reciprocal advantages between the proprietors and the nation at large.

The bill was carried in the house of commons by a large majority: but, in the house of peers, it was objected to by the duke of Richmond, lord Thurlow, and earl Temple, now marquis of Buckingham, and on the 17th of December, 1783, it was finally rejected by a majority of nineteen.

This extraordinary event was supposed to have taken place in consequence of a conference between lord Temple and the king, which produced some motions in the house of commons against secret influence. A large portion of the members still adhered to the coalition ministry.

In the mean time, the king determined on an entire change of ministry, and at twelve o'clock at night, on the 18th of December, 1783, the two secretaries of state were informed that his majesty had no further occasion for their services, and were directed, that the seals of office should be presented by the under secretaries, as a personal interview would be disagreeable. The important places of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer were conferred on Mr. Pitt, who thus became prime minister in the 24th year of his age, while lord Temple was nominated for a few days secretary of state, and earl Gower became president of council. Soon after, lord Thurlow accepted the office of lord chancellor, the duke of Rutland was made keeper of the privy seal, and the marquis of Carmarthen and lord Sidney secretaries of state, while Mr. Dundas became treasurer of the navy.

Mr. Pitt, who at this period had greatly increased his former popularity by bestowing the patent sinecure of clerk of the pells upon colonel Barre, in lieu of a pension of nearly the same value, on the 14th of January, 1784, produced a new bill for the better government of India. He proposed the institution of a board of controul, the members to be nominated by the king, to which the dispatches of the company were to be submitted; he also proposed that the appointment of the commander in chief should be vested in the crown, and having thus obtained the guardianship of the political concerns of the company, he left the commercial ones entirely to the court of directors.

Mr. Fox did not fail to object to this bill; and after a short debate it was rejected by a majority of eight.

In this temper of the house, either a coalition or an immediate disso-

lution became necessary; and a number of independent members having met and attempted to bring about the former without success, the latter was suddenly recurred to, March 25, 1784, soon after a very equivocal message, tending to cajole the house of commons into security.

The voice of the nation, on this occasion, produced considerable effect, and the elections in general proved highly favourable to the new ministers. In consequence of this, Mr. Pitt, who was returned for the university of Cambridge, again produced his amended bill for the regulation of India, and carried it triumphantly through both houses.—This session gave birth to two other important projects, one for the prevention of smuggling, and the other, called the commutation act, by which certain duties were transferred from tea to windows.

But the new minister was placed in a very delicate and embarrassing situation, by a motion of alderman Sawbridge, June 16th, 1784, for appointing a committee to inquire into the present state of the commons of Great Britain in parliament. The alderman affected to be desirous of resigning this business to the chancellor of the exchequer, who had, on a former occasion, offered motions on the same subject, and in whose hands he conceived it would be attended with a greater prospect of success.

Mr. Pitt, however, extricated himself with great adroitness: but from that moment he appears to have lost all pretensions to consistency.

He declined the invitation on account of the pressure of public business, which left him no leisure for disquisitions and arrangements so complicated and extensive. This was not, he said, the proper time for questions that might be urged with greater probability of success on some future occasion. He declared his own resolution to offer something on the subject early in the next session; and though the precipitate discussion of it had not his approbation, the business itself should have every support he was able to afford it. The previous question was moved and carried by his friend, lord Mulgrave, towards the close of the debate.

Mr. Pitt being now invested with full power as *premier*, exercised all the functions of that high office, without check or controul. Finding he possessed a clear majority, both in the cabinet and the parliament, he appears from this moment to have yielded himself wholly up to a temper naturally lofty, and to have cared but little for that popularity which he had courted with equal assiduity and success, while it turned to his advantage.

Soon after the enaction of the India bill, which has reduced to nothing the political functions of the court of directors, a commercial treaty was made with France; and it has always been allowed that the terms were highly advantageous to England. Lord Auckland, who had left the opposition bench, and attached himself to the fortunes of the new minister, appears to have been the author of this measure, and he was accordingly appointed to carry it into effect.

Mr. Pitt, who deserves great credit for countenancing the plan, nearly at the same time adopted another relative to the finances, whence he derived great reputation; and having already hinted at a time when the national debt might possibly be extinguished, the nation, if not wholly satisfied, seemed at least to be content under his ministry.

Thus a commercial nation began once more to flourish, by cultivating the arts of peace: but unhappily the minister seemed ambitious of every sort of glory, and he was now, for the first time, determined to assume the character of a war-minister. Accordingly, forgetting that the wounds inflicted by the American war, though cicatrized, were not yet wholly healed, and that hostilities, without the apology of an immediate and invincible necessity, must always be destructive to a ma-

nufacturing country, he determined on attacking Russia.

After a variety of intrigues in almost every court in Europe, he at length cemented an alliance, in which English money, as usual, was to be weighed out against foreign blood. The subject in dispute can now scarcely be mentioned without ridicule, as it wholly turned on the question whether Catharine or the sultan was to have possession of Oczakow. On this occasion, the good sense of the nation opposed the minister, and he was saved from the disgrace of a hopeless struggle, by the petitions of the merchants and manufacturers, joined to the successful remonstrances of his political opponents.

A similar mistake had nearly involved him in a war with Spain; and with the recorded folly of a former contest relative to the Falkland's islands before his eyes, the eloquence of Mr. Pitt was brought into the field, for the purpose of demonstrating the propriety of a war with Spain, about the peltry of Nootka Sound. He must be allowed the merit, however, of having speedily seen and confessed his error, by entering into a convention with Spain; but this was not effected till a fleet had been fitted out, and great expence incurred.

Two other of his grand measures were the restoration of the stadtholder, by means of a Prussian army, in the wisdom of which his colleagues and his enemies alike agreed, and the regency. On the king's illness, he again found it expedient to take constitutional ground, and, with a happy versatility, once more build his arguments on the privileges of the people. On this occasion, he strenuously denied the *right* of the prince of Wales to the regency; and though, as usual, he displayed an offensive degree of personal haughtiness, yet his law was sound, and his tenets constitutional. On this grand question, he enjoyed the last gleam of departing popularity.

A great, new, and important scene now opened, which soon teemed with grand events. This was the French revolution. A great minister might perhaps have profited by this conjuncture; and Mr. Pitt began early to prognosticate that events never appeared more promising than at that precise time, no period of British history having exhibited so peaceful an aspect! England was, however, at that very moment, on the brink of the most terrible war she had ever witnessed.

The convocation of the states general was soon followed by the demolition of the bastille, and that event by the first coalition, with a view either to restore the monarch to his original authority, or to partition France in the same manner as they had done Poland. Whatever might have been their secret resolves, for they are allowed to have at times assumed a very equivocal aspect, they in effect produced first the imprisonment, and then the execution of Louis XVI, in direct opposition, indeed, to both the spirit and letter of the new constitution.

The English ambassador was now recalled, and the minister of France, by an express order, January 24, 1793, commanded to depart the realm in six days. The ostensible causes of a contest, accompanied by so many present, and pregnant with so many future evils, may be resolved into the opening of the Scheldt, and the decree of fraternity; the first of which was assuredly impolitic, and the second to the last degree offensive. How far they afforded a sufficient *causa belli* is left to the commentators on Grotius and Puffendorff, who will decide, as usual, according to national or party feelings.

Never was a war less popular; for the bulk of the nation, which had formerly detested the French as slaves, most cordially rejoiced at their enfranchisement. They beheld with suspicion a considerable portion of the cabinet consisting of those who had favoured the contest with America; and, in addition to this, a certain degree of personal

rancour prevailed against the minister, and continued, indeed, though with considerable abatement, till his dismission. He was openly opposed by men who truly and forcibly warned him of the consequences.

Mr. Pitt, however, persevered; and having received a fresh addition to his party, by the accession of a powerful portion of the minority, who are said to have stipulated for strong and decisive measures, he carried on the war according to his own principles. From that moment all opposition ceased: for whatever his political enemies might be in talents, in numbers they were thenceforth insignificant.

The contest was of course carried on with redoubled energy, and all the officers of the French marine, having been nobles, and consequently *suspected*, either withdrew or were dismissed; so that their ships of war, as well as their colonies, became a prey to the fleets and armies of England. Egypt, too, was reconquered from the foe, while Ireland, in the midst of a disastrous war, was firmly united to Great Britain.

At length, after holding the reins of government eighteen years, Mr. Pitt, in 1801, suddenly retired from office. His motives were never publicly avowed; but his private reasons, according to the confession of several of his friends, were founded on the system persisted in relative to Ireland.

All parties seemed to rejoice at the nomination of Addington. From Cornwall to Caithness the people congratulated themselves on the change; and France from that moment happily ceased to have either friends or advocates within the precincts of Britain. A bill of indemnity having been carried by the new minister, the old one, thus absolved, retired to Walmer Castle, where he was occupied in a very honourable and becoming manner in disciplining the two regiments raised by the Cinque Ports.

Though he himself had constantly rejected every proposition of peace, yet he afterwards lent the whole force of his great abilities and influence to the new minister, when the treaty of Amiens was debated in the house of commons. He then remained for some time in a state of political insignificance; but though the new war experienced his entire approbation, some of the measures were not deemed by him sufficiently energetic. He, however, did not make a direct attack on the ministry till March 15, 1804, when he accused the admiralty board of imbecility. He was again in a minority on the Irish militia bill; and he soon after cordially and zealously supported Mr. Fox's scheme of national defence, which was outvoted.

The minister's small majority having dwindled to thirty-seven, on the army of reserve suspension bill, Mr. Addington with a few of his friends soon after retired, and Mr. Pitt resumed his former post.

The additional force bill, the first measure of the new ministry, was carried with great difficulty, Fox, Windham, Grenville, and all the Addingtons having voted against it. In this dilemma, Mr. Pitt was soon after strengthened by the accession of the new lord Sidmouth, who, after being ennobled, accepted the office of president of the council.

On the meeting of parliament, January 15, 1805, Mr. Pitt strenuously defended the war with Spain, and carried the motion for an address by a majority of 207. The next objects that engaged his attention were the Irish habeas corpus suspension bill, and the budget for 1805, two articles of which were contested with no common warmth. One of these, the salt duty bill, was carried by a majority of thirty-eight; but the other, the horse duty bill, was combated with equal spirit and success by its opponents, and at length lost by a majority of three.

During the recess, the minister was surrounded with difficulties. But he employed his time and talents in forming a third coalition against France; which, in conse-

quence of the surrender of Ulm, and the defeat at Austerlitz, proved more inauspicious than the two former. From that period, the necessity of a change in the cabinet seemed to be generally allowed.

In the mean time, the gout, a predisposition to which he inherited from his father, and which was perhaps greatly increased by his own manner of living, assailed a constitution never very strong. In addition to this, the total miscarriage of all his schemes, and the melancholy aspect of foreign affairs, are said to have preyed upon his mind to such a degree, that he is supposed to have died broken-hearted, at his house near Putney, between four and five on the morning of January 23, 1806.

Thus died, in the 47th year of his age, William Pitt, leaving to his country a legacy of misfortunes, and to himself a doubtful fame. The virtues and abilities of his father had produced a kind of national partiality in his favour, while yet a boy; and the frankness and ingenuousness of his own conduct, during his early youth, rendered him dear to the people. Impelled by a towering ambition, he disdained to serve, like all other statesmen, an apprenticeship in any subordinate office, and he accordingly refused to accept an honourable post under Rockingham.

When the earl of Shelburne succeeded to power, that nobleman, wishing to attach so promising an orator to himself, raised him all at once to the important office of chancellor of the exchequer; but he had reason to repent his temerity, as, like a great man of antiquity, he soon discovered "many Mariuses in one Cæsar."

As a financier, no man who ever presided at the exchequer has obtained more praise. He has been blamed, indeed, for some of his pecuniary schemes; but, on the whole, his plans were supposed to be laid, and the objects of taxation were chosen, with great judgment, so that the produce was in general co-equal with the calculation.

During the American war, depreciated manufactures, neglected agriculture, and a ruined commerce, rendered it extremely difficult to furnish the necessary supplies; yet such was the continued good fortune, or, according to some, the peculiar good management of Mr. Pitt, that, though several manufactures drooped, yet others have flourished, and the national exports rather increased than diminished during his ministry.

As a speaker he was perhaps unrivalled. His person was unprepossessing, his action tame, and his features so unmeaning, that no painter, sculptor, or medalist, could ever contrive to obtain a likeness; yet such was the happy choice of his words, the judicious arrangement of his thoughts, and the fascinating effects of his perennial eloquence, that his wonderful powers were acknowledged even by those who were most prepossessed against his person and arguments. When employed in a good cause, he was irresistible; and in a bad one he could dazzle the judgment, lead the imagination captive, and seduce the heart, even while the judgment remained firm and unconvinced.

Nor ought his generous scorn of wealth to be omitted. Amidst a corrupt circle, and at a time when some men appear to have attained the heroic age of pecuniary baseness, he was wholly exempt from this mark of modern degeneracy. His debts, which do not exceed forty thousand pounds, and which only amount to a *deficit of* 2000*l. per annum*, during an administration of twenty years, are to be paid by the public.

All his failings appear to have arisen out of one master passion; that ambition which soared above every other consideration but its own immediate gratification. While out of office, he exercised the *tribunitian* power with the vehemence of one that had given hostages to his country, and sworn eternal war against abuses of every kind. When in power, no minister was ever

more *dictatorial;* his arrogance extended even beyond the pale of the empire, and became proverbial in foreign courts. He defended peculators and delinquents of every sort, and so little scrupulous was he on the head of consistency, that one of his *quondam* associates in reform, Horne Tooke, was tried for his life at the Old Bailey, while several pupils of his own school, Muir, Palmer, Skirving, &c., were transported to Botany Bay, where nearly all of them perished.

So much for the reformer! As a minister, it remains to be proved that his wars were just and necessary: till that has been accomplished, the enormous loans raised, the prodigious expenditure that took place, and the immense additions made to the national debt, during his reign, appear to be but poorly balanced by a judicious selection of taxes, and the ingenious adoption of a sinking fund, originally conceived by Dr. Price, which, whatever relief it may afford to posterity, will contribute but little to the solace of the present age.

Notwithstanding the early tincture his mind received in favour of freedom, and the voluminous addition he made to the acts of parliament, it will be difficult perhaps to find one single *disinterested* law introduced by him in favour of liberty. On the contrary, in all his fiscal regulations, he utterly excluded the intervention of a jury between the king and the subject. The custom house and the excise office are, unhappily, therefore to be considered as the archieves of his legislative trophies.

> Est istud quidem honestum,
> Verum hoc expedit.

As to his achievements, in every thing strictly pertaining to himself, for the triumphs of the navy are to be attributed to Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson, he completely failed, and the three coalitions formed during his ministry all ended in disgrace. His triumphs, however, in the senate were complete; his majorities were decisive: his opponents, despicable as to numbers, possessed nothing but foresight, and were always out-voted, though never out-argued.

Before his time, a formidable minority in the house of commons was viewed with despair by a minister; he was the first who braved a majority, and thus furnished the executive power with a dangerous precedent.

Gifted with all the powers of eloquence, his talents were not practical; evincing great personal integrity, he was supported by many who were honest, and by nearly all who were corrupt. While he spoke he appeared fitted to rule; but when he tried to act, the mistake was evident.

Eager after power, by a series of fortunate occurrences he continued in office twenty years, and while, like Noy and Strafford, he turned his back on the tenets of his youth, like Cromwell, he died at a period when his embarrassments appeared to be irremediable.

He was well versed in all the arts of finance, yet under him the national debt was raised to a gigantic magnitude, and paper substituted for gold: boasting of his love of liberty, he found the press free, and the constitution entire; he has delivered over the one in fetters, and placed the other in jeopardy.

Magnanimous himself in the midst of danger, he has left his sovereign for a while bereaved, if not stript for ever, of his continental dominions, and the continent itself crumbling beneath the colossal power of an insatiable enemy. With his debts paid, his remains interred, and his monument erected at the public expence, it still remains for history finally to decide on the merits of a man who, for the welfare of his country, according to some, ought never to have lived, while, according to others, he ought never to have died.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON BETEL AND ARECA.

FEW travellers or voyagers in the Indian seas omit to make particular mention of the custom universally prevalent in these countries, of chewing betel. This substance is, in some degree, the substitute for tobacco. I have seldom seen it mentioned but in terms of disgust and abhorrence; in such terms as to leave us to suppose that in general it resembles, in its effects, tobacco, except that these effects are more conspicuous to observers, and more disgusting. The following is a more particular account of this substance than I have ever before met with.

The areka or surrapi of China is chewed by the Chinese after wrapping it in the leaf of the betel or paung leaf. This is a shrub similar to woodbine or ivy, which clings to the areka tree. The latter is a species of palm, that generally attains the height of thirty or forty feet, is perfectly straight, of the circumference of a full grown poplar, with protuberant rings on the bark at equal distances. It possesses no branches but at the head, where it spreads itself, and to them is suspended the fruit or nut of the areka, erroneously termed beetle-nut, envelloped in an outward coating of numerous filaments, being in size about an English walnut, but more conical. This husk is not unlike the rind of a cocca-nut, but more soft and pliable.

The properties of the areka are unparalleled as a beautifier and preserver of the teeth. Its astringency gives them strength, and it is unexceptionably the finest antiscorbutic known. Many Europeans who had bad teeth, and were frequently troubled with the tooth-ache, have, by the use of this substance, been permanently relieved, and the appearance of their teeth wonderfully improved. The most offensive breath has been overcome; as the areka possesses one of the most agreeable odours to be met with in the east.

Highly and justly is it esteemed in China, yet in Europe it is scarcely known. Though its virtues are so great, it is, notwithstanding, neither cultivated among agriculturists nor private gentlemen in India: it is the casual inhabitant of every wood or jungle, like many of our most valuable herbs, which grow spontaneously in the fields, unheeded or disregarded but by the professed botanist.

The saliva produced by chewing this nut is of the most beautiful red the eye can witness or the imagination conceive; and were there a possibility of extracting the dye, its richness would be unexampled, and displace those that are now held in the highest consideration. But the colour of this nut is only imparted in its green state: when it becomes hard it will not disclose this valuable property to aqueous, spiritous, or oily menstruums; and no means as yet employed have succeeded. It has been infused, after levigation, in spirits, and acts as a great corroborator of the stomach, and facilitator of digestion. As a styptic, it may not be inferior to Peruvian bark. It is perfectly tasteless, except that aromatic effluvia arise after it is chewed. The betel's growing round the areka may be the cause of the leaf of this vine being wrapped round and chewed together with the areka nut, as if nature indicated the propriety of blending them, in order to correct the bitterness of the betel by the aromatic flavour of the areka. The anodyne property of the former renders it a peculiar favourite of the natives. Its intoxicating nature procures alleviation to the poor distressed Indian, softens the acuteness of poignant reflection, and delights the imagination with Utopian bliss. No wonder these inoffensive mortals should seek a softener of their cares which nature has allotted them. In no quarter of the earth has Providence omitted to scatter her bounties: she has every where provided an asylum for the afflicted, a solace to the oppressed, and the means of comforting and exhilirating human nature under the severest trials.

The areka is most frequently met with in Siam, the Moluccas, Cambodia, and Cochin China. It is more prolific along the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, and flourishes in the neighbouring isles of Sumatra, Pulo Penang, &c. The East India company purchase twenty thousand nuts, or about 260lb. weight, for about 2000 settees, equal to 2 dls. 10 cts., though others pay 6 cents a pound.

The betel is cultivated in most parts of India, and turns round props like the hop-plant. The leaf approaching the laurel, and the blossom the pear, it makes a pretty appearance; and the leaf, with the areka and chunam, a lime produced from calcined shells, furnishes one of the greatest luxuries in the east: it is every where presented as the first offering of friendship, and considered as the emblem of the highest respect.

The soil best adapted to the betel is a rich loam or heavy clay, and, like the manchineal of Barbadoes, it skirts the coasts of the ocean.

For the Literary Magazine.

FEMALE CLOTHING.

THE English fashion in dress among the ladies has given rise to the following judicious remarks, which are now, or shortly will be, for all English fashions are itinerant, quite as applicable to our own modes.

The materials of female clothing are now almost entirely of cotton, and that of the finest and slenderest fabric. Every lady now, in her full dress, or rather undress, is an oriental queen, or a princess of the Fortunate islands, floating, like a bird of Paradise, in a cloud of airy plumage, scarcely palpable to the touch. Shrouded from head to foot in combustibles, she adds a length of train reaching beyond any common estimate of personal proximity; and every sudden turn in the neighbourhood of a fire or a candle exposes her to as much hazard as the moth fluttering round the evening taper. Seldom a week passes without some dreadful story of a female martyr to fashion, whose sufferings exceed those of former martyrs to religion at the stake, without the hope of a future recompence. Who can affirm that women are by nature timid, when they consent daily to undergo as much danger by their fire-sides, as the soldier in the field, or the sailor on the ocean?

But the mischiefs produced by cold in consequence of the present mode, though less obvious and alarming, are much more numerous. Our changeful and habitually cold and moist climate is peculiarly productive of that fatal disease the consumption, to which none are so liable as delicate females in the first bloom of life. No guard against it is equally important with the preservation of an equable warmth over the whole surface of the body; for the sympathy between the lungs and the skin infallibly renders a partial application of cold to the latter, the cause of disorder in the former. The progress from a cold to a cough, and from the latter to a consumption, is so frequent, and in some constitutions so rapid, that no common danger from disease at the age of puberty can be compared with it. Nor is it possible to conceive any mode of dress more calculated to produce inequality of bodily temperature than that of modern fashionable females. I acknowledge, that to meet them in the streets, wrapt up in pellisses, and buried in fur muffs and tippets, they seem as impenetrable to cold as the animals from which they borrow their shaggy spoils. But how different their appearance in the parlour or drawing-room, where some of the very parts which are most guarded abroad are reduced to absolute nudity! I do not pretend to deny that comfortable flannel may lurk under an exterior coating of fine muslin; but their elbows and arms! think of their poor, cold, red elbows and arms! By the bye, I will venture to suggest, and I be-

lieve I shall have even the *young* men on my side, that the fair sex in general were never more out in their politics than when they chose to treat us with the view of a part of their persons which is very rarely a captivating spectacle, and often much the reverse. Necks and shoulders, too, we may certainly say, are out of the region of flannel; and I suspect that the delicate ankle, which has lately so much grown upon us, has rarely a second covering. On the whole, I can never on a cold day behold a young lady in her Chamberry or muslins, her transparent drapery and her nudities, without a sympathetic shudder; and when I seriously reflect on the manifold dangers to which she is exposed, I lament that so fair a thing should be so perishable. When shall we see again the good times of silks and satins, stuffs and calimancoes?

For the Literary Magazine.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AND IDEAS OF THE GREEKS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the melancholy gloom which the ancients cast over all their ideas of death and the grave, both in their moral and poetical writings, they appear in reality to have endeavoured as much as possible to lighten those impressions, and place at a distance those dark phantoms of the imagination. Accordingly, the deep and solemn sadness attending our Gothic burials, the black shades of yews and cypresses, the dreary charnel-house and vaulted sepulchre, the terrific appendages of mouldering bones, and winding sheets,

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,

which from custom form so great a part of the horror we feel at the thoughts of death, were to them unknown. The corpse consumed by funeral fires, and the ashes inclosed in urns and deposited in the earth, presented no offensive object or idea. Besides, to dissipate the sorrow of the living, or perhaps with a desire to gratify the spirit of the dead, wines were poured and flowers scattered over the grave. These last pious offices were called the grateful tributes of love and veneration. The manes of the deceased, still wandering about the place of interment, might perhaps partake of the libation or enjoy the odour: at least his memory would be honoured, and his ghost delighted.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of these ceremonies, we find repeated allusions to them in the poets. Anacreon mentions the rose as being particularly grateful. The tomb of Achilles was adorned with the amaranth. Electra complains that her father's grave had never been decked with myrtle boughs. Anacreon, in another passage, alludes still more forcibly and beautifully to the same custom:

Why do we precious ointments show'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flow'rs why do we shed
Upon the mon'ments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live;
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave;
Let me alive my pleasures have;
All are stoics in the grave.

We have an epigram by Leonidas exactly to the same purpose:

Seek not to glad these senseless stones
With fragrant ointments, rosy wreathes:
No warmth can reach my mouldering bones
From lustral fire that vainly breathes.

Now let me revel while I may;
The wine that o'er my tomb is shed
Mixes with earth and turns to clay;
No honours can delight the dead.

Hence we may collect, that offerings of this nature were made with a view of gratifying the deceased; and it seems to have been a very prevailing notion among many nations besides the Greeks, that men after death retain the same passions and appetites that distinguished them when living.

Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascero equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

In Lycophron, a mountain is placed between the tombs of two enemies, lest their manes may be offended at seeing the funeral honours paid to each other. An epigram of Bianor's contains a similar idea, attended with a circumstance of singular horror.

In Thebes the sons of OEdipus are laid;
But not the tomb's all desolating shade,
The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
Even hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres,
Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
Unhappy boys! for whom high love ordains
Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains.

I recollect somewhere to have met with a story of two Scandinavian heroes, who having, like these Grecian brothers fallen by mutual wounds, were buried together, while yet living, on the field of battle, and some centuries after, as the legend relates, were discovered still fighting with unabated rage, with the addition that one of them had gnawed his adversary's head to the skull.

I will produce a few examples of the monumental inscriptions of the Greeks, among which will be found some of the best and most affecting epigrams that have come down to us. On the same melancholy occasion which dictated a beautiful little poem of Meleager's, there is another scarcely inferior by the poetess Erinne.

I mark the spot where Delia's ashes lie.
Whoe'er thou art that passes silent by
This simple column, grac'd by many a tear,
Call the fierce monarch of the shades severe.
These mystic ornaments too plainly shew
The cruel fate of her who lies below.
With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
Th' expecting virgin to the genial bed,
Her weeping husband lit the fun'ral pyre,
And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.
Thou too, oh Hymen! bad'st the jocund lay
That hail'd thy festive season, die away,
Chang'd for the sighs of woe, and groans of deep dismay.

There is an allusion in this epigram to another custom of the Greeks, who frequently adorned the tomb with symbols indicating the peculiar circumstances attending the death of the deceased.

The affecting incident of an unfortunate woman dying in a foreign land, surrounded by strangers, is preserved in the following lines of Tymnes, who has accompanied it with the excellent consolation of philosophy. Philænis was a native of Egypt, and died in Crete at the town of Eleuthernæ.

Grieve not, Philænis, tho' condemn'd to die
Far from thy parent land and native sky,
Tho' strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle.
To all on death's last dreary journey bound
The road is equal, and alike the ground.

Of the following epigram the thoughts are affecting and beautiful. I have added to it a few lines preserved from the works of Antiphanes, which are applicable to the subject, and contains one of the most cheerful grounds of consolation which religion allows us to indulge upon the death of friends:

When those whom love and blood endear
Lie cold upon the funeral bier,
How fruitless are our tears of woe,
How vain the grief that bids them flow!
Those friends lamented are not dead,
But gone the path we all must tread;
They only to that distant shore
Where all must go, have sail'd before.
Shine but to-morrow's sun, and we,
Compell'd by equal destiny,
To the same inn shall come, where they
To welcome our arrival stay.

The following epigrams are marked with a high degree of sensibility.

How often, Lycid, will I bathe with tears
This little stone which our great love endears;
But you, rememb'ring what to me you owe,
Drink not of Lethe in the shades below.

—

Oh had no vent'rous keel defied the deep,
Then had not Lycid floated on the brine.
For him, the youth belov'd, we passing weep,
A name lamented, and an empty shrine.

The former is interesting as having probably suggested to Dr. Jortin an idea contained in one of the most beautiful Latin poems of this description to be met with in modern poetry:

Quæ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pæta, juventâ,
O, utinam me crudelia fata vocent:
Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina solis;
Utque tuus rursùm corpore sim posito.
Te sequar; obscuram per ter dux ibit eunti
Fidus amor, tenebras lampade discutiens.
Tu cave Lethæo contingas ora liquore;
Et citò venturi sis memor, oro, viri.

O might the cruel death which ravish'd thee
In youth's soft prime, my Pæta, call on me,
That I may leave this earth, this hated light,
To dwell with thee amidst the realms of night!
I'll follow thee; Love through obscurest hell
Shall guide, and with his torch the shades dispel.
But oh! beware the touch of Lethe's wave!
Remember him who hastens to thy grave!

This latter, as appears from the last verse, was an inscription on a cenotaph. Epigrams of this kind on celebrated characters are numerous, and not all of great merit, but they well deserve that a good selection should be made of them.

In their thoughts and reflections on death, mankind have ever had in view some idea of a consciousness that remains and lingers round the *pleasing, anxious* solicitudes and scenes of life. They have ever imagined to themselves a spirit after death, that busied itself in protecting the fame and character of their lives, that was yet alive to slights or honours paid to the grosser and earthy parts. And the delicate Tibullus suffers himself to be so far led away by these ideas, that he has prescribed the very mode of burial, and named the very persons whom he wishes to appear as mourners over his funeral. The whole elegy is full of tenderness. He thus sings:

Cruel the man that labour'd to divide
The youth and maid by tender love allied;
And hard was he, who could the theft forgive,
Bear with his sorrow, and endure to live.
Absence from her in vain I try to brave:
I yield, and grief consigns me to the grave.
And when a slender shade I shall aspire
From mouldering embers and the funeral pyre,
May sad Neæra to my pile repair
With tears (how precious!), and unbraided hair,
Mix'd with a mother's sighs her sorrow pour,
And one a husband, one a child deplore.
With words of fond regret and broken sigh,
Please the poor shade that hovering lingers nigh,

With pious rites my cherish'd bones adorn,
The last sad remnant of the youth they mourn.
Nor grudge my thirsting ashes to enshrine
With purest milk bedew'd, and purple wine,
And dry the show'r by fond affection shed,
Or ere they place them in their marble bed.
In that sad house, may every fragrance stor'd
That warm Assyria's perfum'd meads afford,
And grief from Memory's tearful fount that flows,
Soothe my charm'd spirit, and my bones compose.
But on my tomb, beside the public way,
May some memorial to the stranger say,
"Here Albius sleeps; a prey to grief he fell,
"Deserted by the maid he lov'd too well."

M.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDISON A PUNSTER.

THERE are no works so famous for the abundance and purity of their wit as those of Addison, Steele, and their colleagues. They not only abound with examples of the best kind of wit, but they are extremely earnest in inculcating an abhorrence and contempt of all spurious wit, all puns, quibbles, and conundrums; and yet there is one particular in which they egregiously fail in adhering to their own precepts. In turning over the Spectator, it will be found that this very word, *spectator*, has been made the groundwork of a greater number and variety of puns, than any word in the English language. There are continually allusions made to the double sense which it bears, as an ordinary word, and as the title of their paper; and if any thing deserves the name of pun, I think it is this.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

POPLAR WORM.

THERE has lately been considerable alarm excited in almost all parts of the United States respecting the poisonous properties of a worm, said to be found only on the newly imported poplar. This tree was introduced into North America, about eighteen or twenty years ago, by W. Hamilton, Esq. of the Woodlands, from whose original nursery it has since spread itself, with astonishing rapidity, to the remotest parts of the country. Till the present summer, no public or general rumour of the existence of this worm has taken place. Whether this reptile now exists for the first time, or whether this dangerous property is now, for the first time, acquired, or whether it has only accidentally escaped observation till now, or whether, in fine, there is any truth in this tale of horror, are all points on which the public curiosity has been very active. Some persons, especially in the eastern states, have been so much terrified by this rumour, that they have cut down whole rows of flourishing poplars, on which they had previously bestowed their fondest cares.

The most authentic and satisfactory experiments on this head which have hitherto appeared are the following, the account of which has appeared in a Philadelphia daily paper.

To the Editor of the American Daily Advertiser.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

In compliance with thy request, I have ventured to send thee, for publication, an account of some experiments made on a worm found on the Lombardy poplar trees.

As I was passing through Southwark yesterday morning, I met with a person of respectability, who obligingly furnished me with three of those worms. On my return home, I immediately commenced

my experiments on a full sized cat. About twenty minutes after being stung or bitten she was evidently sick, and I began to conclude that the reports respecting the deleterious power of the worm were correct, but, on enquiry, it appeared that the cat had been at times affected nearly in the same way, when there was no reason to suspect the worm as the cause; at any rate, she recovered.

Two pups were procured, and subjected to the same experiment. At the time I was engaged with the smallest one, the worm was so highly irritated, that it ejected a considerable quantity of fluid matter. Suspecting that this might be the poisonous principle, I immediately inoculated the pup in four places, but without effect; and in neither instance was there a fatal result. If there was any variation from their natural habits, it was a disposition to sleep, which might possibly have been occasioned by the fatigue following the efforts they made to disengage themselves from the confinement which was imposed on them.

In the afternoon I went to the Pennsylvania hospital, and obtained five of the worms, which were taken from the trees in the yard. A kitten, about one third grown, was procured, and in the presence of my medical friends, Dr. Thomas Bryant, and Samuel Hopkins, together with William Johnson, steward of that institution, all of whom very obligingly assisted me in the greater part of the experiments, the kitten was repeatedly bitten about the nose and mouth, but no ill effects ensued, except momentary pain at the time of receiving the bite.

This morning, the experiments were renewed at the hospital. Two young kittens, of different litters, were repeatedly bitten about the nose and mouth. The crying of one of the kittens afforded an opportunity for the worm to pass within the mouth, and probably to sting or bite the tongue, for the little creature slavered considerably, and appeared for some time to be labouring under symptoms of local pain; but after a while they subsided, and the result, in both instances, was the same as yesterday.

A fine half grown pup, who was the subject of yesterday's experiment, was treated as follows: the roof of the mouth was scarified in several places, and an incision, about three quarters of an inch in length, was made in the tongue. Immediately after this, a worm was introduced into the mouth, and the jaws closed for one minute. On permitting him to open them, it was discovered that he had swallowed the worm. He appeared to labour under some slight indisposition for more than an hour, but he eventually recovered, and became very lively.

Another small pup, of a different litter, was the subject of the following experiment. I made an incision through the skin, about three quarters of an inch long, and carefully dissected it on each side, so as to form a superficial yet gaping wound. A fresh worm was applied to the part, and very soon ejected a greenish coloured fluid, which filled the wound. In addition to this, the little animal was several times bitten in the incised part; but the result was equally favourable. The mouth of the same pup was scarified in several places, and one of the worms being cut in half, the divided part with the head was immediately introduced into it, and kept there for two minutes; at the expiration of that time the portion of worm was taken out, and no injury resulted.

Another young kitten was confined for a short time in a small vessel containing six of the worms, without receiving any injury.

I have now simply related the facts that have come under my observation, with a hope that they may throw some light on a subject which has lately excited considerable attention, and awakened the serious apprehensions of many citizens.—And although I have no doubt that the cat mentioned in the gazette of yesterday actually died in the presence of the persons alluded to, yet

whether her death was occasioned by the sting or bite of the worm, is a circumstance that is at least doubtful.

I have compared several of the worms used in the experiments with those left at the Museum, and find them to be of exactly the same kind.

JOS. PARRISH.

Philadelphia, 7th mo. 2d.

In opposition to the above plain and authentic statements in favour of the poplar, we have nothing to produce but vague and anonymous rumours. That these rumours are entirely groundless would be no violent supposition, but this supposition is not absolutely necessary. We find no difficulty in admitting that they may possibly be true. Persons stung or bitten by this worm may have actually died in consequence, and still the venomousness of this worm would not inevitably follow: because there are numerous instances on record of persons dying in consequence of the scratch of a pin, or the sting of a wasp, a bee, or even a musquito. Such instances, instead of proving any deadly poison in the pin or the insect, only prove that the human constitution may sometimes be in such a state that the slightest puncture may totally destroy it. Many worms are known to be injurious somewhat in the same way with the poplar worm. Even the silk worm, if held in the hand for a very short time, will cause a severe and sometimes dangerous inflammation.

The poplar is a native of Thrace and Asia Minor, and has been for ages naturalized in the southern and middle parts of Europe. All its good and bad qualities have probably been ascertained in these countries for a long time past. Can nobody procure for us the results of European observations on this tree? Nowhere indeed has it been so lately introduced, or been equally popular, as in the United States. Nowhere does it occupy so much of the streets and avenues of towns and cities. Nowhere, therefore, have its good and bad qualities been of so much importance, or equally deserving attention; but unless we suppose that transplantation to a new soil and new climate has endowed it with new properties, all the knowledge of it that our safety and convenience require cannot fail to be procured from Spain, France, and Italy. Is there any account of the agricultural, economical, or medicinal properties of this tree to be found in books? If there is, the studious ought to explore it: and, as lovers of their country, they are bound to make their discoveries as public as possible.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF THE LION.

By the Sieur Frejus.

IT is true there be very many lions in Mauritania; but that the Arabs take pains to breed them, and feed them amongst their flocks, is a perfect mockery. If it sometimes happens that an Arab finds a lion's den in which there are some young ones newly whelped, he presently carries them to the christians, to see if they will buy them. Thus I had two brought me, a male and female, which I brought up for two or three years so tame, that they went up and down our warehouse amongst our antelopes and such other creatures. The male lion was so familiar, though a large one, that he often came and lay with me, and once did me very good service; for in a moonshine night some Arabs came up into my chamber, with a design to have robbed me; but as soon as they saw a lion lying by me, they ran away, crying out one to another, *Endon aeba*—"There is a lion." This Mr. Amabrique told me, who accidentally was out of his chamber, and seeing my door open, and hearing the Arabs say this, he came in, wakened me, and told me what hap-

pened. This male lion was very tame, but the lioness was mischievous, and she once hurt a little Moor, and complaint was presently made to the governor, who took them away from me, and put them between four walls; but not long after there fell great rains, which flung down the walls, which were only made of mud, and in the night time the lions got out, went into a stable which was open, over against the king's palace, and being almost famished they made a great slaughter among the horses and mules. This made so great a noise, that the whole town was alarmed, every one ran to his arms, and thus my poor lions were killed.

Once as we were hunting the wild-boar, we were all surprised that our horses made a stand on the sudden, and the dogs crept under our horses' legs. We presently cried out one to the other, "Certainly there is a lion hereabouts;" and in truth we were not a little affrighted to see one pass by us, within fifteen or twenty paces of us. He stopped to view us, and seeing we stirred not, he walked on very stately. He was higher than any of our horses, and marched with a most majestic gravity, swinging about in a terrible manner his great tufted tail. We knew the nature of a lion is not to suffer any either to fly from him or to attack him, for whoever doth so, in three leaps he most assuredly seizes upon him: wherefore we durst not venture to shoot at him, and to fly from him was impossible, for the most courageous horses tremble like a leaf at the sight of a lion.

Mr. Caliron, of Montpelier, and Mr. Vanlybergen, of Rouen, who both loved hunting very well, being informed that there was a pond where lions and wild-boars came in the night to drink, they agreed to go there and build a hut in the day, and wait in it all night, and kill these creatures as fast as they came to drink. This design succeeded so well, that they destroyed fourteen lions and wild-boars, and flayed the largest, bringing away their skins with them.

The following story was related to me in that country by very credible persons.

About the year 1614 or 1615, two christian slaves at Morocco resolving to make their escape, agreed to do it by night, and to travel all the night, and in the day-time to hide themselves in the tops of the trees, that they may not be discovered by the Arabs, who would certainly have brought them back into slavery. They knew that the sea-coast lay from them just north, and that in eight or ten days they might get thither, and that it would not be very difficult for them to carry or find out provisions for so short a time. According to their design they escaped by night, and having travelled till day-break, they then climbed up a tree, where they passed the day much troubled and afflicted to see the Arabs pass frequently by them; besides, as soon as it was known in Morocco that two slaves were run away, presently several horsemen went out in search of them. But when night came, the two slaves continued on their journey till the next morning, and then seeking out for a tree to hide themselves, they were astonished to see a great lion just by them, which walked when they walked, and stood still when they stood still. Observing which, they concluded that this was a safe-conduct sent them by Providence, and then they took courage, and travelled in the day time, in company with the lion. When the horsemen who went in pursuit of them overtook them, and would have seized on them, the lion interposed himself, which made the horsemen stand still, who, being struck with admiration, let them pass on. The like did several others; for every day these poor fugitives met with some or other who attempted to seize them, till at last they reached the sea-side in safety, where the lion left them, and they went into the town of Masagan. There the two poor slaves related

this miracle, which was confirmed at Morocco by the Arabs who returned from pursuing them, and the news of this was dispersed every where as a great and constant truth.

I was told the following story by my intimate friend, Paul Le Bel, called Tager Paulo (Tager signifying a merchant), in whose place I remained when he went away from Morocco.

About the year 1615, the whole town of Morocco went out to see two terrible fierce creatures, a lion and a wild-boar, which lay wounded in a tuft of reeds, hard by the gate of the city, and died, the one presently after the other. The lion was rent up with the tusks of the wild-boar, and the boar torn in pieces with the teeth and claws of the lion. They had fought all the night in the tuft of reeds, which they had beaten down and trampled on, which all the christians, Moors, and Jews, went to see; for in those countries the wild-boars are most furious creatures, especially in brimming-time, which is about March.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GLEANER.

NO. III.

MARRIAGE is one of those things in which caution, admonition, and foresight are most useful and most necessary. More light is thrown upon this subject by experience than on any other; but the dictates of one man's experience is not only seldom of any advantage to others, but very rarely of any use to himself. Those who are entering on the state, listen with a fatal and unconquerable incredulity to those whose experience qualifies them most to counsel or forewarn them; and those who have opportunities of gathering wisdom from their own experience, are generally found to act, when they have the power of acting, with as much blindness and temerity as ever.

I have sometimes, though rarely, observed in young people some instances of prudence; but this prudence I never saw exerted, except on the article of fortune or money. Such persons allow its full force to the objection that arises from their own poverty, or that of the selected object; but, unhappily, this kind of caution is usually coupled with a mean and sordid spirit, and, though it guards its possessor from making a bad choice in one respect, yet he is, on that account, only the more liable to make a bad choice in other respects of much more consequence. The wife or husband finally preferred may be rich enough, but their character or temper may, in some respect, be so modified that even wealth shall be found insufficient to secure happiness. Beside, this pecuniary prudence is continually liable to disappointment and mistake. In a commercial country like ours, the evidences of property are so fallacious, its duration, even when real, is exposed to so many accidents, as to set all prudential calculations at defiance. Where women have married for wealth, the chances are a thousand to one in favour of immediate or ultimate disappointment. When men marry women for the same consideration, they expose themselves to peculiar hazards and mortifications. A female's expectations are generally founded on the wealth of parents and relations. Their prospects are therefore altogether uncertain as to time, and miserably precarious in all other respects, since appearances are just as likely to delude the observer in this case as in the other, since all depends upon the whims and caprices, as well as the good fortune and good conduct, of the kinsman, and since the interval between the acquisition of a wife and the gaining her fortune is sure to be replete with every evil most intolerable to a proud, independent, generous, or irritable spirit.

On the subject of marriage in general I never met with more reasonableness and good sense than in the following remarks of a comparatively old author.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing motions of the soul rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man, who is not in love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuit, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides, it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has the strongest mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should be allowed to strike root and gather strength, before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the image in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is fortune. Where the parties chuse for themselves, their thoughts turn most on the person. They have both reason. The first aim at procuring many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interest they espouse; and, at the same time, may reasonably hope that the prosperity of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person not only raises but continues love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder when the first ardours of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it will probably be embittered with numberless fears and jealousies.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find a hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on table, train, and equipage, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude than consult our proper interests. It is one of the most unaccountable propensities of human nature that makes us take greater pains to appear easy and happy to others than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriage, yet it scarcely enters our thoughts at the time of contracting it. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a certain character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and wary as to the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and negligent on that head. However perfect and accomplished the person appear to you at a distance, you will find many

blemishes and imperfections in her humour on a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to show their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the aversion and ridicule which is sometimes expressed for this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together, in a constant uniform course of virtue.

For the Literary Magazine.

LEARNED TRIFLING.

GREAT men have sometimes been found as capable of trifling as foolish ones. The old maxim, Sapientes est desipere in loco, *The wise may sometimes dare to play the fool*, has been practically exemplified, on some occasions, by the wisest of mankind. Newton is said to have taken great pleasure in making a kitten run after the end of a whip which he trailed along the floor. Stillingfleet was a great *amateur* of jack-straws. Haller did not disdain, now and then, to seek recreation in a game of push-pin with his children; and to turn the dining-table into a field of battle, the glasses into fortified towns, the wine into rivers and lakes, and spoonfuls of salt into causeways and bridges, has been the favourite amusement of many a celebrated general.

There is another species of trifling, in which we sometimes catch men of the greatest genius indulging themselves. It consists in playing with words, and losing themselves in an endless maze of riddles, charades, and a thousand other *lusoria*, which the verbal anatomists have not provided with names.

Every reader knows how much dean Swift and his friends delighted in this kind of amusement. Some of their effusions indeed are so mysterious and so extensive, that they could not fail to have cost them very considerable pains and labour.—There is something peculiarly agreeable in these exercises, because they require only resolution and perseverance to execute or explain them, and because they afford to the mind that which constitutes its true happiness, employment, without demanding of us any thing more than a little learning, and dispensing altogether with genius.

The following sport of memory has been ascribed to Cowper, and is an amusing instance of the manner in which the gravest mind will sometimes unbend itself. It will appear still more singular and grotesque when we consider it as a dedication of his moral poems.

To the Rev. John Newton.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose that nobody knows whether what I have got be verse or not; by the tone and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did ever you see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ charity, not for popularity, but grave as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer should say, "To be sure the gentleman's muse wears methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the

taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening play of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch if she can the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction: she has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all that may come with a sugar plumb." His opinion in this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend my principal end. And if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run many a time after a rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook write another book, if I live and am here another year.

I have heard before of a room with a floor laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art in every part, that when you went in you were forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out with jigging about, I take my leave; and here you receive a bow profound down to the ground, from your humble me,

W. C.

For the Literary Magazine.

NEW YORK.

THE city of New York lies in N. lat. 40° 42′ 8″; W. long. 74° 9′ 45″; at the confluence of the river Hudson and Long Island sound or the East river; and on the southern and narrow extremity of Manhattan Island, which is about fifteen miles in length, and from one to two in breadth. The site of the city, as it originally stood, was very irregular, being broken into hills and declivities, and indented with small rivulets or creeks, skirted with marsh. Many of the hills are levelled; but the marshy grounds, though covered with houses and pavement, are still low and moist. The city is about twenty-seven miles from the ocean, and is washed on both sides with water of great depth, whose current is very rapid, whose tide ebbs and flows, about six feet, and which is nearly as salt as that of the neighbouring sea. On both sides of the city considerable encroachments have been made on the water by artificial ground, the whole extent of which may be computed at not less than 132 acres. Of this, 90 acres lie along the East river, and 42 along the Hudson. The portion of it on the East river forms that part of the city where malignant fevers have always first become epidemic and chiefly prevailed. The wharves and docks are constructed of logs and loose stones. All the fresh water used by the inhabitants is procured from wells within the city, and is now become extremely impure. The population of New York may be estimated at about 80,000.

For the Literary Magazine.

CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.

I HAVE been very much amused with reading the Memoirs of Cumberland, a work lately published, and containing many valuable anecdotes of persons and books that have attracted much of the notice of the world. The author has not acquired much fame, except on account of a few popular comedies. Few writers, indeed, have been so voluminous, and at the same time have written so little that is likely to last longer

than himself. He has been an epic, tragic, and comic poet; but his single epic, and his many tragedies, have been read by few, and by nobody twice; and only three or four, among a score or two of his comedies, are of sterling merit or durable reputation. The most interesting parts of these memoirs are those which relate to other people. When he speaks only of himself, he has little to say that is worth hearing for its own sake, and that little does not acquire much additional importance by any peculiar felicity in his mode of saying it.

My readers will, I hope, find something new and something amusing in the following passages, extracted from this work. They will probably be found to contain all that is interesting in the volume.

—

Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

In the parish of Hammersmith lived Mr. Dodington, at a splendid villa, which, by the rule of contraries, he was pleased to call La Trappe, and his inmates and familiars the monks of the convent: these were Mr. Windham, his relation, whom he made his heir, sir William Breton, privy purse to the king, and Dr. Thompson, a physician out of practice; these gentlemen formed a very curious society of very opposite characters; in short, it was a trio consisting of a misanthrope, a courtier, and a quack. Mr. Glover, the author of Leonidas, was occasionally a visitor, but not an inmate, as those abovementioned. How a man of Dodington's sort came to single out men of their sort, except Mr. Glover, is hard to say; but though his instruments were never in unison, he managed to make music out of them all. He could make and find amusement in contrasting the sullenness of a grumbletonian with the egregious vanity and self-conceit of an antiquated coxcomb; and as for the doctor, he was a jack-pudding ready to his hand at any time. He was understood to be Dodington's body-physician; but I believe he cared very little about his patient's health, and his patient cared still less about his prescriptions; and when, in his capacity of superintendant of his patron's dietetics, he cried out, one morning at breakfast, to have the *muffins* taken away, Dodington aptly enough cried out, at the same time, to the servant to take away the *ragamuffin;* and, truth to say, a more dirty animal than poor Thompson was never seen on the outside of a pig-stye; yet he had the plea of poverty and no passion for cold water.

It is a short and pleasant mile from this villa to the parsonage house of Fulham, and Mr. Dodington having visited us with great politeness, I became a frequent guest at La Trappe, and passed a good deal of my time with him there, in London also, and occasionally in Dorsetshire. He was certainly one of the most extraordinary men of his time; and as I had opportunities of contemplating his character in all its various points of view, I trust my readers will not regret that I have devoted some pages to the further delineation of it.

In the summer I went to Eastbury, the seat of Mr. Dodington, in Dorsetshire. Lord Halifax, with his brother-in-law, colonel Johnstone, of the blues, paid a visit there, and the countess dowager of Stafford and old lady Hervey were resident with us the whole time. Our splendid host was excelled by no man in doing the honours of his house and table; to the ladies he had all the courtly and profound devotion of a Spaniard, with the ease and gaiety of a Frenchman towards the men. His mansion was magnificent, massy, and stretching out to a great extent of front, with an enormous portico of Doric columns, ascended by a stately flight of steps; there were turrets and wings that went I know not whither, though now they are levelled with the ground, and gone to more ignoble uses. Vanbrugh, who constructed this superb edifice, seemed to have had the plan of

Blenheim in his thoughts, and the interior was as proud and splendid as the exterior was bold and imposing. All this was exactly in unison with the taste of its magnificent owner, who had gilt and furnished the apartments with a profusion of finery, that kept no terms with simplicity, and not always with elegance or harmony of style. Whatever Mr. Dodington's revenue then was, he had the happy art of managing it with that regularity and œconomy, that I believe he made more display at less cost than any man in the kingdom but himself could have done. His town house in Pall Mall, his villa at Hammersmith, and the mansion above described, were such establishments as few nobles in the nation were possessed of. In either of these he was not to be approached but through a suite of apartments, and rarely seated but under painted ceilings and gilt entablatures. In his villa you were conducted through two rows of antique marble statues, ranged in a gallery floored with the rarest marbles, and enriched with columns of granite and lapis lazuli; his saloon was hung with the finest Gobelin tapestry, and he slept in a bed encanopied with peacock's feathers in the style of Mrs. Montague. When he passed from Pall Mall to La Trappe it was always in a coach, which I could suspect had been his ambassadorial equipage at Madrid, drawn by six fat unwieldy black horses, short docked, and of colossal dignity: neither was he less characteristic in apparel than in equipage; he had a wardrobe loaded with rich and flaring suits, each in itself a load to the wearer, and of these I have no doubt but many were coeval with his embassy above-mentioned, and every birth-day had added to the stock. In doing this, he so contrived as never to put his old dresses out of countenance by any variations in the fashion of the new. In the mean time, his bulk and corpulency gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade and embroidery, and this, when set off with an enormous tye-periwig and deep laced ruffles, gave the picture of an ancient courtier in his gala habit, or Quin in his stage dress; nevertheless, it must be confessed this style, though out of date, was not out of character, but harmonized so well with the person of the wearer, that I remember when he made his first speech in the house of peers, as lord Melcombe, all the flashes of his wit, all the studied phrases and well-turned periods of his rhetoric, lost their effect, simply because the orator had laid aside his magisterial tye, and put on a modern bag wig, which was as much out of costume upon the broad expanse of his shoulders, as a cue would have been upon the robes of the lord chief justice.

Having thus dilated more than perhaps I should have done upon this distinguished person's passion for magnificence and display, when I proceed to enquire into those principles of good taste, which should naturally have been the accompaniments and directors of that magnificence, I fear I must be compelled by truth to admit that in these he was deficient. Of pictures he seemed to take his estimate only by their cost; in fact he was not possessed of any; but I recollect his saying to me one day, in his great saloon at Eastbury, that if he had half a score pictures of a thousand pounds a-piece, he would gladly decorate his walls with them; in place of which, I am sorry to say, he had stuck up immense patches of gilt leather, shaped into bugle horns, upon hangings of rich crimson velvet, and round his state bed he displayed a carpeting of gold and silver embroidery, which too glaringly betrayed its derivation from coat, waistcoat, and breeches, by the testimony of pockets, button-holes, and loops, with other equally incontrovertible witnesses, subpœna'd from the tailor's shopboard. When he paid his court at St. James's to the present queen upon her nuptials, he approached to kiss her hand decked in an em-

broidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and breeches, the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner.

In the higher provinces of taste we may contemplate his character with more pleasure, for he had an ornamented fancy and a brilliant wit. He was an elegant Latin classic, and well versed in history, ancient and modern. His favourite prose writer was Tacitus, and I scarce ever surprised him in his hours of reading without finding that author upon his table before him. He understood him well, and descanted upon him very agreeably, and with much critical acumen. Mr. Dodington was in nothing more remarkable than in ready perspicuity and clear discernment of a subject thrown before him on a sudden; take his first thoughts then, and he would charm you; give him time to ponder and refine, you would perceive the spirit of his sentiments and the vigour of his genius evaporate by the process; for though his first view of the question would be a wide one, and clear withal, when he came to exercise the subtlety of his disquisitorial powers upon it, he would so ingeniously dissect and break it into fractions, that as an object, when looked upon too intently for a length of time, grows misty and confused, so would the question under his discussion, when the humour took him to be hypercritical. Hence it was that his impromptus in parliament were generally more admired than his studied speeches, and his first suggestions in the councils of his party better attended to than his prepared opinions.

Being a man of humble birth, he seemed to have an innate respect for titles, and none bowed with more devotion to the robes and fasces of high rank and office. He was decidedly aristocratic: he paid his court to Walpole in panegyric poems, apologizing for his presumption by reminding him, that it was better to be pelted with roses than with rotten eggs: to Chesterfield, to Winnington, Pulteney, Fox, and the luminaries of his early time, he offered up the oblations of his genius, and incensed them with all the odours of his wit: in his latter days, and within the period of my acquaintance with him, the earl of Bute, in the plenitude of his power, was the god of his idolatry. That noble lord was himself too much a man of letters and a patron of the sciences to overlook a witty head, that bowed so low; he accordingly put a coronet upon it, which, like the *barren sceptre* in the hand of Macbeth, merely served as a ticket for the coronation procession, and having nothing else to leave to posterity in memory of its owner, left its mark upon the lid of his coffin.

During my stay at Eastbury, we were visited by the late Mr. Henry Fox and Mr. alderman Beckford: the solid good sense of the former, and the dashing loquacity of the latter, formed a striking contrast between the characters of these gentlemen. To Mr. Fox our host paid all that courtly homage, which he so well knew how to time and where to apply; to Beckford he did not observe the same attentions, but in the happiest flow of his raillery and wit combated this intrepid talker with admirable effect. It was an interlude truly comic and amusing. Beckford, loud, voluble, self-sufficient, and galled by hits, which he could not parry, and probably did not expect, laid himself more and more open in the vehemence of his argument; Dodington, lolling in his chair in perfect apathy and self-command, dosing and even snoring at intervals, in his lethargic way, broke out, every now and then, into such gleams and flashes of wit and irony, as, by the contrast of his phlegm with the other's impetuosity, made his humour irresistible, and set the table in a roar. He was here upon his very strongest ground, for no man was better calculated to exemplify how true the observation is,

Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius.——

At the same time, he had his serious hours and graver topics, which he would handle with all due solemnity of thought and language, and these were to me some of the most pleasing hours I have passed with him, for he could keep close to his point, if he would, and could be not less argumentative than he was eloquent, when the question was of magnitude enough to interest him. It is with singular satisfaction I can truly say, that I never knew him flippant upon sacred subjects. He was, however, generally courted and admired as a gay companion rather than as a grave one.

I have said that the dowager ladies Stafford and Hervey made part of our domestic society; and as the trivial amusement of cards was never resorted to in Mr. Dodington's house, it was his custom in the evenings to entertain his company with reading, and in this art he excelled. His selections, however, were curious, for he treated these ladies with the whole of Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, in which he certainly consulted his own turn for irony rather than their's for elegance; but he set it off with much humour after his manner, and they were polite enough to be pleased, or at least to appear as if they were.

His readings from Shakespeare were altogether as whimsical, for he chose his passages only where buffoonery was the character of the scene; one of these, I remember, was that of the clown, who brings the asp to Cleopatra. He had, however, a manuscript copy of Glover's Medea, which he gave us *con amore*, for he was extremely warm in his praises of that classical drama, which Mrs. Yates afterwards brought upon the stage, and played in it with her accustomed excellence. He did me also the honour to devote an evening to the reading of some lines, which I had hastily written, to the amount of about four hundred, partly complimentary to him as my host, and in part consolatory to lord Halifax, upon the event of his retiring from public office. They flattered the politics then in favour with Mr. Dodington, and coincided with his wishes for detaching lord Halifax from the administration of the duke of Newcastle. I was not present, as may well be conceived, at this reading; but I confess I sate listening in the next room, and was not a little gratified by what I overheard.

Of this manuscript I have long since destroyed the only copy that I had; and if I had it now in my hands, it would be only to consign it to the flames; for it was of that occasional class of poems for the day, which have no claim upon posterity, and in such I have not been ambitious to concern myself: it served the purpose, however, and amused the moment: it was also the tribute of my mite to the lares of that mansion, where the muse of Young had dictated his tragedy of The Revenge, and which the genius of Voltaire had honoured with a visit: here Glover had courted inspiration, and Thomson caught it: Dodington also himself had a lyre, but he had hung it up, and it was never very high-sounding. Yet he was something more than a mere admirer of the muse. He wrote small poems with great pains, and elaborate letters with much terseness of style, and some quaintness of expression. I have seen him refer to a volume of his own verses in manuscript, but he was very shy, and I never had the perusal of it. I was rather better acquainted with his *diary*, which, since his death, has been published; and I well remember the temporary disgust he seemed to take, when, upon his asking what I would do with it, should he bequeath it to my discretion, I instantly replied, that I would destroy it. There was a third, which I more coveted a sight of than either of the above, as it contained a miscellaneous collection of anecdotes, repartees, good sayings, and humorous incidents, of which he was part author and part compiler, and out of

which he was in the habit of refreshing his memory, when he prepared himself to expect certain men of wit and pleasantry, either at his own house or elsewhere. Upon this practice, which he did not affect to conceal, he observed to me one day, that it was a compliment he paid to society, when he submitted to steal weapons out of his own armoury for their entertainment; and ingenuously added, that although his memory was not in general so correct as it had been, yet he trusted it would save him from the disgrace of repeating the same story to the same hearers, or foisting it into conversation in the wrong place, or out of time. No man had fewer oversights of that sort to answer for, and fewer still were the men whose social talents could be compared with those of Mr. Dodington.

Sketches of the Irish Character.

Every body, who has travelled in Ireland, and witnessed the wretched accommodation of the inns, particularly in the west, knows that it requires some forecast and preparation to conduct a large family on their journey. It certainly is as different from travelling in England as possible, and not much unlike travelling in Spain; but with my father for our provider, whose appointments of servants and equipage were ever excellent, we could feel few wants, and arrived in good time at our journey's end, where, upon the banks of the great river Shannon, in a nook of land, on all sides, save one, surrounded by an impassable bog, we found the episcopal residence, by courtesy called palace, and the church of Clonfert, by custom called cathedral.

This humble residence was not devoid of comfort and convenience, for it contained some tolerable lodging rooms, and was capacious enough to receive me and mine without straitening the family. A garden of seven acres, well planted and disposed into pleasant walks, kept in the neatest order, was attached to the house, and at the extremity of a broad gravel walk in front stood the cathedral.

Within this boundary the scene was cheerful; all without it was either impenetrable bog, or a dreary, undressed country: but whilst all was harmony, hospitality, and affection underneath the parental roof, "the mind was its own place," and every hour was happy.

My father lived, as he had ever done, beloved by all around him: the same benevolent and generous spirit, which had endeared him to his neighbours and parishioners in England, now began to make the like impressions on the hearts of a people, as far different in character as they were distant in place from those, whom he had till now been concerned with. Without descending from the dignity he had to support, and condescending to any of the paltry modes of courting popularity, I instantly perceived how high he stood in their esteem; these observations I was perfectly in the way to make, for I had no forms to keep, and was withal uncommonly delighted with their wild, eccentric humours, mixing with all ranks and descriptions of men, to my infinite amusement.

If I have been successful in my dramatic sketches of the Irish character, it was here I studied it in its purest and most primitive state; from high to low it was now under my view. Though I strove to present it in its fairest and best light upon the stage, truth obliges me to confess there was another side of the picture, which could not have been contemplated without affright and horror. Atrocities and violences, which set all law and justice at defiance, were occasionally committed in this savage and licentious quarter, and suffered to pass over with impunity.

In the neighbouring town of Eyre Court, they had, by long usage, assumed to themselves certain local and self-constituted privileges and exemptions, which rendered it un-

approachable by any officers or emissaries of the civil power, who were universally denounced as mad dogs, and subjected to be treated as such, and even put to death with as little ceremony or remorse. I speak of what actually occurred within my own immediate knowledge, whilst I resided with my father, in more instances than one, and those instances would be shocking to relate. To stem these daring outrages, and to stand in opposition to these barbarous customs, was an undertaking that demanded both philanthropy and courage, and my father of course was the very man to attempt it. Justice and generosity were the instruments he employed; and I saw the work of reformation so auspiciously begun, and so steadily pursued by him, as convinced me that minds the most degenerate may be, to a degree, reclaimed by actions that come home to their feelings, and are evidently directed to the sole purposes of amending their manners and improving their condition.

To suppose they were a race of beings stupidly vicious, devoid of sensibility, and delivered over by their natural inertness to barbarism and ignorance, would be the very falsest character that could be conceived of them; it is, on the contrary, to the quickness of their apprehensive faculties, to the precipitancy and unrestrained vivacity of their talents and passions, that we must look for the causes, and in some degree for the excuse, of their excesses: together with their ferocious propensities there are blended and compounded humours so truly comic, eccentricities so peculiar, and attachments and affections at times so inconceivably ardent, that it is not possible to contemplate them in their natural characters, without being diverted by extravagances, which we cannot seriously approve, and captivated by professions, which we cannot implicitly give credit to.

The bishop held a considerable parcel of land, arable and grazing, in his hands, or, more properly speaking, in the phrase of the country, a large demesne, with a numerous tribe of labourers, gardeners, turf-cutters, herdsmen, and handicraftmen of various denominations. His first object, and that not an easy one to obtain, was to induce them to pursue the same methods of husbandry as were practised in England, and to observe the same neat and cleanly course of cultivation. This was a great point gained: they began it with unwillingness, and watched it with suspicion; their idle neighbours, who were without employ, ridiculed the work, and predicted that their hay stacks would take fire, and their corn be rendered unfit for use: but in the further course of time, when they experienced the advantages of this process, and witnessed the striking contrast of these productive lands, compared with the slovenly grounds around them, they began to acknowledge their own errors, and to reform them.

With these operations the improvements of their own habitations were contrived to keep pace; their cabins soon wore a more comfortable and decent appearance; they furnished them with chimnies, and emerged out of the smoke in which they had buried and suffocated their families and themselves. When these old habits were corrected within doors, on the outside of every one of them there was to be seen a stack of hay, made in the English fashion, thatched and secured from the weather, and a lot of potatoes, carefully planted and kept clean, which, with a suitable proportion of turf, secured the year's provision both for man and beast.

When these comforts were placed in their view, they were easily led to turn their attention to the better appearance of their persons; and this reform was not a little furthered by the premium of a Sunday's dinner to all who should present themselves in clean linen, and with well-combed hair, without the customary addition of a scarecrow wig; so that the swarthy Milesian no longer appeared with a yellow wig upon his

coal-black hair, nor the yellow Dane with a coal-black wig upon his long red locks: the old barbarous custom also of working in a great coat, loosely thrown over the shoulders, with the sleeves dangling by the sides, was now dismissed, and the bishop's labourers turned into the field stript to their shirts, proud to show themselves in whole linen; so that, in them, vanity operated as a virtue, and piqued them to excel in industry as much as they did in appearance.

As for me, I was so delighted with contemplating a kind of new creation, of which my father was the author, that I devoted the greatest portion of my time to his works, and had full powers to prosecute his good intentions to whatever extent I might find opportunities for carrying them. This commission was to me most gratifying; nor have any hours in my past life been more truly satisfactory, than those in which I was thus occupied as the administrator of his unbounded benevolence to his dependent fellow-creatures. My father being one of the governors of the linen board, availed himself also of the opportunity for introducing a branch of that valuable manufacture in his neighbourhood, and a great number of spinning-wheels were distributed, and much good linen made, in consequence of that measure. The superintendence of this improving manufacture furnished an interesting occupation to my mother's active mind, and it flourished under her care.

—

"*The West Indian.*"

During a visit to my father at Clonfert, in a little closet at the back of the palace, as it was called, unfurnished and out of use, with no other prospect from my single window but that of a turf-stack, with which it was almost in contact, I seated myself by choice, and began to plan and compose *The West Indian.*

As the writer for the stage is a writer to the passions, I hold it matter of conscience and duty in the dramatic poet to reserve his brightest colouring for the best characters, to give no false attractions to vice and immorality, but to endeavour, as far as is consistent with that contrast which is the very essence of his art, to turn the fairer side of human nature to the public, and, as much as in him lies, to contrive so as to put men in good humour with one another. Let him therefore, in the first place, strive to make worthy characters amiable, but take great care not to make them insipid; if he does not put life and spirit into his man or woman of virtue, and render them entertaining as well as good, their morality is not a whit more attractive than the morality of a Greek chorus. He had better have let them alone altogether.

Congreve, Farquhar, and some others, have made vice and villany so playful and amusing, that either they could not find in their hearts to punish them, or not caring how wicked they were, so long as they were witty, paid no attention to what became of them: Shadwell's comedy is little better than a brothel. Poetical justice, which has armed the tragic poet with the weapons of death, and commissioned him to wash out the offence in the blood of the offender, has not left the comic writer without his instruments of vengeance; for surely, if he knows how to employ the authority that is in him, the scourge of ridicule alone is sharp enough for the chastisement of any crimes which can fall within his province to exhibit. A true poet knows, that unless he can produce works whose fame will outlive him, he will outlive both his works and his fame: therefore every comic author who takes the mere clack of the day for his subject, and abandons all his claim upon posterity, is no true poet; if he dabbles in personalities, he does considerably worse. When I began therefore, as at this time, to write for the stage, my ambition was to aim at writing some-

thing that might be lasting and outlive me; when temporary subjects were suggested to me, I declined them: I formed to myself in idea what I conceived to be the character of a legitimate comedy, and that alone was my object, and though I did not quite aspire to attain, I was not altogether in despair of approaching it. I perceived that I had fallen upon a time when great eccentricity of character was pretty nearly gone by, but still I fancied there was an opening for some originality, and an opportunity for showing at least my good-will to mankind, if I introduced the characters of persons, who had been usually exhibited on the stage as the butts for ridicule and abuse, and endeavoured to present them in such lights as might tend to reconcile the world to them, and them to the world. I thereupon looked into society for the purpose of discovering such as were the victims of its national, professional, or religious prejudices; in short, for those suffering characters which stood in need of an advocate; and out of these I meditated to select and form heroes for my future dramas, of which I would study to make such favourable and reconciliatory delineations, as might incline the spectators to look upon them with pity, and receive them into their good opinion and esteem.

With this project in my mind, and nothing but the turf-stack to call off my attention, I took the characters of an Irishman and a West Indian for the heroes of my plot, and began to work it out into the shape of a comedy. To the West Indian I devoted a generous spirit, and a vivacious giddy dissipation; I resolved he should love pleasure much, but honour more; but as I could not keep consistency of character without a mixture of failings, when I gave him charity, I gave him that which can cover a multitude, and thus protected, thus recommended, I thought I might send him out into the world to shift for himself.

For my Irishman I had a scheme rather more complicated; I put him into the Austrian service, and exhibited him in the livery of a foreign master, to impress upon the audience the melancholy and impolitic alternative, to which his religious disqualification had reduced a gallant and a loyal subject of his natural king: I gave him courage, for it belongs to his nation; I endowed him with honour, for it belongs to his profession; and I made him proud, jealous, susceptible, for such the exiled veteran will be, who lives by the earnings of his sword, and is not allowed to draw it in the service of that country, which gave him birth, and which of course he was born to defend; for his phraseology I had the glossary ready at my hand; for his mistakes and trips, vulgarly called bulls, I did not know the Irishman of the stage then existing, whom I would wish to make my model: their gross absurdities and unnatural contrarieties have not a shade of character in them. When his imagination is warmed, and his ideas rush upon him in a cluster, 'tis then the Irishman will sometimes blunder; his fancy having supplied more words than his tongue can well dispose of, it will occasionally trip. But the imitation must be delicately conducted; his meaning is clear, he conceives rightly, though in delivery he is confused; and the art, as I conceive it, of finding language for the Irish character on the stage, consists not in making him foolish, vulgar, or absurd, but on the contrary, whilst you furnish him with expressions, that excite laughter, you must graft them upon sentiments, that deserve applause.

In all my hours of study, it has been through life my object so to locate myself as to have little or nothing to distract my attention, and therefore brilliant rooms or pleasant prospects I have ever avoided. A dead wall, or, as in the present case, an Irish turf-stack, are not attractions that can call off the fancy

from its pursuits; and whilst in those pursuits it can find interest and occupation, it wants no outward aids to cheer it. My mother, who had a fellow-feeling with me in these sensations, used occasionally to visit me in this hiding hole, and animated me with her remarks upon the progress of my work: my father was rather inclined to apologise for the meanness of my accommodation, and I believe rather wondered at my choice. In the mean time I had none of those incessant avocations, which for ever crossed me in the writing of *The Brothers*. I was master of my time, my mind was free, and I was happy in the society of the dearest friends I had on earth. In parents, sister, wife, and children, greater blessings no man could enjoy. The calls of office, the cavillings of angry rivals, and the jibings of newspaper critics could not reach me on the banks of the Shannon, where all within doors was love and affection, all without was gratitude and kindness devolved on me through the merits of my father. In no other period of my life have the same happy circumstances combined to cheer me in any of my literary labours.

When I returned to England, I entered into an engagement with Mr. Garrick to bring out the West Indian at his theatre. I had received fair and honourable treatment from Mr. Harris, and had not the slightest cause of complaint against him, his brother patentees, or his actors. I had, however, no engagement with him, nor had he signified to me his wish or expectation of any such in future. If, notwithstanding, the obligation was honourably such as I was not free to depart from, in which light I am pretty sure he regarded it, my conduct was no otherwise defensible than as it was not intentionally unfair. My acquaintance with Mr. Garrick had become intimacy between the acting of The Brothers and the acceptance of the West Indian. I resorted to him again and again with the manuscript of my comedy; I availed myself of his advice, of his remarks, and I was neither conscious of doing what was wrong in me to do, nor did any remonstrance ever reach me to apprize me of my error.

I was not indeed quite a novice to the theatre, but I was clearly innocent of knowing or believing myself bound by any rules or usage that prevented me from offering my production to the one or the other at my own free option. I went to Mr. Garrick; I found in him what my inexperience stood in need of, an admirable judge of stage effect: at his suggestion I added the preparatory scene in the house of Stockwell, before the arrival of Belcour, where his baggage is brought in, and the domestics of the merchant are setting things in readiness for his coming. This insertion I made by his advice, and I punctually remember the very instant when he said to me, in his chariot, on our way to Hampton, "I want something more to be announced of your West Indian before you bring him on the stage, to give eclat to his entrance, and rouse the curiosity of the audience, that they may say, Ay, here he comes, with all his colours flying." When I asked how this was to be done, and who was to do it, he considered awhile, and then replied, "Why that is your look out, my friend, not mine; but if neither your merchant nor his clerk can do it, why, why send in the servants, and let them talk about him. Never let me see a hero step upon the stage without his trumpeters of some sort or other." Upon this conversation it was that I engrafted the scene abovementioned, and this was in truth the only alteration of any consequence that the manuscript underwent in its passage to the stage.

After we came to Hampton, where that inimitable man was to be seen in his highest state of animation, we began to debate on the cast of the play. Barry was extremely desirous to play the part of the Irish major, and Garrick was very doubtful how to decide, for Moody was then an

actor little known, and at a low salary. I took no part in the question, for I was entitled to no opinion; but I remember Garrick, after long deliberation, gave his decree for Moody with considerable repugnance, qualifying his preference of the latter with reasons that in no respect reflected on the merits of Mr. Barry; but he did not quite see him in the whole part of O'Flaherty; there were certain points of humour, where he thought it likely he might fail, and in that case his failure, like his name, would be more conspicuous than Moody's. In short, Moody would take pains; it might make him, it might mar the other; so Moody had it, and succeeded to our utmost wishes. Mr. King, ever justly a favourite of the public, took the part of Belcour, and Mrs. Abingdon, with some few salvos on the score of condescension, played Charlotte Rusport, and though she would not allow it to be any thing but a sketch, yet she made a character of it by her inimitable acting.

The production of a new play was in those days an event of much greater attraction than, from its frequency, it is now become, so that the house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes, for several nights in succession before that of its representation; yet in this interval I offered to give its produce to Garrick for a picture that hung over his chimney-piece in Southampton-street, and was only a copy from a Holy Family of Andrea del Sarto: he would have closed with me upon the bargain, but that the picture had been a present to him from lord Baltimore. My expectations did not run very high when I made this offer.

A rumour had gone about, that the character which gave its title to the comedy was satirical; of course, the gentlemen who came under that description went down to the theatre in great strength, very naturally disposed to chastise the author for his malignity, and their phalanx was not a little formidable. Mrs. Cumberland and I sate with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick in their private box. When the prologue speaker had gone the length of the four first lines the tumult was excessive, and the interruption held so long, that it seemed doubtful, if the prologue would be suffered to proceed. Garrick was much agitated; he observed to me, that the appearance of the house, particularly in the pit, was more hostile than he had ever seen it. It so happened that I did not at that moment feel the danger, which he seemed to apprehend, and remarked to him, that the very first word which discovered Belcour's character to be friendly would turn the clamour for us, and so far I regarded the impetuosity of the audience as a symptom in our favour. Whilst this was passing between us, order was loudly issued for the prologue to begin again, and in the delivery of a few lines more than they had already heard, they seemed reconciled to wait the developement of a character, from which they were told to expect

"Some emanations of a noble mind."

Their acquiescence, however, was not set off with much applause; it was a suspicious truce, a sullen kind of civility, that did not promise more favour than we could earn: but when the prologue came to touch upon the major, and told his countrymen in the galleries that

——"his heart can never trip,"

they, honest souls, who had hitherto been treated with little else than stage kicks and cuffs for their entertainment, sent up such a hearty crack, as plainly told us we had not, indeed, *little cherubs*, but lusty champions, *who sate up aloft*.

Of the subsequent success of this lucky comedy there is no occasion for me to speak; eight and twenty successive nights it went without the buttress of an afterpiece, which was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author, who happened

to strike upon a popular and taking plan, for certainly the moral of the West Indian is not quite unexceptionable, neither is the dialogue above the level of others of the same author, which have been much less favoured. The snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth into the right place; I don't think I am very vain when I say that I could have taught them better. Garrick was extremely kind, and threw his shield before me more than once, as the St. James's evening paper could have witnessed. My property in the piece was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; the charge of the house upon the author's nights was then only sixty pounds, and when Mr. Evans, the treasurer, came to my house in Queen-Ann-street, in a hackney coach, with a huge bag of money, he spread it all in gold upon my table, and seemed to contemplate it with a kind of ecstasy that was extremely droll; and when I tendered him his customary fee, he peremptorily refused it, saying he had never paid an author so much before, I had fairly earnt it, and he would not lessen it a single shilling, not even his coach-hire; and in that humour he departed. He had no sooner left the room than one entered it, who was not quite so scrupulous, but quite as welcome; my beloved wife took twenty guineas from the heap, and instantly bestowed them on the faithful servant who had attended on our children; a tribute justly due her unwearied diligence and exemplary conduct.

I sold the copy-right to Griffin in Catherine-street, for 150l., and, if he told the truth when he boasted of having vended 12,000 copies, he did not make a bad bargain; and if he made a good one, which it is pretty clear he did, it is not quite so clear that he deserved it: he was a sorry fellow.

I paid respectful attention to all the floating criticisms that came within my reach, but I found no opportunities of profiting by their remarks, and very little cause to complain of their personalities; in short, I had more praise than I merited, and less cavilling than I expected. One morning, when I called on Mr. Garrick, I found him with the St. James's evening paper in his hand, which he began to read with a voice and action of surprise, most admirably counterfeited, as if he had discovered a mine under my feet, and a train to blow me up to destruction. "Here, here," he cried, "if your skin is less thick than a rhinoceros's hide, egad, here is that will cut you to the bone. This is a terrible fellow; I wonder who it can be." He began to sing out his libel in a high declamatory tone, with a most comic countenance, and, pausing at the end of the first sentence, which seemed to favour his contrivance for a little ingenious tormenting, when he found he had hooked me, he laid down the paper, and began to comment upon the cruelty of newspapers, and moan over me with a great deal of malicious fun and good humour. "Confound these fellows, they spare nobody. I dare say this is Bickerstaff again; but you don't mind him; no, no, I see you don't mind him; a little galled, but not much hurt; you may stop his mouth with a golden gag: but we'll see how he goes on." He then resumed his reading, cheering me all the way as it began to soften, till, winding up in the most profest panegyric, of which he was himself the writer, I found my friend had had his joke, and I had enjoyed his praise, seasoned and set off in his inimitable manner, which to be comprehended must have been seen.

It was the remark of lord Lyttleton upon this comedy, when speaking of it to me one evening at Mrs. Montague's, that had it not been for the incident of O'Flaherty's hiding himself behind the screen, when he overhears the lawyer's soliloquy, he should have pronounced it a faultless composition. This flattery his lordship surely added against the conviction of his better judgment, merely as a sweetener to qualify his criticism, and by so doing convinced

me that he suspected me of being less amenable to fair correction than I really am and ever have been. But be this as it may, a criticism from lord Lyttleton must always be worth recording, and this especially, as it not only applies to my comedy in particular, but is general to all.

"I consider listening," said he, "as a resource never to be allowed in any pure drama, nor ought any good author to make use of it." This position being laid down by authority so high, and audibly delivered, drew the attention of the company assembled for conversation, and all were silent. "It is, in fact," he added, "a violation of those rules, which original authorities have established for the constitution of the comic drama." After all due acknowledgments for the favour of his remark, I replied, that if I had trespassed against any rule laid down by classical authority in the case alluded to, I had done it inadvertently, for I really did not know where any such rule was to be found.

"What did Aristotle say? Were there no rules laid down by him for comedy?" None that I knew; Aristotle referred to the Margites and Ilias Minor as models, but that was no rule, and the models being lost, we had neither precept nor example to instruct us. "Were there any precedents in the Greek or Roman drama, which could justify the measure?" To this I replied, that no precedent could justify the measure, in my opinion, which his lordship's better judgment had condemned; being possessed of that I should offend no more: but as my error was committed when I had no such advice to guide me, I did recollect that Aristophanes did not scruple to resort to listening, and drawing conclusions from what was overheard, when a man rambled and talked broken sentences in his bed asleep and dreaming; and as for the Roman stage, if any thing could apologize for the major's screen, I conceived there were screens in plenty upon that, which formed separate streets and entrances, which concealed the actors from each other, and gave occasion to a great deal of listening and overhearing in their comedy.

"But this occurs," said lord Lyttleton, "from the construction of the scene, not from the contrivance and intent of the character, as in your case; and when such an expedient is resorted to by an officer like your major, it is discreditable and unbecoming of him as a man of honour." This was decisive, and I made no longer any struggle. What my predecessors in the drama, who had been dealers in screens, closets, and key-holes for a century past, would have said to this doctrine of the noble critic, I don't pretend to guess: it would have made sad havoc with many of them, and cut deep into their property; as for me, I had so weak a cause, and so strong a majority against me, for every lady in the room denounced listeners, that all I could do was to insert, without loss of time, a few words of palliation into the major's part, by making him say, upon resorting to his hiding-place: *I'll step behind this screen and listen; a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush as well as in the open field.*

Before I quite bid farewell to the West Indian, I must mention a criticism which I picked up in Rotten-Row from Nugent lord Clare, not *ex cathedrâ*, but from the saddle on an easy trot. His lordship was contented with the play in general, but he could not relish the five wives of O'Flaherty; they were four too many for an honest man, and the over-abundance of them hurt his lordship's feelings. I thought I could not have a better criterion for the feelings of other people, and desired Moody to manage the matter as well as he could; he put in the qualifier of *en militaire*, and his five wives brought him into no farther trouble; all but one were left-handed, and he had German practice for his plea. Upon the whole, I must take the

world's word for the merit of the West Indian, and thankfully suppose that what they best liked was, in fact, best to be liked.

A little straw will serve to light a great fire, and, after the acting of the West Indian, I would say, if the comparison was not too presumptuous, I was almost the *master Betty* of the time; but as I dare say that young gentleman is even now too old and too wise to be spoilt by popularity, so was I then not quite boy enough to be tickled by it, and not quite fool enough to confide in it. In short I took the same course then which he is taking now; as he keeps on acting part after part, so did I persist in writing play after play; and this, if I am not mistaken, is the surest course we either of us could take of running through our period of popularity, and of finding our true level at the conclusion of it.

I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonshire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it over-peered all its neighbours, as Shakespeare does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the weather-cock; he mounted to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in his ascent; he found himself at the very acme of his fame; but glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the rustic multitude below: what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through, I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and, falling from his height, left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate.

Irish Portraits.

Lord Eyre, of Eyre Court, though pretty far advanced in years, was so correctly indigenous, as never to have been out of Ireland in his life, and not often so far from Eyre Court as in this tour to Mr. Talbot's. Proprietor of a vast extent of soil, not very productive, and inhabiting a spacious mansion, not in the best repair, he lived, according to the style of the country, with more hospitality than elegance: whilst his table groaned with abundance, the order and good taste of its arrangement were little thought of; the slaughtered ox was hung up whole, and the hungry servitor supplied himself with his dole of flesh, sliced from off the carcase. His lordship's day was so apportioned as to give the afternoon by much the largest share of it, during which, from an early dinner to the hour of rest, he never left his chair, nor did the claret ever quit the table. This did not produce inebriety, for it was sipping rather than drinking that filled up the time, and this mechanical process of gradually moistening the human clay was carried on with very little aid from conversation, for his lordship's companions were not very communicative, and fortunately he was not very curious. He lived in an enviable independence as to reading, and of course he had no books. Not one of the windows of his castle was made to open, but luckily he had no liking for fresh air, and the consequence may be better conceived than described.

He had a large and handsome pleasure boat on the Shannon, and men to row it. I was of two or three parties with him on that noble water as far as to Pertumna, the then deserted castle of the lord Clanrickarde. Upon one of these excursions we were hailed by a person from the bank, who somewhat rudely called us to take him over to the other side. The company in the boat making no reply, I inadvertently called out, "Ay, ay, sir!

stay there till we come." Immediately I heard a murmur in the company, and lord Eyre said to me, "You'll hear from that gentleman again, or I am mistaken. You don't know perhaps that you have been answering one of the most irritable men alive, and the likeliest to interpret what you have said as an affront." He predicted truly, for the very next morning the gentleman rode over to lord Eyre, and demanded of him to give up my name. This his lordship did, but informed him withal that I was a stranger in the country, the son of bishop Cumberland of Clonfert, where I might be found, if he had any commands for me. He instantly replied, that he should have received it as an affront from any other man, but bishop Cumberland's was a character he respected, and no son of his could be guilty of an intention to insult him. Thus this valiant gentleman permitted me to live, and only helped me to another feature in my sketch of major O'Flaherty.

A short time after this, lord Eyre, who had a great passion for cock-fighting, and whose cocks were the crack of all Ireland, engaged me in a main at Eyre Court. I was a perfect novice in that elegant sport, but the gentlemen from all parts sent me in their contributions, and having a good feeder, I won every battle in the main but one. At this meeting I fell in with my hero from the Shannon bank. Both parties dined together, but when I found that mine, which was the more numerous, and infinitely the most obstreperous and disposed to quarrel, could no longer be left in peace with our antagonists, I quitted my seat by lord Eyre, and went to the gentleman above-alluded to, who was presiding at the second table, and seating myself familiarly on the arm of his chair, proposed to him to adjourn our party, and assemble them in another house, for the sake of harmony and good fellowship. With the best grace in life he instantly assented, and when I added that I should put them under his care, and expect from him as a man of honour and my friend, that every mother's son of them should be found forthcoming and alive next morning, "Then by the soul of me," he replied, "and they shall; provided only that no man in company shall dare to give *the glorious and immortal memory* for his toast, which no gentleman, who feels as I do, will put up with." To this I pledged myself, and we removed to a whiskey house, attended by half a score pipers, playing different tunes. Here we went on very joyously and lovingly for a time, till a well-dressed gentleman entered the room, and civilly accosting me, requested to partake of our festivity, and join the company, if nobody had an objection. "Ah now, don't be too sure of that," a voice was instantly heard to reply; "I believe you will find plenty of objection in this company to your being one amongst us." What had he done? the gentleman demanded. "What have you done!" rejoined the first speaker; "don't I know you for the miscreant that ravished the poor wench against her will, in presence of her mother? And didn't your pagans, that held her down, ravish the mother afterwards, in presence of her daughter? And do you think we will admit you into our company? Make yourself sure that you shall not; therefore *get out of this* as speedily as you can, and away wid you!" Upon this the whole company rose, and in their rising the civil gentleman made his exit and was off. I relate this incident exactly as it happened, suppressing the name of the gentleman, who was a man of property and some consequence. When my surprise had subsided, and the punch began to circulate with a rapidity the greater for this gentleman's having troubled the waters, I took my departure, having first cautioned a friend, who sate by me (and the only protestant in the company), to keep his head cool, and beware of the *glorious memory*. This gallant young officer, son to a man who

held lands of my father, promised faithfully to be sober and discreet, as well knowing the company he was in; but my friend having forgot the first part of his promise, and getting very tipsy, let the second part slip out of his memory, and became very mad; for stepping aside for his pistols, he re-entered the room, and laying them on the table, took the cockade from his hat, and dashed it into the punch-bowl, demanding of the company to drink *the glorious and immortal memory of king William* in a bumper, or abide the consequences. I was not there, and if I had been present, I could neither have stayed the tumult nor described it. I only know he turned out the next morning, merely for honour's sake; but as it was one against a host, the magnanimity of his opponents let him off with a shot or two that did no execution. I returned to the peaceful family at Clonfert, and fought no more cocks.

The fairies were extremely prevalent at Clonfert: visions of burials, attended by long processions of mourners, were seen to circle the church-yard by night, and there was no lack of oaths and attestations to enforce the truth of it. My mother suffered a loss by them of a large brood of fine turkies, who were every one burnt to ashes, bones and feathers, and their dust scattered in the air by their provident nurse and feeder, to appease those mischievous little beings, and prevent worse consequences; the good dame credited herself very highly for this act of atonement, but my mother did not see it quite in so meritorious a light.

A few days after, as my father and I were riding in the grounds, we crossed upon the catholic priest of the parish. My father began a conversation with him, and expressed a wish that he would caution his flock against this idle superstition of the fairies: the good man assured the bishop that, in the first place, he could not do it if he would; and, in the next place, confessed that he was himself far from being an unbeliever in their existence. My father thereupon turned the subject, and observed to him, with concern, that his steed was a very sorry one, and in very wretched condition. "Truly, my good lord," he replied, "the beast himself is but an ugly garron, and whereby I have no provender to spare him, mightily out of heart, as I may truly say: but your lordship must think a poor priest like me has a mighty deal of work, and very little pay."—"Why then, brother," said my good father, whilst benevolence beamed in his countenance, "'tis fit that I, who have the advantage of you in both respects, should mount you on a better horse, and furnish you with provender to maintain him." This parley with the priest passed in the very hay-field where the bishop's people were at work; orders were instantly given for a stack of hay to be made at the priest's cabin, and, in a few days after, a steady horse was purchased and presented to him. Surely they could not be true born Irish fairies that would spite my father, or even his turkies, after this.

Among the labourers in my father's garden, there were three brothers of the name of O'Rourke, regularly descended from the kings of Connaught, if they were exactly to be credited for the correctness of their genealogy. There was also an elder brother of these, Thomas O'Rourke, who filled the superior station of hind, or headman; it was his wife that burnt the bewitched turkies, whilst Tom burnt his wig for joy of my victory at the cock-match, and threw a proper parcel of oatmeal into the air as a votive offering for my glorious success. One of the younger brothers was upon crutches, in consequence of a contusion on his hip, which he literally acquired as follows: When my father came down to Clonfert from Dublin, it was announced to him that the bishop was arrived; the poor fellow was then in the act of lopping a tree in the garden; transported at the tidings, he ex-

claimed, "Is my lord come? Then I'll throw myself out of this same tree for joy." He exactly fulfilled his word, and laid himself up for some months.

When I accompanied my mother from Clonfert to Dublin, my father having gone before, we passed the night at Killbeggan, where sir Thomas Cuffe, knighted in a frolic by lord Townshend, kept the inn. A certain Mr. Geoghegan was extremely drunk, noisy, and brutally troublesome to lady Cuffe, the hostess. Thomas O'Rourke was with us, and, being much scandalized with the behaviour of Geoghegan, took me aside, and in a whisper said: "Squire, will I quiet this same Mr. Geoghegan?" When I replied, by all means, but how was it to be done?—Tom produced a knife of formidable length, and demanded—"Haven't I got this? And wont this do the job? and hasn't he wounded the woman of the inn with a chopping knife, and what is this but a knife? and wouldn't it be a good deed to put him to death like a mad dog? Therefore, squire, do you see, if it will pleasure you and my lady there above stairs, who is ill enough, God he knows, I'll put this knife into that same Mr. Geoghegan's ribs, and be off the next moment on the grey mare; and isn't she in the stable? Therefore only say the word, and I'll do it." This was the true and exact proposal of Thomas O'Rourke, and, as nearly as I can remember, I have stated it in his very words.

We arrived safe in Dublin, leaving Mr. Geoghegan to get sober at his leisure, and dismissing O'Rourke to his quarters at Clonfert. When we had passed a few days in Kildare-street, I well remember the surprise it occasioned us, one afternoon, when, without any notice, we saw a great gigantic dirty fellow walk into the room, and march straight up to my father, for what purpose we could not devise. My mother uttered a scream, whilst my father with perfect composure addressed him by the name of Stephen, demanding what he wanted, and what brought him to Dublin. "Nay, my good lord," replied the man, "I have no other business in Dublin itself but to take a bit of a walk up from Clonfert to see your sweet face, long life to it, and to beg a blessing upon me from your lordship; that is all." So saying he flounced down on his knees, and in a most piteous kind of howl, closing his hands at the same time, cried out, "Pray, my lord, pray to God to bless Stephen Costello." The scene was sufficiently ludicrous to have spoiled the solemnity, yet my father kept his countenance, and gravely gave his blessing, saying, as he laid his hands on his head, "God bless you, Stephen Costello, and make you a good boy!" The giant sung out a loud amen, and arose, declaring he should immediately set out and return to his home. He would accept no refreshment, but with many thanks and a thousand blessings in recompence for the one he had received, walked out of the house, and I can well believe resumed his pilgrimage to the westward without stop or stay. I should not have considered this and the preceding anecdotes as worth recording, but that they are in some degree characteristic of a very curious and peculiar people, who are not often understood by those who profess to mimic them, and who are too apt to set them forth as objects for ridicule only, when oftentimes even their oddities, if candidly examined, would entitle them to our respect.

—

Garrick.

The happy hit of the West Indian drew a considerable resort of the friends and followers of the muses to my house. I was superlatively blest in a wife, who conducted my family with due attention to my circumstances, yet with every elegance and comfort that could render it a welcome and agreeable rendezvous to my guests. I had six children,

whose birth days were comprised within the period of six years, and they were by no means trained and educated with that laxity of discipline, which renders so many houses terrible to the visitor, and almost justifies Foote in his professed veneration for the character of Herod. My young ones stood like little soldiers to be reviewed by those who wished to have them drawn up for inspection, and were dismissed like soldiers at a word. Few parents had more excuse for being vain than my wife and I had, for I may be allowed to say my daughters even then gave promise of that grace and beauty, for which they afterwards became so generally and conspicuously noticed; and my four boys were not behind them in form or feature, though hot climates and hard duty by sea and land, in the service of their king and country, have laid two of them in distant graves, and rendered the survivors war-worn veterans before their time. Even poor Fitzherbert, my unhappy and lamented friend, with all his fond benignity of soul, could not with his caresses introduce a relaxation of discipline in the ranks of our small infantry; and though Garrick could charm a circle of them about him whilst he acted the turkey-cocks, and peacocks, and water-wagtails, to their infinite and undescribable amusement, yet at the word or even look of the mother, *hi motus animorum* were instantly composed, and order re-established, whenever it became time to release their generous entertainer from the trouble of his exertions.

I would wish the world to believe, that they take but a very short and impartial estimate of that departed character, who only appreciate him as the best actor in the world; he was more and better than that excellence alone could make him by a thousand estimable qualities, and much as I enjoyed his company, I have been more gratified by the emanations of his heart than by the sallies of his fancy and imagination. Nature had done so much for him, that he could not help being an actor; she gave him a frame of so manageable a proportion, and from its flexibility so perfectly under command, that by its aptitude and elasticity he could draw it out to fit any sizes of character that tragedy could offer to him, and contract it to any scale of ridiculous diminution that his Abel Drugger, Scrub, or Fribble could require of him to sink it to. His eye, in the mean time, was so penetrating, so speaking, his brow so moveable, and all his features so plastic and so accommodating, that wherever his mind impelled them they would go, and before his tongue could give the text, his countenance would express the spirit and the passion of the part he was encharged with.

I always studied the assortment of the characters who honoured me with their company, so as never to bring uncongenial humours into contact with each other. How often have I seen all the objects of society frustrated by inattention to the proper grouping of the guests! The sensibility of some men of genius is so quick and captious, that you must first consider whom they can be happy with, before you can promise yourself any happiness with them. A rivalry in wit and humour will oftentimes render both parties silent, and put them on their guard; if a chance hit, or a lucky sally, on the part of a competitor, engrosses the applause of the table, ten to one if the stricken cock ever crows upon the pit again: a matter-of-fact man will make a pleasant fellow sullen, and a sullen fellow, if provoked by raillery, will disturb the comforts of the whole society.

It is tiresome listening to the nonsense of those who can talk nothing else, but nonsense talked by men of wit and understanding, in the hour of relaxation, is of the very finest essence of convivality, and a treat delicious to those who have the sense to comprehend it. I have known, and could name many, who understood

this art in its perfection, but as it implies a trust in the company not always to be risked, their practice of it was not very frequent.

Raillery is of all weapons the most dangerous and two-edged; of course it ought never to be handled but by a gentleman, and never should be played with but upon a gentleman; the familiarity of a low-born vulgar man is dreadful; his raillery, his jocularity, like the shaking of the water-spaniel, can never fail to soil you with some sprinkling of the dunghill out of which he sprung.

The brilliant vivacity of Garrick was subject to be clouded; little flying stories had too much of his attention, and more of his credit than they should have had; and certainly there were too many babblers who had access to his ear. There was some precaution necessary as to the company you associated with him at your table; Fitzherbert understood that in general admirably well, yet he told me of a certain day, when Garrick, who had perhaps been put a little out of his way, and was missing from the company, was found in the back yard acting a turkey-cock to a black boy, who was capering for joy, and continually crying out, "Massa Garrick do so make me laugh: I shall die with laughing." The story I have no doubt is true; but I rather think it indicates the very contrary from a ruffled temper, and marks good humour in its strongest light. To give amusement to children, and to take pleasure in the act, is such a symptom of suavity as can never be mistaken.

Garrick was followed to the abbey by a long extended train of friends, illustrious for their rank and genius, who truly mourned a man, so perfect in his art, that nature hath not yet produced an actor worthy to be called his second. I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave, at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and bathed in tears: a few succeeding years laid him in the earth; and though the marble shall preserve for ages the exact resemblance of his form and features, his own strong pen has pictured out a transcript of his mind, that shall outlive that and the very language which he laboured to perpetuate. Johnson's best days were dark, and only when his life was far in the decline, he enjoyed a gleam of fortune long withheld. Compare him with his countryman and contemporary last-mentioned, and it will be one instance amongst many, that the man, who only brings the Muse's bantlings into the world, has better lot in it, than he who has the credit of begetting them.

Reynolds, the friend of both these worthies, had a measure of prosperity amply dealt out to him; he sunned himself in an unclouded sky, and his muse, that gave him a pallet dressed by all the graces, brought him also a cornucopiæ rich and full as Flora, Ceres, and Bacchus could conspire to make it. His hearse was also followed by a noble cavalcade of mourners, many of whom, I dare believe, left better faces hanging by the wall than those they carried with them to his funeral. When he was lost to the world, his death was the dispersion of a bright and luminous circle of ingenious friends, whom the elegance of his manners, the equability of his temper, and the attraction of his talents had caused to assemble round him as the centre of their society. In all the most engaging graces of his heart, in disposition, attitude, employment, character of his figures, and above all in giving mind and meaning to his portraits, if I were to say sir Joshua never was excelled, I am inclined to believe so many better opinions would be with me, that I should not be found to have said too much.

[The remainder of the extracts from this work will be given in the next number.]

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESSING.

A fragment.

———HERE it was that a boat was seen sailing swiftly after us, and, hailing our vessel, demanded the names and number of our men. The captain, who had no resource, suffered them quietly to come on board, and had the mortification to see his best seamen taken from him. Their reluctance to leave the ship, and the tears of several who were just, as they supposed, on the point of meeting wives and children, whom a long absence had doubly endeared, convinced my friend that the practice of making *slaves* was not confined to the West Indies.

I could not at first perfectly comprehend the meaning of this; for we were positively assured, at Spithead, that the press-warrants were recalled, as the ships had received their full complement. However, I was quick enough on deck to see several unhappy fellows, awed by a naked cutlass, pensively and sullenly lowering themselves into the boat. This sight transported Adolphus beyond any consideration of his own safety. His face was inflamed; his eye shot fire. I thought, said he, haughtily, England was a land of *freedom*, and that you made no slaves here.

Slaves, young gentleman, answered the lieutenant, sheathing his cutlass, and looking as if he were ashamed of the business, no, no; these men are going to fight for their king and country.

But they do not like to go, sir; they wish to visit their families. It is a long time since they saw them.

That reason will not man our fleet, my pretty lad.

What, then they are compelled to go.

Compelled! nonsense! We *press* them, it is true; but they will think nothing of it in four and twenty hours.

Press them! what is that?

Why, oblige them to go: and if they make any resistance——

You kill them, I imagine.

You have strange notions, my brave boy, but not quite right in your guesses. Do you take us for savages?

No more *palaver*, interrupted another, who seemed equal to the first that spoke; bear-a-hand, and let's be gone.

Adolphus turned an awful look upon this true son of the waves.

And will you take these men from their wives and children? Can you answer it to your conscience?

Conscience, captain Bounce? You and your conscience be damned. Time enough when we have done with them.

And when will that be?

O, all's one for that; perhaps when the war's over.———

For the Literary Magazine.

DOES PAIN OR PLEASURE PREDOMINATE IN HUMAN LIFE?

NEITHER great pleasures nor great pains constitute the habitual state of man, but are very thinly sown in the path of human life. How many individuals are there who have never experienced either! The habitual state of man is that of simple well-being, which, when a little heightened, becomes pleasure, and, when a little abated, is nullity of sensation, or the middle term of the scale, of which pleasing sensations occupy the one, and painful sensations the other side.

From a state of pain, whatever be its degree, all wish to be delivered; yet it is observable that, among a hundred thousand persons, scarcely one can be found who rushes out of life in order to get rid of his sufferings; and, in this case, it is generally doubted whether he had at that moment the entire use of his reason: even the most pain-

ful circumstances are not unaccompanied with some perceptions of good.

It is because well-being is the habitual state of man that pleasures appear to us less lively than pains of equal intensity; and that the durations of pleasure and of pain, though equal with respect to absolute time, seem very unequal when compared. We consider as pleasure only that degree of good which is perceptibly greater than our habitual state of well-being; whereas, we include under the appellation of pain every state in which our habitual well-being loses any thing of its intensity.

In the common course, and among the several classes, of human life, is the number of pains greater or less than that of pleasures, supposing the intensity of each to be nearly equal? Of the class of pains, and that of pleasures, which contains the greater number of genera and species? Of these questions, if they could be accurately investigated, the issue of both would be on the side of pleasure, especially if they were confined to those pleasures and pains which we derive from nature. The former are friendly, and the latter inimical, to the physical constitution of sentient beings; and hence we may suppose that Infinite Goodness has strewed the path of life with a much greater number of pleasures than of pains, and has given us a much greater diversity of the former than of the latter. The Supreme Being has made us susceptible of several different sensations at the same time; which, by their heterogeneity, frequently weaken the continued impression of pain. Time and employment are known to heal the deepest wounds of affliction; and even the most wretched find relief from conversing on the circumstances of their distress. In short, it is a constant law of nature, which is nothing more than the primitive regulation of the Creator, that there should be an unremitting tendency to the preservation of beings in general, and to repair whatever injuries they may receive from foreign causes: but can this law be said to act with respect to mankind, if the number of their pains exceed that of their pleasures?

In order to set this argument in a stronger light, we should be obliged to take a particular view of those pleasing sensations which enter into the habitual state of most men, arising from a consciousness of existence; the enjoyment, if not of perfect, yet of tolerable health; the alternate succession of action and rest; the gratification of the appetites of nature; curiosity; the attachments prompted by interest; the relations and affections of social life; the desire of acquiring and of communicating knowledge; a variety of occupations and employments, whether of business or of amusement, which exercise and improve the faculties both of body and mind, together with a consciousness of difficulties overcome, and of duties performed; and, lastly, hope, which anticipates future enjoyment. All these sources of pleasure are intimately connected with our nature, and are common to the greatest part of mankind in every period and condition of life. As to factitious enjoyments, these must be contrasted with factitious sufferings, which probably exceed them in number; nor would it be fair to place that good or that evil, which derives its existence solely from the irregularity of the imagination, in the same class with the pleasures and pains allotted to us by the condition of our nature.

It may be asked, if our pleasures be really more numerous than our pains, why are there so few who would be willing to recommence the career of life through which they have already passed? We may answer this objection by observing that the activity of the human mind is such as to require a continual succession of new ideas; and that nature has implanted in us a constant tendency to new states of being,

each differing from the preceding, and which gradually lead to that perfection which finite beings cannot attain at once. We are formed, not for a stationary condition, not to recommence the circumstances through which we have already passed, but to be constantly advancing in our career toward new and higher modes of existence. Another cause is, that the condition supposed, in the notion of recommencing our life, is that all the circumstances through which we must pass are already known to us. Hence, neither curiosity is interested, nor hope excited: no new objects can be attained; nor have we the liberty of preventing or of avoiding the pains through which we know that we must pass: hence the experience, the knowledge, and the abilities which we have acquired would be lost on us; and we could have no other prospect than that of being, at the end of our second existence, exactly at the same point from which we had set out. Remove this condition, and most men would be glad, for the sake of avoiding death, to recommence a life equally, or even less advantageous in point of happiness than that which they have experienced. From this number we need not except those pretended philosophers, who limit existence to the present state; who are continually complaining of the miseries of life, and yet have not the courage to put an end to it. As to those whom reason and religion inspire with a well-founded hope of a future existence, and of a continued progress toward perfection, though they have as lively a sense as others of the pleasures of this life, which they consider as a natural preparation for a future state, they would never be desirous to recommence their career; which, whatever pleasures it might afford, would only retard their advancement toward that perfect state, for which they know they are destined.

Q.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

DARWIN, in his whimsical nosological arrangements, ranks the *timor læthi* among diseases. The *cause* he considers as nothing more than the impression made upon the fancy by hearing described, or actually witnessing, cases of great agony and horror suffered by others when dying. The mode of prevention and cure he points out to be the witnessing or relation of cases in which dying has borne a close resemblance to sleep, and been equally void of pain and of terror.

In these speculations a distinction ought carefully to be made between those views of death which merely arise from its physical and corporeal circumstances, and those which are connected with reflections on the after-state and condition of the soul. These different views are plainly and entirely distinct from each other, as is evident from that dismal apprehension of death entertained by multitudes that are either confident of existence and happiness hereafter, or are totally thoughtless and indifferent on that head.

I have often, in pursuance of this hint of Darwin's, been led into reflections as to what is the real state of this interesting case. I have considered with myself, what are the real circumstances of that death which every human being is fated to endure; what diseases terminate in a painful, and what in an easy dissolution; how are the deaths that daily happen actually characterized in this respect; is the greater number easy or painful, accompanied with a lively consciousness, or with stone-like insensibility to pain. I do not know whether physicians have ever made this an object of attention or inquiry, but surely it is a very interesting and instructive one.

If we may be allowed to discover the state of pure and perfect nature

in any thing but that state in which things are actually found, we might be tempted to suppose that in such a state death would cease to be an evil. Mankind would reach old age in uninterrupted health and tranquillity, and their lamp would go out without a warning or a struggle, without the previous decay of any thing but muscular strength. The untimely, lingering, and agonizing deaths which at present abound in the world may be supposed to originate in the guilt and folly of mankind, in their blind and wanton violation of the precepts of temperance and virtue.

It is certain that such reasonable and tranquil dissolutions sometimes happen, and, their possibility being thus established, there seems no difficulty in supposing that they might be universal, excluding only casualties.

Let us listen, for example, to the following account of the death of the famous bishop Cumberland, as given by his descendant, the late Richard Cumberland.

"The death of this venerable prelate was, like his life, serene and undisturbed. At the extended age of eighty-six years and some months, as he was sitting in his library, he expired without a struggle; for he was found in the attitude of one asleep, with his cap fallen over his eyes, and a book in his hand, in which he had been reading. Thus, without the ordinary visitations of pain or sickness, it pleased God to terminate the existence of this exemplary man."

Those who pant after a terrestrial immortality, and who reproach the Deity for that imperfection in the general system which assigns a limit to the duration of all animal life, will be tempted, by instances like this, to renounce their wishes and their arguments. Provided the race be immortal, provided each man's place is for ever full, it appears to be a perfection in the plan which conducts each successive individual through a diversified existence to such an end as that of this good bishop.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XV.

I CONFESS I am not one of those who endeavour to establish a fancied superiority by reviling the female character, and I think these midnight lucubrations have borne testimony to my sincere fondness and undissembled respect for its loveliness and dignity. Milton has acknowledged that "love is not the *lowest* end of human life;" and I readily believe that this world, without *the sweet intercourse of looks and smiles*, would be but a wide waste indeed. Why is it that, in the hour of distress, we forget all our vaunted heroism, and fly to the arms of female kindness for that consolation, which we in vain seek in our own reflections? And why is it that the tears of a woman have more effect in arousing our feelings than the loudest call of the clarion? It is that all-pervading influence, which moves every passion of the human breast; it is that which melts the most fierce into docility, and inspires even cowardice with bravery.

Spenser, a favourite poet with me, has a passage on the influence of women in distress, which I wish every one to read and admire:

Nought is there under Heaven's hollownesse
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthie wretchednesse,
Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's freaks unkind.
I, lately, *whether through her brightness blynd*,

Or thro' allegiance and part fealty,
Which I doe owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart prest with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I
could dy.

But whilst I admire, and praise, and defend, let me not be supposed to be so blind as to see all their virtues and their vices, their beauties and deformities in the same partial light. No; the canvas so alluring to the eye is yet tarnished by many a stain. The sickly mein of affectation, the vice of a weak mind, and the ungenial chill of prudery, the folly of an impure mind, with many other frailties that female *flesh is heir to*, must be corrected before woman can be called perfect. Yet, with all these imperfections, how infinitely do they surpass us in virtue, friendship, constancy, fortitude, genuine good sense, and unaffected good nature!

Let me add a grateful testimony of older experience, of which I have been reminded by these reflections. In the Travels of Ledyard, this celebrated traveller says, he has "always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, *like men*, to perform a kind or generous action.

"Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy and fond of society. More liable in general to err than man, but, in general also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of friendship and decency, without receiving a friendly and decent answer; with man it has often been otherwise.

"In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartars; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of *benevolence*, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest meal with a double relish."

—

The most striking characteristic in the mind of Jaques, says professor Richardson, is extreme sensibility. He discovers a heart strongly disposed to compassion, and susceptible of the most tender impressions of friendship; for he who can so feelingly deplore the absence of kindness and humanity, must be capable of relishing the delight annexed to their exercise. But sensibility is the soil where nature has planted social and sweet affections: by sensibility they are cherished and grow to maturity. Social dispositions produce all those amiable and endearing connections that alleviate the sorrows of human life, adorn our nature, and render us happy. Now Jaques, avoiding society, and burying himself in the lonely forest, seems to act inconsistently with his constitution. He possesses sensibility, sensibility begets affection, and affection begets the love of society. But Jaques is unsocial. Can these inconsistent qualities be reconciled? Or has Shakespeare exhibited a character, of which the parts are incongruous and discordant? In other words, how does it happen that a temper disposed to beneficence, and addicted to social enjoyment, becomes solitary and morose? Changes of this kind are not unfrequent, and, if researches into the origin or cause of a distemper can direct us in the discovery of an antidote or of a remedy, the present inquiry is of importance. Perhaps, the excess and luxuriancy of benevolent dispositions, blighted by unkindness or ingratitude, is the cause that, instead of yielding us fruits of complacency and friendship, they shed bitter drops of misanthropy.

A good disposition will not content itself with its own happiness, but its possessor will feel a degree of interest, and will rejoice in the felicity of those around him. But the malignant eye of envy is either averted from such prospects with disgust, or contemplates it with sensations of the keenest anguish. All who are in pursuit of happiness, and are striving to soften the rugged path of life, are engaged in a sort of conspiracy against his quiet. The blooming cheek of youth and beauty that enraptures the heart, and the noblest deeds of valour that awake the soul, and expand all the generous feelings of our nature, are equally contending to blast his enjoyments; and he derives satisfaction only when the slow hand of time has furrowed the brow and unstrung the nerve, when the eye that once set the world on fire has lost its lustre, and the arm that kept nations in awe has become feeble.

I. E. H.

For the Literary Magazine.

TRUMBULL'S M'FINGAL.

THERE are few Americans who read at all, or who consort with readers, who have not heard of M'Fingal. There was a time when the work was new, and when the topics which gave rise to it were fresh in popular memory. Then, it is probable, few who read verse at all omitted to read this performance: but has not this time passed away? and is not there a vast number of ingenious and inquisitive readers, to whom the revolution is an obscure and antiquated story, that have never seen M'Fingal? This omission is owing more to accident than design. We seldom seek after that which is not recommended to our notice by its novelty, or by its connection with noted characters and passing events. Books which we do not seek very rarely fall in our way of their own accord, and thus many persons pass half their lives without ever lighting on M'Fingal, to whom that work is calculated to afford very high entertainment. Such readers will not, it is hoped, think our time mispent in introducing this poem to their acquaintance, and begging their attention to a few passages from a work which has been universally acknowledged to be in no respect inferior, and in several respects much superior, to the far-famed Hudibras.

The adventures celebrated in M'Fingal are more coherent, intelligible, and consistent than those of Hudibras, probably because the character of the principal hero was not drawn for any particular person, but stands as representative of the tory faction in general. The author's language is not usually so careless as Butler's; and this attention may be thought to impose some restraint on the freedom of his humour; yet, misled, probably, by that general applause which covers the slovenly rhymes that are often to be found in his model, the author sometimes tags the ends of some of his lines with words in which the coarsest ear must disown any correspondence of sound: but humourous poets should always bear in mind Butler's rule, though, like many other preceptors, he paid but little attention to it himself; and, if one line contains the sense, they should give us, at least, a rhyme in the other.

M'Fingal, the hero of the piece, is thus described:

From Boston, in his best array,
Great 'squire M'Fingal took his way,
And, grac'd with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.
His high descent our heralds trace
To Ossian's fam'd Fingalian race;
For though their name some part may lack,
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great M'Pherson, with submission,
We hope will add, the next edition.
His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;

Whence gain'd our 'squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion and the second-sight.
Of these the first, in ancient days,
Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise,
'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd head
With terror of its might confounded;
Till rose a king with potent charm
His foes by goodness to disarm;
Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite
Straight fell in love with at first sight;
Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
Hush'd down all murmurs of dissentions,
And, with the sound of potent metal,
Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle;
Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
Till loud sedition sung hosannas;
The good lords-bishops and the kirk
United in the public work;
Rebellion from the northern regions
With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance,
And all combin'd to raze as nuisance,
Of church and state the constitutions;
Pull down the empire, on whose ruins
They meant to edify their new ones;
Enslave th' American wildernesses,
And tear the provinces in pieces.
For these our 'squire, among the valiant'st,
Employ'd his time, and tools, and talents;
And in their cause, with manly zeal,
Us'd his first virtue, to rebel;
And found this new rebellion pleasing
As his old king-destroying treason.
Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
And Scottish gift of second-sight.
No ancient sybil, fam'd in rhyme,
Saw deeper in the womb of time;
No block in old Dodona's grove
Could ever more orac'lar prove.
Nor only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
Tho' former days produc'd a plenty:
For any man with half an eye
What stands before him may espy:
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
As in the days of ancient fame
Prophets and poets were the same,
And all the praise that poets gain
Is but for what th' invent and feign:
So gain'd our 'squire his fame by seeing
Such things as never would have being,
Whence he for oracles was grown
The very tripod of his town.

Gazettes no sooner rose a lye in,
But strait he fell to prophesying;
Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse,
Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings,
Of Hanoverians, Swiss, and Hessians;
Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,
And hang'd all rebels, to a man;
Divided their estates and pelf,
And took a goodly share himself.
All this, with spirit energetic,
He did by second-sight prophetic.
Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our 'squire in making speeches,
Where strength of brains united centres
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
But as some musquets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over:
So far'd our 'squire, whose reas'ning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arg'ments he apply'd:
As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
Trode down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own side more in battle
Than less and ordinary cattle.
Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief
Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve,
And, as he motion'd, all by rote
Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

M'Fingal attends the town-meeting, which was held in a church, where we are entertained with an altercation between him and a whig, which is carried on whimsically enough, like the snip-snap argumentative dialogues between sir Hudibras and his squire Ralph: among other things, we have a humorous apology for political lying, in the genuine spirit of Butler:

Quoth he, For lies and promise-breaking
Ye need not be in such a taking;
For lying is, we know and teach,
The highest privilege of speech,
The universal magna charta,
To which all human race is party;
Whence children first, as David says,
Lay claim to't in their earliest days;

The only stratagem in war
Our gen'rals have occasion for;
The only freedom of the press
Our politicians need in peace:
And 'tis a shame you wish t' abridge us
Of these our darling privileges.
Thank heav'n, your shot have miss'd their aim,
For lying is no sin or shame.
As men's last wills may change again,
Though drawn in name of God, amen;
Be sure they must have much the more
O'er promises as great a pow'r,
Which, made in haste, with small inspection,
So much the more will need correction;
And when they've careless spoke, or penn'd 'em,
Have right to look 'em o'er, and mend 'em;
Revise their vows, or change the text,
By way of codicil annex'd;
Turn out a promise that was base,
And put a better in its place.
So Gage of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boston people go;
Yet when he saw 'gainst troops that brav'd him,
They were the only guards that sav'd him,
Kept off that Satan of a Putnam,
From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him,
He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,
And shut them in again to starve.
So Moses writes, when female Jews
Made oaths and vows unfit for use,
Their parents then might set them free
From that conscientious tyranny:
And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage
For ever, when they grow beyond age;
Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change?
I think the tale were very strange.
Shall vows but bind the stout and strong,
And let go women weak and young,
As nets enclose the larger crew,
And let the smaller fry creep through?
Besides, the whigs have all been set on
The tories to affright and threaten,
Till Gage, amidst his trembling fits,
Has hardly kept him in his wits;
And though he speak with art and finesse,
'Tis said beneath *duress per minas*.
For we're in peril of our souls
From feathers, tar, and lib'rty-poles;
And vows extorted are not binding
In law, and so not worth the minding.
For we have in this hurly-burly
Sent off our consciences on furlough;
Thrown our religion o'er in form,
Our ship to lighten in the storm.
Nor need we blush your whigs before;
If we've no virtue, you've no more.
Yet black with sins would stain a mitre,
Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter?
And, stuff'd with choler atrabilious,
Insult us here for pecadilloes?
While all your vices run so high
That mercy scarce could find supply:
While, should you offer to repent,
You'd need more fasting days than Lent,
More groans than haunted church-yard vallies,
And more confessions than broad-alleys*.
I'll show you all, at fitter time,
Th' extent and greatness of your crime,
And here demonstrate to your face,
Your want of virtue, as of grace,
Evinc'd from topics old and recent:
But thus much must suffice at present.
To th' after portion of the day,
I leave what more remains to say;
When I've good hope you'll all appear,
More fitted and prepared to hear,
And griev'd for all your vile demeanour:
But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner.

The second canto opens with a description of the dinner vacation, and of the resuming of the meeting:

The sun, who never stops to dine,
Two hours had pass'd the midway line,
And driving at his usual rate,
Lash'd on his downward car of state.
And now expir'd the short vacation,
And dinner done in epic fashion;
While all the crew beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheese;
Nor shall we, like old Homer, care
To versify the bill of fare.
For now each party, feasted well,
Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell,
With equal spirit took their places;
And meeting op'd with three Oh yesses;
When first the daring whigs t'oppose,
Again the great M'Fingal rose,
Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,
And thus assum'd the accusing strain.

* Alluding to a species of church discipline, where a person is obliged to stand in an aisle of the church, called the *broad-alley*, name the offence of which he has been guilty, and ask pardon of his brethren.

I shall not pursue the thread of the eccentric orations: but the following passage will show that the tory 'squire is not inferior to the fanatical knight, in the use of tropes and figures:

Vain, quoth the 'squire, you'll find to sneer
At Gage's first triumphant year;
For Providence, dispos'd to teaze us,
Can use what instruments it pleases.
To pay a tax at Peter's wish,
His chief cashier was once a fish;
An ass, in Balaam's sad disaster,
Turn'd orator, and sav'd his master;
A goose plac'd sentry on his station
Presery'd old Rome from desolation;
An English bishop's cur of late
Disclos'd rebellions 'gainst the state;
So frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,
And lice revers'd the threat'ning sentence;
And Heav'n can ruin you at pleasure,
By our scorn'd Gage, as well as Cæsar.
Yet did our hero in these days
Pick up some laurel-wreaths of praise.
And as the statuary of Seville
Made his crack'd saint an excellent devil;
So, though our war few triumphs brings,
We gain'd great fame in other things.

Honorius is the effective hero of the piece, who is employed to buffet this man of straw, M'Fingal, for the reader's amusement and edification; and he performs his part according to the writer's intentions. At the conclusion of one of his speeches,

As thus he said, the tories' anger
Could now restrain itself no longer,
Who tried before by many a freak, or
Insulting noise to stop the speaker;
Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pew-door;
Their feet kept shuffling on the floor;
Made their disapprobation known
By many a murmur, hum, and groan,
That to his speech supplied the place
Of counterpart in thorough-bass:
As bagpipes, while the tune they breathe,
Still drone and grumble underneath;
Or as the fam'd Demosthenes
Harangu'd the rumbling of the seas,
Held forth with eloquence full grave
To audience loud of wind and wave;
And had a stiller congregation
Than tories are to hear th' oration.
But now the storm grew high and louder,
As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are,
And ev'ry soul with heart and voice
Supply'd his quota of the noise;
Each list'ning ear was set on torture,
Each tory bellowing out, to order;
And some, with tongue not low or weak,
Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak;
The moderator, with great vi'lence,
The cushion thump'd with "Silence! Silence!"
The constable to ev'ry prater
Bawl'd out, "Pray, hear the moderator;"
Some call'd the vote, and some, in turn,
Were screaming high, "Adjourn, adjourn."
Not chaos heard such jars and clashes
When all the elements fought for places.
Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The storm each moment louder grew;
His sword the great M'Fingal drew,
Prepar'd in either chance to share,
To keep the peace or aid the war.
Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;
Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,
Upon the pulpit canopy,
To join, as is her custom tried,
Like Indians, on the strongest side;
The destinies, with shears and distaff,
Drew near, their threads of life to twist off;
The furies 'gan to feast on blows,
And broken heads or bloody nose;
When on a sudden from without,
Arose a loud terrific shout;
And straight the people all at once heard
Of tongues a universal concert;
Like Æsop's times, as fable runs,
When every creature talk'd at once;
Or like the variegated gabble
That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.
Each party soon forgot the quarrel,
And let the other go on parole;
Eager to know what fearful matter
Had conjur'd up such gen'ral clatter.

This breaking up of one uproar by another closes the second canto. In the third, they all sally forth to discover the cause of the disturbance, particularly 'squire M'Fingal, with a constable at his elbow to second him. They find a whiggish mob erecting a liberty pole in the market-place; whom M'Fingal ad-

dresses, as Hudibras does the bear-baiters, and to as good a purpose. His oration provokes them to hostilities: the tories are routed; and M'Fingal and his constable are knocked down and captured. They fix the constable by his waistband to a rope, and draw him up to the top of the pole, where he makes a formal abjuration of his tory principles; on which symptom of repentance he is let down, promising future good behaviour.

Not so our 'squire submits to rule,
But stood heroic as a mule.
You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curri'd.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray look less big,
Or smok'd old Williams to a whig?
Did our mobb'd Oliver quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington, in dread of stripes,
Ceas'd lying since you stole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompence
I trust king George and Providence.
And when, our conquest gain'd, I come,
Array'd in law and terror, home,
You'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day you e'er were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience.

Such daring incorrigibility procured him the distinction of being *tarred and feathered*; an operation which is thus described:

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck,
With halter'd noose, M'Fingal's neck,
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood tied half-hanging, to the pole;
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar:
With less profusion erst was spread
The Jewish oil on royal head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian sings) the gods
And earth-born giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And as he held them o'er his head,
The rivers from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in its hide:
So from the high-rais'd urn the torrents
Spread down his side the various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage, stern and grave,
Roll'd and adher'd the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erspread with colours gay
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And spread him o'er with feathers missive,
And down, upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Till all complete appears our 'squire,
Like gorgon or chimera dire;
Nor more could boast, on Plato's plan,
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

In this ridiculously distressful plight, M'Fingal, in the fourth canto, at midnight, harangues an assembly of tories in his cellar; and, giving up all hopes of his cause, he relates a vision to his friends, which, in prophetic style, glances over the subsequent events of the American war.

Here the talents of a luckless general are celebrated; with a good display of the advantages which genius derives from the possessor of it being in confinement:

Behold that martial macaroni,
Compound of Phœbus and Bellona,
With warlike sword and sing-song lay,
Equipp'd alike for feast or fray,

Where equal wit and valour join;
This, this is he, the fam'd Burgoyne:
Who pawn'd his honour and commission
To coax the patriots to submission,
By songs and balls secure obedience,
And dance the ladies to allegiance.
Oft his camp muses he'll parade,
At Boston in the grand blockade,
And well invok'd with punch of arrack,
Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack,
Inspir'd in more heroic fashion,
Both by his theme and situation;
While farce and proclamation grand
Rise fair beneath his plastic hand.
For genius swells more strong and clear
When close confin'd, like bottled beer:
So Prior's wit gain'd greater power
By inspiration of the Tow'r;
And Raleigh, fast in prison hurl'd,
Wrote all the Hist'ry of the World;
So Wilkes grew, while in jail he lay,
More patriotic ev'ry day,
But found his zeal, when not confin'd,
Soon sink below the freezing point,
And public spirit, once so fair,
Evaporate in open air.
But thou, great favourite of Venus,
By no such luck shalt cramp thy genius;
Thy friendly stars, till wars shall cease,
Shall ward th' ill fortune of release,
And hold thee fast in bonds not feeble,
In good condition still to scribble.
Such merit Fate shall shield from firing,
Bomb, carcase, langridge, and cold iron,
Nor trust thy doubly laurell'd head
To rude assaults of flying lead.
Hence, in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat;
Not taken off, releas'd, or rescu'd,
Pass for small change, like simple Prescott;
But captur'd there, as fates befall,
Shall stand thy hand for't, once for all.
Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,
And dip thy conq'ring pen in rhyme,
And changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks.

M'Fingal is now again interrupted by the mob; who, getting intelligence of this nocturnal convocation, thunder at the door. Before they break in, M'Fingal effects his escape through a private window, as well from the reader as from the mob; the poem closing on his flight to Boston.

Chronology fixes the time of this ludicrous tale in the year 1775, at the opening of the American war; and the poem was first published in Connecticut, in 1782, toward its conclusion.

For the Literary Magazine.

SWIFT'S TALE OF A TUB.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I AM a new correspondent, and will open my intercourse with you in a modest way. It shall be by asking a question, and that not a very important one. But if some of your critical readers will condescend to answer it, they will oblige me very much, especially if they decide in my favour: for I assure you, sir, that however unimportant this question may appear, I have had some disputes upon it; and, what is worse, I never could convince a single opponent, so as to bring him over to my opinion.

The question is about the title of a book; I mean that famous work of dean Swift, commonly called *The Tale of a Tub*. My opinion is, that the author wrote *tail* instead of *tale*: because the title, in this sense, would have a signification; in the other, it has none. The *tail*, meaning the outer end of a tub, is a shallow cavity, capable, when the tub is set that end upwards, of holding a little water, and but a little, easily seen through or sounded. A century ago, it was a common saying, of a thing or a discourse which had but little depth, that it was as shallow as the *tail of a tub*.

It is probable that the dean wrote this incomparable satire before he thought of the title; and then, finding the work so easy to be understood, or seen through, as to the substance it contained, he gave it this sarcastic title, *The Tail of a Tub*, a thing that every one could see to

the bottom of, or plainly understand. But, on the other hand, how can we suppose that he could entitle his work the *tale* or story of a tub? The work, in any other sense than the one I have mentioned, can have no resemblance to a tub, or the story of a tub. It is the story of Peter, Martin, and John, and as easy to be understood, or fathomed, as the tail of a tub.

If any of your curious readers should be possessed of an original edition of that work, and should find, according to my conjecture, that the sense and spelling of the title have been mistaken in all modern editions, and will let us know it through your Magazine, that the error may be corrected in future editions, he will do a piece of literary justice to the author, by restoring to him the credit of writing sense, in a case where he has long been supposed to have written nonsense; and (what I am afraid I have likewise a little at heart) he will gratify me, by proving that I was in the right.

QUERIST.

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN STAGE.

OF all nations, the history furnishes us with details of the same kind in the progress and expansion of poetic faculties. The first fruits of poetry have universally been the praises of heroes, and the rhapsodists, or those who sung verses in honour of heroes, were the first actors. The Russians had poems and singers of this description even before christianity was introduced among them, or they were acquainted with the Greeks and Romans. The martial spirit and natural gaiety of the Russians are sufficient, amid the failure of historic evidence, to induce the belief, that, in very remote ages, they had as many poems in honour of heroes, as many songs of victory, as they, in the sequel, had buffoons and merry-andrews running about the country and diverting the people by their witticisms and their drolleries.—These new rivals of Thespis every where met with the most favourable reception, and the joy manifested by the people on their commencement amounted to a species of madness. The peasant abandoned every thing, that he might see these farces; sometimes absorbed in pleasure, all the faculties of his soul were scarcely sufficient to enable him to hear the sounds by which he was enchanted; sometimes, transported with joy, he expressed his rapture in the most boisterous manner. These representations were commonly exhibited from Christmas to the festival of Epiphany. A poetic ardour suddenly inspired those who thus employed their talents to abridge the long winter evenings. Great volubility, animated gesticulations, much extravagance in the plot of the tale, and great prolixity in the recitation, were indispensible qualities for every one who attempted to amuse; but if to these he added obscene gestures and expressions, his acting was then perfect, and he was certain of obtaining universal applause. There was no fixed place for these representations; a paper lantern suspended to the roof, and the harmony of two hunting horns, announced to the passengers that for a few copecks they might procure the pleasure of seeing a farce, which was ready to begin whenever they pleased. This kind of parade is not at this day entirely banished from the Russian empire.

Theatrical representations were however almost as unknown in Russia as in Germany prior to the reign of Peter the great. Those which were then in vogue were confined to rhetorical exercises, in the form of dramas and comedies, which the masters of seminaries instructed their pupils to act. The subjects of these plays were usually taken from sacred history, like those of the tragedies which the jesuits, and other orders devoted to the education of

youth, were accustomed to teach their scholars to represent at the end of a course, or at the conclusion of a year. They thought it perfectly justifiable to take for models, as to the form, heathens such as Euripides, Sophocles, Plautus, and Terence; but far from thinking that the proper object of theatrical exhibitions was to form the minds of youth, and to make them acquainted with their native land by the representation of the manners and achievements of its great men, the purpose to which it was consecrated by the Greeks, superstition and ignorance persuaded them that they could not lawfully select any subjects excepting from the Bible.

With the manner of treating these subjects they gave themselves very little concern. The most absurd and ridiculous scenes, and the most disgusting vulgarity were introduced into them. The most sacred mysteries of religion were represented in a manner highly profane; and the ecclesiastics were so convinced of the simplicity of their pupils and the rest of the laity, as to imagine that they would not thence receive any unfavourable impressions. The seminaries and schools of the convents of Moscow, Kiow, Novogorod, &c., had they been better conducted, might have become establishments of the highest utility to the propagation of knowledge in Russia; but the monks of those times were contented to proceed with their age, instead of outstripping it; either because they were unable, from the want of means, or they imagined it was not fit that the people should be too much enlightened. If the bishop Demetrius Rostowsky, instead of causing religious plays of his own invention to be performed in his episcopal palace at Rostow, had composed some work on a subject taken from profane history, undoubtedly his nation, instructed by his example, would have soon developed the germ of its talent for the dramatic art, and would have distinguished itself in that career without waiting to receive the impulsion from foreigners. The most celebrated of Rostowsky's performances were, "The Penitent Sinner," "Esther and Ahasuerus," "The Birth of Christ, his Resurrection, and the Assumption of the Virgin Mary." They were interlarded with allegorical episodes. Wolkow, the first performer the Russians had to boast, acted in them with great success. The bishop Rostowsky died in 1709. The dramatic art was still in its infancy in Russia, when France had already the master pieces of Corneille, of Racine, of Moliere, and when Voltaire already announced the dawn of his future greatness. The compositions of the first Russian dramatist were exhibited till the middle of the last century, not only in the seminaries, but Wolkow's company likewise performed them with success at the imperial theatre.

The French who repaired to Moscow, during the reign of the czar Alexis, diffused in Russia a partiality for the drama. The polished manners and more refined taste of these foreigners procured them a favourable reception from the court. Most of Moliere's comedies were translated into the Russian language, and played with the former religious pieces, not only by the scholars of the convent of Iconospaskoi, but likewise at court, in a theatre established by youthful amateurs, at whose head was the princess Sophia, sister of Peter the great. The troubles which preceded and followed the accession of that monarch to the throne, seemed to have extinguished the love of theatrical exhibitions in Russia. There were no other actors at Moscow than some young surgeons, who, by means of folding-skreens, converted the great hall of the hospital into a theatre, and took delight in acting the most ridiculous Russian plays, as well sacred as profane. But scarcely had Peter the great created his new capital on the banks of the Neva, when it was visited by a company of German comedians, who drew together great crowds of spectators, though they represented only the

most wretched plays. Stahlin relates, that they one day announced, by a bill, that they intended to exhibit, at night, a piece truly admirable, and well worth seeing. Allured by this promise, a great number of spectators assembled; but when the actors were just ready to begin, they were obliged, by an order from the emperor, to leave the theatre without opening their mouths. The curtain rose amid the harmonious sounds of the whole band of music, and the spectators beheld a white wall, well lighted, on which these words were inscribed, in large characters, "*To-day is the first of April.*" This company was soon dispersed, and Petersburg as well as Moscow was again without a theatre.

Meanwhile the want of dramatic exhibitions had become so pressing, that some of the attendants, and the people belonging to the stables of the czar, formed among themselves a company of amateurs, and exercised their theatrical talents in a kind of hay-loft, which they had embellished, and lined with straw mats. During the reign of the empress Anne, some Italians arrived, and exhibited comedies and ballets; but the company was so weak, that one day an actress being prevented from appearing by her very advanced state of pregnancy, her part was filled by one of the male performers, an exchange which afford the public no small amusement. At length, in 1737, the first Italian opera was acted. Two years afterwards a company of German comedians was invited; but on the death of the empress, the following year, they again quitted the country. Some French actors were then engaged for Russia; but the sudden and numerous changes which took place in the Russian government prevented them from proceeding thither till after the coronation of Elizabeth. It was about this time that the opera-house of Moscow was built under the direction of Stahlin; but the want of actors was felt there as well as at Petersburg. The young gentlemen of the school of cadets performed the parts of mute persons, the singers of the imperial chapel sung in the choruses, and the children of the domestics executed the ballets.

Sumarokow, who was already known for his lyric and didactic poems, at length made his appearance as a dramatic writer. Some of the cadets, with a view to exercise themselves in declamation, had studied his first tragedy, entitled "*Chorew.*" The empress being informed of the circumstance, was desirous of seeing these youths. They performed before her in a small theatre, and obtained universal applause.

Notwithstanding the partiality of the court for these exhibitions, no idea had yet been entertained of erecting a Russian theatre in the capital, when, in 1750, one was built at Jaroslaw. To this the German company that went to Petersburg in 1748 gave occasion. Fedor Wolchow, son of a merchant of Jaroslaw, had taken the greatest delight in these representations. He had strengthened this partiality by forming a connection with the German players; so that when he returned home, he fitted up a large saloon in his father's house for a theatre, and painted it himself; then mustering a small company, consisting of his four brothers and some other young persons, he represented sometimes the sacred pieces of the bishop Demetrius, sometimes the tragedies of Sumarokow, and Lomonossow, which had just appeared; and at others, comedies and farces of his own composition. The undertaking of Wolchow met with the greatest encouragement. Not satisfied with lavishing applause upon him, the neighbouring nobility furnished him in 1750 with the requisite funds for erecting a public theatre, where money was taken for admission. The report of this novelty reached Petersburg, and in 1752 the empress sent for Wolchow's company. He was placed, with several of his young actors, in the school of the cadets, to improve himself in the Russian language, and

in particular to practise declamation.

At length, in 1756, the first Russian theatre was formally established by the exertions of Sumarokow, and the actors were paid by the court. A German company appeared in 1757, but it was broken up by the arrival of an Italian opera. The Opera Buffa, founded, in 1759, at Moscow, had no better success: its failure was favourable to that which remained at Petersburg, and which received so much the more encouragement. The fire works displayed on the stage after the performance, afforded great amusement to the public, and drew together more company than the music. At the coronation of the empress Catherine, the Russian court theatre acompanied her to Moscow, but soon returned to Petersburg, where it has been fixed ever since. The taste for dramatic exhibitions had at this period become so general, that not only the most distinguished persons of the court of the two capitals performed Russian plays, but Italian, French, German, and even English theatres arose, and maintained their ground for a longer or a shorter time. Catherine the great, desirous that the people should likewise participate in this pleasure, ordered a stage to be erected in the great place in the wood of Brumberg. There both the actors and the plays were perfectly adapted to the populace that heard them. What will seem extraordinary is, that this performance sometimes attracted more distinguished amateurs; and it is perhaps the only theatre where spectators have been seen in carriages with four and six horses. But what is still more surprising is, to see actors ennobled, as a reward for their talents, as was the case in 1762 with the two brothers Fedor and Gregory Wolchow. The former died the following year, while still very young. His reputation as a great tragic and comic actor will perhaps one day be considerably abated; but the Russians will ever recollect with gratitude that he was the real founder of the Russian stage.

They will likewise remember the services of Sumarokow as a tragic poet. He first showed of what the Russian language, before neglected, was susceptible. Born at Moscow in 1727, of noble parents, he zealously devoted himself to the study of the ancient classic authors, and of the French poets. This it was that rouzed his poetic talents. His early compositions were all on the subject of love. His countrymen admired his songs, and they were soon in the mouth of every one. Animated by this success, Sumarokow published by degrees his other poetical productions. Tragedies, comedies, psalms, operas, epitaphs, madrigals, odes, enigmas, elegies, satires, in a word, every species of composition that poetry is capable of producing, flowed abundantly from his pen, and filled not less than ten thick octavo volumes. His tragedy of Chorew was the first good play in the Russian language. It is written in alexandrine verses, in rhyme, like his other tragedies, as Hamlet, Sinaw and Truwor, Artistona, Semira, Jaropolk and Dimisa, the False Demetrius, &c.; and this first performance showed, that in the plan, the plot, the character, and the style, he had taken Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire for his models. Though Sumarokow possessed no very brilliant genius, he had, however, a very happy talent of giving to his tragedies a certain originality, which distinguishes them from those of other nations. He acquired the unqualified approbation of his countrymen by the selection of his subjects, almost all of which he took from the Russian history, and by the energy and boldness which he gave to his characters. But his success rendered him so haughty and so vain, that he could not endure the mildest criticism. Jealous of the fame acquired by Lomonossow, another Russian poet, he sought every opportunity of discouraging him; and it was a great triumph to Su-

marokow to observe that the public scarcely noticed the first dramatic essays of that writer, and that they were soon consigned to oblivion.

Sumarokow has likewise written a great number of comedies, in which the manner of Moliere is discoverable. In spite of their original, and sometimes rather low humour, they were not much liked. The principal are, The Rival Mother and her Daughter; The Imaginary Cuckold; The Malicious Man, &c. He has composed some operas; among others, Cephalus and Procris, set to music by D'Araja, master of the imperial chapel, and represented for the first time at Petersburg, during the carnival of 1755. The performers of both sexes were children under the age of fourteen years.

The reader will probably be pleased to find here the names of some of the tragic and comic writers of Russia, and the titles of their principal works.

To Kniaschin the Russians are indebted for the comedy of The Boaster. It is written in verse, in a very pure style, and is still performed with applause. This author, however, owes all his reputation to his operas, the most celebrated of which are the *Shitenschtschik* (the dealer in hot liquor called sbiten); The Misfortune of a Carriage; The Miser, &c. A new edition of his works has recently appeared.

Denis van Wiesen would have been an accomplished comic writer, had he but bestowed more pains on his compositions. His comedy of The Spoiled Child affords a sufficient proof of his genius and talents. It still continues to give great satisfaction. Its tendency is highly moral; and the character of a young profligate, named Mitrofan, who is totally destitute of education, is delineated with such spirit and truth, that it has been proverbial in Russia, where a young man of that description is now called a Mitrofan. The Brigadier is likewise one of the good pieces of the Russian stage. Van Wiesen possessed an admirable talent for seizing and exposing the absurdity of a variety of customs.

Kopieu is not inferior to him in the truth of his characters. His Fair of Lebedian is received with great satisfaction during the carnival. The characters seem to have been drawn on the scene of action; their burlesque manners and language command the loud applause of the populace. This author is still living.

Ablesimow was the first who wrote in the manner of the preceding dramatist. His plays are replete with comic sallies and sarcastic humour. The principal are, The Writer's Shop; Departure from Winter Quarters; and Luck in the Lottery; but his opera of The Miller has conferred on him more celebrity than all the rest of his compositions. It is one of the favourite pieces of the Russians, and as it delineates the manners of their country, it will always be seen with pleasure. In 1799, it was performed before the court, and twenty-seven times successively at the theatre of Knieper, and the applause of the audience proved that even then they were not tired of it.

The Corruptible Man is the only comedy written by Bibikow; it is considered as one of the best pieces of the Russian stage, and far superior to that published by Sumarokow with the same title.

Alexis Wolchow composed two good comedies, Filial Love, and Self-Love Deluded.

The Irresolute Man; Democritus; and The Lunatic, are by Iwan Dmitrewsky, who has approached to the present taste, and has likewise translated into Russian the English tragedy of Beverley. To his talents as an author he added those of an excellent actor. He was the pupil of the celebrated Garrick. The public with concern beheld this veteran appear for the last time in the drama of Albert, in 1797.

Jelagin has translated several French tragedies and comedies, and has exhibited Jean de Molle on the

theatre, in a manner highly instructive to parents.

The comedy of The Lover in Debt was from the pen of prince Fedor Alexiowitz Kolowsky. Death prevented him from completing the tragedy of Sumbeka, the subject of which is extracted from the history of Casan.

Prince Kolowsky loved the arts, was a sincere friend, and a brave soldier. In 1769, he was sent to Italy as a courier to count Alexis Orlow. On this occasion he went to see Voltaire. He fought at the battle of Tschesme, in the St. Eustace, and was unfortunately blown up with that ship. Cheraskow, in a poem on the battle, applies the following words to this prince:— "Child of the muses! why didst thou turn aside to Bellona, when thy path conducted thee towards Apollo?"

Lukin has written two plays, The Prodigal amended by Love, and The Silly Chatterer.

Magnizky, a serf of count Jaguschinsky, was sent to Italy by his master to improve his talents for music. Having made considerable progress in that art, he wrote and set to music The Inn, a highly esteemed opera, which has been represented fifteen times successively.

Russia likewise reckons among her dramatic authors many others, as Werewkin, Jelstenaninow, Karin, Cheraskow, who wrote Moscow Preserved. We might likewise mention Prokudin, Sokolow, an author and actor, Titow, Tschertkow, Trofilnetyn, whose productions, performed at Kiow, have never been printed.

With the exception of major-general Kopiew and the privy-councellor Cheraskow, all the writers mentioned above are dead; but various authors are labouring to augment the riches of the Russian theatre. The tragedy of Thamas Kuli Khan, by Glewiltschikow, who is likewise an actor, has been several times represented. He has also made an attempt at comedy. Jljin, the author of Life, or the Triumph of Gratitude, is a young man of great promise; as is Federow, whose Love and Virtue, and Russian Soldier, have recently been very favourably received.

The taste of the Russians is daily improving. They protect the arts and sciences, which they are worthy of inviting among them. Catherine set them the example. We ought to have placed that great princess at the head of the authors of whom Russia boasts. To her the nation was indebted for the opera of Iwan Tsarewitsch, Gore Bogatyr, and Fedul; and for various comedies, among the rest, The Presumptuous Philosopher. Catherine knew how to unite on her head crowns of many widely different kinds.

M.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE ORATIONS OF THE APOSTLES.

By Mr. Marsh.

IN general, St. Luke's style, in the Acts of the Apostles, is much purer than that of most other books of the New Testament, especially in the speeches delivered by St. Paul at Athens and before the Roman governors. These contain passages superior to any thing even in the Epistle to the Hebrews, though the language of this epistle is preferable in other respects to that of any other book in the New Testament. But the Acts of the Apostles are by no means free from Hebraisms: and even in the purest parts, which are the speeches of St. Paul, we still find the language of a native Jew.

It deserves particularly to be remarked, that St. Luke has well supported the character of each person whom he has introduced as delivering a public harangue, and has very faithfully and happily preserved the manner of speaking which was peculiar to each of his orators. The

speeches of St. Peter are recorded by St. Luke with the same simplicity with which they were delivered, and they are devoid of all those ornaments which we usually find in the orations of the Greeks and Romans.

The speeches of St. Paul, delivered before a Jewish assembly, are not very different in their manner from those of St. Peter; and they are wholly dissimilar to such as the same apostle delivered before a gentile audience, especially in Acts xiii, 16—41, where St. Paul introduces the principal subject of his discourse by a long periphrasis, which would have been neither instructive nor entertaining in any other place than a Jewish synagogue.

The speech delivered by the martyr Stephen, in the seventh chapter of the Acts, is again of a different kind. It is a learned discourse pronounced by a speaker totally unacquainted with the art of oratory. Stephen spake without any preparation, and though he had certainly a particular object in view, to which the several parts of his discourse tended, yet it is difficult to discover this object, because his materials are not regularly disposed. It is true, that he was interrupted, and thus prevented from finishing his harangue; but an orator accustomed to speak in public, and who has learnt methodical arrangement, will discover even at the commencement of his oration the purport of his discourse. In Stephen's speech we meet with numerous digressions, and literary remarks of which we cannot perceive the tendency. For instance, he has a remark which is at variance with the Hebrew text, and favours another reading, or, if not, it favours a mystical exposition of the common reading, that Abraham did not depart from Haran till after his father's death; and he differs from the seventy in interpreting the Hebrew word not by *lambs*, but by *a silver coin*. The same character appears throughout the whole of Stephen's discourse.

Since, then, the various speakers introduced in the Acts of the Apostles uniformly preserve their proper characters, St. Luke must have received very accurate information. Yet many of these speeches were delivered, not in the Greek language, as recorded by St. Luke, but in Chaldee, the language of Palestine. Nor is it probable that any one present, when they were delivered, committed them to writing, if we except the speech of Stephen. I think it probable that St. Luke had a copy of Stephen's speech, because it contains some mistakes of memory, and some inaccurate expositions, which St. Luke himself must have known to be such, but which he retained because found in his copy. Perhaps he received this copy from St. Paul, who was not only present at Stephen's speech, but was at that time a zealous adversary of the christians; and being at the same time learned in the law, was able as well as willing to detect whatever mistakes might be made by the speaker.

Lastly, the speeches delivered by St. Paul before assemblies accustomed to Grecian oratory are of a totally different kind from any of the preceding. It is true, they are neither adorned with the flowers of rhetoric, nor are exempt from such expressions as betray a native Jew: but the language is pointed and energetic, and the materials are not only well selected, but judiciously arranged. The speech which St. Paul delivered at Athens, and the two which he held before the Roman governors of Judæa, are proofs of this assertion. Yet St. Luke appears to have given only an abstract, and not the whole of St. Paul's speeches; for the apostle, in the defence which he made before Felix, must certainly have said more than is recorded by St. Luke, chap. xxiv, 12, 13, unless we suppose that he merely denied the charge which had been laid to him, without confuting it. However, he has certainly shown great judgment in these

extracts: for, if he has not always retained the very words of St. Paul, he has adopted such as well suited the polished audience before which the apostle spake.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THERE are some circumstances in the life of the late marquis of Exeter which deserve commemoration. In his youth, while Mr. Cecil (his uncle being then earl of Exeter), he married a lady of very large fortune. In a few years, having suffered two of the deepest wounds which the severity of fortune can inflict, the loss of his property by gaming, and of his wife by divorce, he determined to abandon the fashionable world, and retired under the name of Jones to a village in Shropshire. There he at first occupied a lodging, but soon built a small cottage; and continued for some years in such profound obscurity, that hardly a trace of him could be discovered by his friends, while the inhabitants of the village formed the wildest conjectures concerning the solitary stranger. His agreeable manners, however, soon rendered him an acceptable neighbour. One evening, at the table of the rector of the parish, he displayed so much knowledge of the world, and such a degree of classical information, that his host told him, his education and manners were too conspicuously superior to those of the character which he assumed (viz. that of a servant who had gained a small independence in the family of a nobleman), not to excite considerable doubts, both of the name which he bore, and the account which he gave of himself. This remark induced Mr. Cecil, after the strictest injunction of secrecy, to disclose his real history.

Amongst the farmers, whom he occasionally visited, was one of the name of Hoggins. This person had a daughter, about eighteen years of age, so beautiful and amiable that Mr. Cecil made her an offer of his hand. She referred him to her father, who, on account of the mystery involving his character, objected to the match. To this he replied, that the offer was much more advantageous than either the father or the daughter could reasonably expect. The farmer then consulted the clergyman, who told him he was not at liberty to give him the desired information: but he probably expressed himself upon the occasion so as to convince the inquirer that he ought not to withhold his consent: for the marriage was soon after solemnized (in the year 1791), and Mr. and Mrs. Jones retired to their cottage.

Lord Exeter being at the point of death, the steward was dispatched in search of the heir, whom he found at Bolas with a wife and two children. Mr. Cecil, having contrived still to remain unknown, proposed to his lady a journey to Stamford in the stage-coach. Before their arrival, the uncle was no more. To Burleigh they were conveyed in a chaise; and, as they proceeded through the park, Mr. Cecil, now earl of Exeter, repeatedly asked his fair companion, how she liked the grounds and the situation of the mansion; he then proposed that they should "see the house;" and, while the cottager was gazing with astonishment at the novel scene of so much magnificence, told her that these objects of her admiration, together with many which he would afterwards show her, were her own, and that she was the countess of Exeter. The sudden communication of this unexpected grandeur was too powerful for her to sustain, and she was carried motionless into her apartment.

The remark, however, that great and sudden elevations seldom contribute much to happiness, was here fully exemplified. Admired for her beauty and early attainment of elegant manners, beloved for her humility and amiable conduct, amidst

those scenes of splendour lady Exeter appeared unhappy. Her perpetual solicitude to acquire those accomplishments, which she thought requisite for her new station, probably preyed upon her spirits, and accelerated her death. She died in the bloom of life, at the age of 24, in January, 1797, leaving two sons and a daughter, the present marquis, lord Thomas, and lady Sophia Cecil.

For the Literary Magazine.

FEMALE LOQUACITY.

IT is a very ancient adage, that Nature does nothing in vain. To women she has given the talent of talking more frequently, as well as more fluently, than men: she has likewise endowed them with a greater quantity of animation, or what is commonly called *animal spirits*.—Why, it may be asked, has Nature, in this article, so eminently distinguished women from men? For the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers. Hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them. These qualities are numerous: a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute but useful attentions, joined to a facility of almost incessant *speaking*.

Here, however, I must confine my observations to the last conspicuous and eminent accomplishment. To be occupied with laborious offices, which demand either bodily or mental exertions, and not unfrequently both, is allotted to the men. These causes, beside their comparative natural taciturnity, totally incapacitate them for that loquacity which is requisite for amusing and teaching young children to *speak*. But the employments of women are of a more domestic kind. Household affairs, and particularly the nursing and training of children, are fully sufficient to engross their attention, and to call forth all their ingenuity and active powers. The *loquacity* of women is too often considered, by poets, historians, and by unthinking men, as a reproach upon the sex. Men of this description know not what they say. When they blame women for *speaking much*, they blame Nature for one of her wisest institutions. Women *speak much*; they ought to *speak much*; Nature compels them to *speak much*; and, when they do so, they are complying religiously with one of her most sacred and useful laws. It may be said, that *some men* talk as much as women. Granted. But beings of this kind I deny to be *men*. Nature seems to have originally meant them to be *women*; but, by some cross accident, as happens in the production of *monsters*, the external *male form* has been superinduced upon a *female stock*.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPECIMEN OF A NOCTURNAL.

THE first night I found myself in a most tremendous situation. Alarmed by a sudden shock, attended with a hollow subterraneous noise, I ran out to the streets of this populous city, in order to discover the cause. A dreadful prospect presented itself to view. The ground began to undulate like the waves of the sea; sheets of fire dazzled the eye; peals of thunder stunned the ears; the buildings split in a thousand directions; and had not the native horrors of the scene soon restored me to reason, I should infallibly have been crushed to atoms.

The second night's entertainment, though not so alarming, was much more extravagant and ludicrous. I was for some time diverted with a furious dispute between Dr. Monro and Dr. Whytt concerning the uses of the *deltoid muscle*! The combatants at length become so hot, that they were just proceed-

ing to give the dispute an effectual termination by the intervention of the cudgel, when I awoke, and behold it was a dream!

The third night I found myself in the midst of a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen. Cheerfulness and innocence seemed to beam from every countenance. I was treated with the utmost affability and complaisance. My heart began to exult with the most pleasant emotions. The music struck up; each took his fair partner by the hand, and a sprightly dance immediately commenced. My spirits were much more elevated than I ever had experienced on any former occasion. I moved through the various evolutions of the dance with as much ease and alacrity as if my body had been a mere vehicle of air. But, in the midst of this enchanting scene, while setting to a young lady, my *breeches* fell plump to my heels! I quickly attempted to lay hold of them; but in vain. The very power of reaching forth my hand was abstracted from me. I remained fixed as a statue, and the dance was interrupted. The blushes of the company discovered how sensibly they felt my misfortune, but none had the courage to assist me. In short, the feelings peculiar to such a whimsical situation became at last so exquisitely painful, that I should infallibly have fainted away, had not sleep instantly departed, and restored me to reason and joy.

The fourth night's employment was still more serious and awful. I saw a groupe of winged angels descending from the sky. One of them, who seemed to lead and command the rest, had a large golden trumpet in his hand. When near the surface of the earth, he sounded the instrument, the noise of which made all nature shrink. He announced the arrival of the last day, that day when the quick and the dead are to be judged, and receive everlasting rewards or torments, according to the merit or demerit of the deeds done by individual mortals. Astonishment and anxiety arrested all the living. They stood motionless, and looked aghast. A new scene instantly appeared. I saw the dead rising in myriads all around me. I particularly remarked, that, in the Grey-friars' church-yard, *hundreds* of both sexes pushed one another out of the *same graves!* The day was so cold and frosty, that the terrified expectants of doom were all shivering. Another phenomenon solicited my attention. I saw immense numbers of *leaden pipes*, filled with *cold water*. Another trumpet was sounded, and the angel proclaimed, that, instead of being roasted in the *flames* of hell, the *damned* were to have their *limbs* eternally immersed in these *water pipes*. Terrified, and half petrified with this frigifying idea, *I got the start*, and awoke. Upon examination, I found, that, by some accident, my limbs had been uncovered, and were excessively cold. This simple incident produced the whole scenery I have represented.

But here I must stop, lest I should discover more of my own character than would be consistent with prudence.

For the Literary Magazine.

HINDOO ALMANACS.

THE almanacs in common use in India are computed at Benares, Tirhut, and Nadeea, the three principal seminaries of Hindoo learning in the company's provinces; and hence they are annually dispersed through the adjacent country. Every Brahmin who has the charge of a temple, and who announces the time for observing religious ceremonies, is furnished with one of these almanacs; and, if he be an astronomer, he introduces those corrections which a difference of latitude and longitude may require. The Benares almanac is used in the upper part of India; that computed at Nadeea, in Bengal; and the Tirhut in Bahar.

To these almanacs the Hindoos are obliged to recur, in order to know what day of the month it is; because the several months, both solar and lunar, consist neither of a determinate number of days, nor are regulated by any cycle, but depend solely on the motions of the sun and moon; and their months sometimes begin on different days in various places, on account of the difference of latitude and longitude, as well as of the difference which arises from error in computation. The civil day in all parts of India begins at sun-rise, and is divided into sixty parts, called dandas, which are subdivided into sixty palas. Wherever the Benares patra is used, the civil year is lunisolar, consisting of twelve lunar months, with an intercalary month occasionally introduced. It begins at the day after the new moon next before the beginning of the solar year. The lunar month is divided into thirty parts called teethees, each of which is equal to the time in which the true motion of the moon from the sun is twelve degrees. The method of computing the days by these teethees, and also of counting their months, is extremely intricate.

The Nadeea almanac begins with the day after that on which the astronomical year commences; this is called the first of the month, the next is denominated the second, and so on to the end; and therefore the number of days in the month varies from twenty-nine to thirty-two. The names of the months are the same with those of the lunar months in the Benares almanac: but the lunar months begin, not as those do at the full, but at the new moon, and are called by the name of the solar month which ends during the course of them. From the commencement of the Nadeea almanac, and from its giving the day of the solar month, which that of Benares does not, we may infer that it is customary, in those parts of India where the Nadeea almanac is used, to date by the solar month, and to begin the year on the next day to the astronomical year. The Hindoos of Bengal, in all their common transactions, date according to solar time, and use what is commonly called the Bengal era: but, in the correspondence of the Brahmins, in dating books, and in regulating feasts and fasts, they generally note the teethee. Of the Tirhut almanac, there is reason to conjecture that it agrees with that of Nadeea more than with that of Benares.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON ARIOSTO AND HIS TRANSLATOR.

THE facetious author of Hudibras, in the argument of his first canto, alludes to Ariosto's method of telling a story:

Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle:

for this most celebrated Italian poet frequently contrives to end his cantos in the most interesting part of his narrative; and, instead of presenting us, in the succeeding canto, with a continuation of it, introduces the reader perhaps to a new series of adventures, which, in like manner, are left half told, for the sake of resuming a story suddenly dropt in a former part of the poem. From this circumstance, much of the pleasure which might be derived from the perusal of the Orlando is destroyed. Such frequent interruptions dissolve the enchantments raised by his genius, and give a painful check to the pleasing illusions of the fancy. This is one reason why the readers of the Jerusalem of Tasso are more numerous than those of the Orlando of Ariosto. It is not, however, the only one. Setting aside the extreme length of the Orlando, there is a *oneness* in the Jerusalem, which this poem does not possess. This work of Ariosto, who is the Shakespeare of the epic poets, is a rich tissue of adventures of

dames and knights, in which a luxuriant imagination sports at large, regardless of former patterns, and of the prescribed rules. Every lover of poetry will pardon these eccentricities, and will follow Ariosto, with an enthusiasm of admiration, through all his meanders; but the general reader, finding his attention perplexed and distracted, will soon be induced to throw the work aside.

The object of Hoole, the translator, in *one* of his Ariostos, was to remove the difficulties which occur in the perusal of the Orlando, by giving a greater regularity to the work than the author assigned to it, in order that more readers may be invited to enjoy the beautiful fictions with which it is so eminently enriched. He does not make a partial and unmeaning display of fables, sentiments, or descriptions, which, by being violently taken from their proper places, must lose all relative merit; but he reduces his translation into a narrower compass, by omitting many parts not essential to the connection, and by compressing others: at the same time he arranges the different adventures in a more uniform series, so as not only to lead the reader through all the pleasing diversities of the poet, but to form a complete whole, in which the great and important action might stand sufficiently marked amidst a variety of subordinate episodes.

This undertaking is sufficiently hazardous, and will ever be regarded with an evil eye by men of true taste. Such will be apt to exclaim, let us have the original just as it is, and leave us to find fault and amend according to our own judgment.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF DR. HUGH BLAIR.

DR. HUGH BLAIR was born in Edinburgh, on the 7th day of April, 1718. His father, John Blair, a respectable merchant in that city, was a descendant of the ancient family of Blair, in Ayrshire, and grandson of the famous Mr. Robert Blair, minister of St. Andrews, chaplain to Charles I, and one of the most zealous and distinguished clergymen of the period in which he lived.

The views of Dr. Blair, from his earliest youth, were turned towards the church, and his education received a suitable direction.

In the year 1739, he took his degree of A. M. On that occasion he printed and defended a thesis *De Fundamentis et Obligatione Legis Naturæ*, which contains a short but masterly discussion of this important subject, and exhibits, in elegant Latin, an outline of the moral principles, which have been since more fully unfolded and illustrated in his sermons.

On the completion of his academical course, he underwent the customary trials before the presbytery of Edinburgh, and received from that venerable body a license to preach the gospel, on the 21st of October, 1741. His public life now commenced with very favourable prospects. The reputation which he brought from the university was fully justified by his first appearances in the pulpit; and, in a few months, the fame of his eloquence procured for him a presentation to the parish of Colessie, in Fife, where he was ordained to the office of the holy ministry, on the 23d of September, 1742. But he was not permitted to remain long in this rural retreat. A vacancy in the second charge of the Canongate of Edinburgh furnished to his friends an opportunity of recalling him to a station more suited to his talents. And though one of the most popular and eloquent clergymen in the church was placed in competition with him, a great majority of the electors decided in favour of this young orator, and restored him, in July, 1743, to the bounds of his native city.

In this station Dr. Blair continued eleven years, discharging with great fidelity and success the various duties of the pastoral office.

In consequence of a call from the town-council and general-session of Edinburgh, he was translated from the Canongate to Lady Yester's, one of the city churches, on the 11th of October, 1754; and on the 15th day of June, 1758, he was promoted to the High Church of Edinburgh, the most important ecclesiastical charge in the kingdom. To this charge he was raised at the request of the lords of council and session, and of the other distinguished official characters who have their seats in that church. And the uniform prudence, ability, and success which, for a period of more than forty years, accompanied all his ministerial labours in that conspicuous and difficult station, sufficiently evince the wisdom of their choice.

No production of his pen had yet been given to the world by himself, except two sermons preached on particular occasions, some translations, in verse, of passages of scripture for the psalmody of the church, and a few articles in the Edinburgh Review; a publication begun in 1755, and conducted, for a short time, by some of the ablest men in the kingdom. But standing, as he now did, at the head of his profession, and released, by the labour of former years, from the drudgery of weekly preparation for the pulpit, he began to think seriously on a plan for teaching to others that art which had contributed so much to the establishment of his own fame. With this view, he communicated to his friends a scheme of lectures on composition; and, having obtained the approbation of the university, he began to read them in the college on the 11th of December, 1759. To this undertaking he brought all the qualifications requisite for executing it well, and along with them a weight of reputation, which could not fail to give effect to the lessons he should deliver. For, besides the testimony given to his talents by his successive promotions in the church, the university of St. Andrew's, moved chiefly by the merit of his eloquence, had in June, 1757, conferred on him the degree of D. D., a literary honour which, at that time, was very rare in Scotland. Accordingly his first course of lectures was well attended, and received with great applause.

The patrons of the university, convinced that they would form a valuable addition to the system of education, agreed in the following summer to institute a rhetorical class, under his direction, as a permanent part of their academical establishment: and on the 7th of April, 1762, his majesty was graciously pleased "To erect and endow a professorship of rhetoric and belles lettres in the university of Edinburgh, and to appoint Dr. Blair, in consideration of his approved qualifications, regius professor thereof, with a salary of 70l."

It was not until the year 1777 that he could be induced to favour the world with a volume of the sermons which had so long furnished instruction and delight to his own congregation. But this volume being well received, the public approbation encouraged him to proceed: three other volumes followed at different intervals, and all of them experienced a degree of success of which few publications can boast. They circulated rapidly and widely wherever the English tongue extends; they were soon translated into almost all the languages of Europe; and his present majesty, with that wise attention to the interests of religion and literature which distinguishes his reign, was graciously pleased to judge them worthy of a public reward. By a royal mandate to the exchequer in Scotland, dated July 25th, 1780, a pension of 200l. a year was conferred on their author, which continued unaltered till his death.

The sermons contained in the last volume which bears his name were composed at very different periods of his life; but they were all written out anew in his own hand, and in many parts re-composed, during the summer of 1800, after he had completed his eighty-second year. They were delivered to the publishers

about six weeks before his death, in the form and order in which they now appear. And it may gratify his readers to know that the last of them which he composed, though not the last in the order adopted for publication, was the sermon on *a Life of Dissipation and Pleasure*, a sermon written with great dignity and eloquence, and which should be regarded as his solemn parting admonition to a class of men whose conduct is highly important to the community, and whose reformation and virtue he had long laboured most zealously to promote.

In April, 1748, he married his cousin, Katherine Bannatine, daughter of the Rev. James Bannatine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. By her he had a son, who died in infancy, and a daughter, who lived to her twenty-first year, the pride of her parents, and adorned with all the accomplishments that became her age and sex. Mrs. Blair herself, a woman of great good sense and spirit, was also taken from him a few years before his death, after she had shared with the tenderest affection in all his fortunes, and contributed near half a century to his happiness and comfort.

Dr. Blair had been naturally of a feeble constitution of body; but as he grew up his constitution acquired greater firmness and vigour. Though liable to occasional attacks from some of the sharpest and most painful diseases that afflict the human frame, he enjoyed a general state of good health, and, through habitual cheerfulness, temperance, and care, survived the usual term of human life. For some years he had felt himself unequal to the fatigue of instructing his very large congregation from the pulpit; and, under the impression which this feeling produced, he has been heard at times to say with a sigh, "that he was left almost the last of his cotemporaries." Yet he continued to the end in the regular discharge of all his other official duties, and particularly in giving advice to the afflicted, who, from different quarters of the kingdom, solicited his correspondence.

His last summer was devoted to the preparation of the last volume of his Sermons, and, in the course of it, he exhibited a vigour of understanding and capacity of exertion equal to that of his best days. He began the winter pleased with himself on account of the completion of this work; and his friends were flattered with the hope that he might live to enjoy the accession of emolument and fame which he expected it would bring. But the seeds of a mortal disease were lurking unperceived within him. On the 24th of December, 1800, he complained of a pain in his bowels, which, during that and the following day, gave him but little uneasiness, and he received as usual the visits of his friends. On the afternoon of the 26th, the symptoms became violent and alarming: he felt that he was approaching the end of his appointed course; and retaining to the last moment the full possession of his mental faculties, he expired on the morning of the 27th, with the composure and hope which became a christian pastor.

The lamentation for his death was universal and deep through the city which he had so long instructed and adorned. Its magistrates, participating in the general grief, appointed his church to be put in mourning; and his colleague in it, the writer of this narrative, who had often experienced the inestimable value of his counsel and friendship, delivered, on the sabbath after his funeral, a discourse to his congregation.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHY THE ARTS ARE DISCOURAGED IN AMERICA.

THAT the arts are not encouraged in America is a fact which cannot be disputed. The cause of it forms a subject of curious speculation. That it arises from nothing

inherent in the physical or moral constitution of the people, in their climate or form of government, is evident. That it does not arise from their poverty is no less clear, for where can be found a more flourishing and prosperous nation?

The following anecdote occurs in Brissot's Travels. Twenty years, as is well known, have made no material alteration with respect to our encouragement of the arts.

The arts, says he, except those that respect navigation, do not receive much encouragement here. The history of the planetarium of Mr. Pope is a proof of it. Mr. Pope is a very ingenious artist, occupied in clock-making. The machine which he has constructed to explain the movement of the heavenly bodies would astonish you, especially when you consider that he has received no succour from Europe, and very little from books. He owes the whole to himself; he is, like the painter Trumbull, the child of nature. Ten years of his life have been occupied in perfecting this planetarium. He had opened a subscription to recompense his trouble; but the subscription was never full.

This discouraged artist told me one day, that he was going to Europe to sell this machine, and to construct others. This country, said he, is too poor to encourage the arts. These words, *this country is too poor*, struck me. I reflected that, if they were pronounced in Europe, they might lead to wrong ideas of America; for the idea of poverty carries that of rags, of hunger; and no country is more distant from that sad condition.—When riches are centered in a few hands, these have a great superfluity; and this superfluity may be applied to their pleasures, and to favour the agreeable and frivolous arts. When riches are equally divided in society, there is very little superfluity, and consequently little means of encouraging the agreeable arts. But which of the two countries is the rich, and which is the poor? According to the European ideas, and in the sense of Mr. Pope, it is the first that is rich; but, to the eye of reason, it is not, for the other is the happiest.—So far Brissot.

A people must secure a provision of absolute necessaries, before they think of conveniences; and must enjoy conveniences before they can indulge in the agreeable arts of life. Long exercise of the indispensible arts will stock them with useful things; which, if their institutions be wholesome, will make them in general easy, and even rich as a people, without supposing enormous possessions in individual hands, and the attendant misery of others. The Americans began with log-houses, and are now in the progress to brick and stone, convenience and elegance; their attentions observe the like progress, and expand with the ability of attainment. When agriculture, with its attendant arts, and commerce, have rendered them comfortable in all respects, they will then naturally aspire to and encourage works of ingenuity and polite arts; which, though as yet unsuitable and beyond their views, will then evince their prosperity instead of their decay.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGY

From the Greek of Moschus on the death of Bion.

The author of the following poetical effusion introduced it to his readers with these remarks:

The following is a humble attempt at a translation of part of the celebrated elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion. I am sensible, that, in transplanting the odorous flowers of Asia into our ungenial soil, many a leaf has been despoiled of its luxuriance by the rude hand of an unskilful gardener. You will also observe that much has been omitted. In fact, the original is so perfumed with the fragrance of Asiatic scents, that a modern reader would be in danger of dying "in aromatic pain," had the translation been more faithful. Our style will not bear the exuberance of the oriental diction.

OH! all ye groves and gurgling waters moan,
And ye small streams that gently roam,
Lend me your tears to weep o'er Bion's urn;
He's gone, and never will to us return.

Ye shrubs and plants, distil your drops,
And, lofty trees, bow down your tops;
Ye flow'rs be cloth'd with sable weed,
And let your leaves with pity bleed.
Weep, weep, anemone, and eke the rose,
Bewail with us our gloomy woes.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

Ye nightingales that cheer the woody throng,
When on the breeze ye waft your tuneful song,
Tell all the nymphs that lightly lave,
In Arethusa's limpid wave,
That all our pleasing hours are fled,
Since Bion's number'd with the dead.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

Strymonian swans, begin and sing,
And let his doleful dirges ring
O'er all those shores where oft his lyre
Sooth'd the soul or rapt to fire:
Such notes, Ægriam nymphs, as ye have heard
When on your plains he fed his herd.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

For to his flocks no more he plays,
No more he weaves his witching lays;
But under Pluto's gloomy power
His pipe beguiles the lazy hour;
His flocks in grief refuse to feed,
Another master tunes the reed!
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

Phœbus, and all the Sylvan crew,
For him their ceaseless sorrow shew;
Pan hears no more his wonted lays,
When through his groves he fondly strays;
"To pleasure now adieu!" he loudly cries,
And Echo, list'ning sad, "Adieu" replies.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

So too the drooping naiads mourn,
Their tears bedew his hallow'd urn;
They weep that now no more they'll hear
His cadence melting on the ear;
Their frolic games they lay aside,
Since they have lost their chiefest pride.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGY TO AMANDA.

WHAT sounds are those, expressive deep of woe,
To which the heart responsive beats? But soft,
They die away, nor more are heard. Yet sure,
Most sure, resemblance much was borne
To Resignation's groan. Now silence
Reigns, so let enquiry sleep; though sympathy

The source would gladly ascertain, that tear
With tear might mingle; yet would the eye
Not seek to pierce the veil or secret shade,
Where pale-fac'd Sorrow may delight to dwell
With avaricious fondness o'er her
Treasur'd hoard. But, hark! again they flow.
Solemnity indeed!—Alas, 'tis death!
Affection fond repeats the heavy groan
From yonder grove. Amanda's gentle form,
Which the admiring eye has oft pursu'd,
Is nothing now but dust. The dire disease
That on her bosom prey'd has mock'd the power
Of art, and rent in twain the brittle thread
Of life. But, oh! could none the tyrant's grasp
Suffice, but her whose every look dispensed
Sunshine around, with prospects fair in view
Of long continued bliss? Man, simple
Man, to look from bliss for ought beneath
The skies: so transitory is all that
Bears the face of joy, as each succeeding
Day more plainly proves. Most gloomy now must
Seem the adjacent rural seat, late by her
Presence grac'd, where harmony divine
Was wont to dwell, alluring all to love,
And unison of soul. Despotic pow'r!
Could tears, nor sighs, nor groans thy pity move?
Nor couldst thou stay nor wait 'till Nature's wheel
Had somewhat passed down the vale of years?
But no! permission given, gloomily
He smil'd, and bore his prize away. Such oft
The wayward fate of man. The wretch forlorn,
Long, long estrang'd from peace, on troubled
Billows toss'd, grown weary of his bark,
Which scarcely rides the storm, is doom'd to wait
Impatiently for his approach, destin'd,
Alas, for future woes, if other woes
The bosom yet can feel; while mourn'd Amanda,
So I term the fair, 'mid sweet enjoyments
Plac'd, imparting bliss that angels must approve,
To go was loth, 'till resignation bent
Her will to Heaven. Yet even then, alas,
Would moments fond return, when fain she
Would have liv'd, not for herself; ah, no!
But for her infant babes, fast clinging round
Her heart. Not that she doubted the paternal
Love of him, so long her bosom's dearest friend,
Not that she fear'd to trust those tender ties
Cemented to her soul, to heaven's and his
Kind fostering care; ah, no! in each her firm
Her highest confidence was seal'd. But ere health
Fled her youthful cheek, ere yet the damask
Rose had quit its mantling there, her heart a hope
Had cherish'd, not willing now to leave its fost'ring
Home, of moulding the young ductile mind by her's,
Whose elegance of thought she had herself
Imbib'd in early youth. So firm the hope
Was tied around her heart, that nought but Death's
Cold icy hand could it erase from thence.
Foe inexorable! Cruel, cruel Death!
Can eye behold the chasm made, and not weep
Tears of salt, that furrows deep the cheek? Ah!
View all lonely now, the partner of her
Youth! Disconsolate he droops, his little
Babes around, unconscious of their loss,
And wond'ring why the tears thus trickling fall,
As each in turn is folded to his heart.
But hark! whose voice is that more mild than spring?
How mournful, yet how sweet! what mingled notes
Of sorrow and of love! Alas, heart-rending
Truth, no fabled, fancied scenes are here
Pourtray'd; a mother mourns her daughter gone,
Whose features ever wore a smile of love
Unutterable at her approach, and such
The look, no doubt, they wore, when welcom'd home
To the bright realms of never-ending day,
To bliss supreme. But, oh! while here her presence

Must have prov'd to the maternal heart
Cheering as springs in Afric's burning sands
To travellers' parched lips. Alas, what has
The interesting mourner done, thus to provoke
The ruthless hand of Fate? Death's venom'd dart
Hath agoniz'd her breast time after time,
When sons in manhood's prime twin'd round her heart
By more than Nature's tie, by virtues like
Her own, were hurried to the chambers
Of the mould'ring dead. Tyrannic power!
But Heaven the mandate gave, and therefore
Right. Religion bids her not its will
Arraign; submissive low she bends, yet mourn
She must; for minds soform'd as her's can prove
No sudden cure. Still Hope, descending mild,
Sheds o'er her aching mind its balmy sweets;
Ere long she looks to join, in never-fading
Bliss, the darling children of her heart again.

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine:

REMONSTRANCE OF THE POPLAR WORM.

By J. E. Harwood.

WHAT means the quick averted eye,
The nimble footsteps apt to fly,
Whene'er my form appears?
The cruel torture misapplied,
Experiments more cruel tried
By vain and idle fears?

You who my humble form surround,
As slowly creeping on the ground,
Know I resemble you:
With toil I gain what Heaven grants,
I live in labour and in pain,
Obscure and hid from view.

And you whose gilded chariots fly,
Like meteors in the azure sky,
Your fate resembles mine:
Soon rais'd from dirt on zephyr's wing,
I sail in many an airy ring,
And in rich lustre shine.

One diff'rence us there is between,
My loathsome figure forms no screen
Where poison lurks behind:
Whilst you to vice, to folly given,
Debase the fairest form of heaven,
Degrade the godlike mind.

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ.

HOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor holds himself very much indebted to the author of Reflections on the French Revolution, published in his last number. Any new communications from the same hand will be gratefully received. Several pieces of poetry have come to hand, which, from the nature of their subjects, or from defects in composition, are not admissible. The editor will spare their authors and himself the pain of being more particular.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 35. AUGUST, 1806. Vol. VI.

CONTENTS.

	page.
On the Arabian Nights, &c.	83
The seasons at Petersburg	87
Value of general rules	89
Marigny	91
Anecdotes of Milton and his family	93
Milton's Lycidas and smaller poems	95
Reason in poetry	97
Tom Thumb	98
Boswell parodied	99
On the different kinds of prints	103
State of the fine arts in England	106
British colony at Bulam	108
New species of horn music	114
A modern knight errant	115
Jersey	117
Military state of France	119
Anecdote of Louis XV	121
Anecdote of Clermont Tonnerre	ibid.
On translations of Horace	ibid.
Use of water in landscape	123
Chess, an anecdote	ibid.
Shylock vindicated	125
Folly of human wishes	126
Sketch of the Brasilian Portuguese	139
Adversaria, No. XVI	ibid.
Turkish chess	132
On the templars	ibid.
On the prevailing mode of translation	136
On the Tatler, Spectator, &c.	141
Soame Jenyns	143
Foote	144
Oliver Goldsmith	145
Johnson	149
La Tiranna, a Spanish actress	152
Sketch of a journey in Spain	153
POETRY.	
My father	159
The Colubriad	ibid.
The invocation	160
Lines to her who may understand them	ibid.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1806.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 35. AUGUST, 1806. VOL. VI.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, AND ARABIAN TALES IN GENERAL.

A QUESTION highly interesting to the progress of morals and the cause of truth, is the utility of that species of fiction which is supported by supernatural aid; and, if it have been, or may hereafter be, useful, what ought to be its limits? That fables or tales of this kind seize, hurry forward, and enrapture the undisciplined imagination of youth, there can be no doubt; and that they therefore tend to awaken curiosity, which otherwise might continue dormant, is highly probable: but it is no less certain that they likewise have a tendency to accustom the mind rather to wonder than to inquire; and to seek a solution of difficulties in occult causes, instead of seriously resorting to facts. The true answer to this difficult question seems to be, that in the progress of mind, ignorance will continually find cause to wonder; and will therefore be incessantly impelled to utter its admiration, and to relate its wild conjectures. To blame it for not being more enlightened, would perhaps be as absurd as to reproach an infant for not being able to demonstrate a theorem in Euclid. Such tales, consequently, must be written, and will be read. Between the moral utility, however, of fables built on the marvellous, and of those which originate in true pictures of life and manners, there can be no comparison. It is indeed so necessary to mingle resemblances of man as he really is, in every fabulous narrative, that the wildness of romance has only become attractive in consequence of this mixture. Accustomed as we are to consider the Arabians frequently as a wandering and wild, and but seldom as a schooled and scientific people, we receive such tales from them as the genuine produce of the partial advances which they have made in knowledge; though, were they the works of Europeans, we should regard them as the indolent resources of

authors, who were either unwilling, or unable, to awaken attention and excite applause, by exhibiting accurate and well-contrasted characters of human beings.

A full century has now elapsed, since the collection of eastern tales, so well known among us by the title of *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, was first offered to the curiosity and admiration of Europe. The romances of knight-errantry had then lost that popularity which they held for ages, and had been ridiculed into disrepute. The rage for amusement had, indeed, called forth another species of fictitious writings; but a species which unhappily possessed neither the wild dignity of the romance, nor displayed that assemblage of the characters, manners, and incidents of familiar life, which confers a value on our best modern novels. Most of those compositions were vile effusions of prurient dulness, whose perfection consisted in detailing the intricacies, and unveiling the looser scenes of licentious intrigue. The wanton episodes of Ariosto, and the lewd, though witty tales of Boccace, were imitated, till the same school produced the low and almost insipid obscenities of a Behn, a Manley, and a Heywood. Such books were, however, calculated, almost exclusively, for the debauchee and the woman of pleasure: and something was therefore wanted for the entertainment of those, who chose to withdraw the mind occasionally from the realities of life, yet were unwilling to debase imagination, by turning it to dwell on the brutal grossness of sensual indulgence.

If those eastern tales were presented to the European public at a season which seems to have been peculiarly favourable for their reception, there was, however, still more in their character than in the circumstances of the time, to recommend them to that eager and general interest which they immediately commanded among all classes of readers. The style in which they were written, and the artifice by which they were interwoven together, were, if not absolutely new, yet strange and uncommon. For although the stories in Ovid's books of Metamorphoses be connected by means which, at least in slightness and insufficiency for the purpose of compacting parts into a whole, bear some resemblance to the slender thread by which the narratives of the *Thousand and One Nights* are feebly and awkardly held together; and although Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the multiplicity of broken adventures strangely jumbled together in the Orlando Furioso, and, almost equally, the half Gothic, half-classical fabric of Spenser's Fairy Queen, betray a *truly oriential unskilfulness* in the art of arrangement: yet, with these works, the more passionate readers of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments* were, for the most part, little acquainted; and, where there was so much novelty in so many other respects, a small difference in structure was, by the effect of association, naturally increased greatly above its real magnitude.

The *manners* and *customs* exhibited in those tales were, at the same time, much more strange and singular than the artlessness of their connexion, or the tedious copiousness of narrative which distinguished them. Beauties, cooped up together by scores, or perhaps hundreds, in a haram, all for the amusement of one man, and he often indifferent, feeble, old, and fitter to repose in the grave or the hospital than to riot on the nuptial couch: festive entertainments, unenlivened by the sprightly gaieties of the fair sex, or the cheering influence of wine: wives wearing drawers and trousers like their husbands, and men arrayed in loose robes like their wives, yet at the same time cherishing, as so many goats, each a venerable length of beard: pastry-cooks making such a figure in society, as if the perfection of human art were displayed in the composition of a cream-tart or a pye: the art of writing esteemed, singly, a qualifi-

cation fitting those skilled in it for the most dignified offices in civil life, as if the smallest possible portion of intellect were not adequate to the formation of the letters in the alphabet, and the joining of these into words and lines: ablutions performed, many times a day, and, at every different time, as scrupulously as Swift's *Strephon* washed himself, when he was to mount the bed of his angel-Chloe: prayers repeated by all ranks, with serious devotion, almost as often in the day as our men of fashion call upon their Maker in contemptuous scorn, or in idle merriment: the code of religion almost as frequently and fondly quoted, as our professed wits introduced slily into their conversation *fresh* repartees from Joe Miller, or *original* anecdotes from the Tell-tale: judicial astrology constituting the great rule of human life, and every man and woman, as surely as they come into the world, having their fortunes subjected to the capricious influence of this or that star: all these phænomena are so remote from the customs and manners of Europe, that, when exhibited as entering into the ordinary system of human affairs, they could not fail to confer, in our eyes, a considerable share of amusive novelty on the characters and events with which they are connected.

Yet it is probable that the *machinery* contributed, more than any other particular in their character, to obtain to the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, the preference over most of the other works of imagination which were common in Europe at the time of their first appearance. Magicians, genies, fairies, lamps, rings, and other talismans, dance in such profusion through those volumes, as could not but make the reader wonder and stare, who was acquainted only with witches mounted on broomsticks, and with little viewless elves, dancing occasionally by moon-light, in small circles on the green, or, in their greatest splendour and festivity, only lighting up, for their midnight revels, the deserted hall of some ruinous castle.

It has been observed by Dr. Hawkesworth, that these tales please, because even their machinery, wild and wonderful as it is, has its laws, and the magicians and enchanters perform nothing but what was to be naturally expected from such beings, after we had once granted them existence, and dignified them with power. But I rather suppose that the very contrary is the truth of the fact. It is surely the strangeness, the unknown nature, the anomalous character of the supernatural agents here employed, that enables them to operate so powerfully on our hopes, fears, curiosity, sympathies, and, in short, on all the feelings of our hearts. We see men and women, who possess qualities to recommend them to our favour, subjected to the influence of beings whose good or ill will, power or weakness, attention or neglect, are regulated by motives and circumstances which we cannot comprehend; and hence we naturally tremble for their fate, with the same anxious concern, as we should for a friend wandering, in a dark night, amidst torrents and precipices, or preparing to land on a strange island, while he knew not whether he should be received, on the shore, by cannibals waiting to tear him piece-meal, and devour him, or by gentle beings, disposed to cherish him with fond hospitality.

Give the human agents you employ qualities to command good will and esteem; let their manners be natural, and their sentiments the genuine effusions of the human heart, in such circumstances as those they are placed in; and then, perhaps, the more singular their adventures, the wilder the scenes in which they are exposed, the more capricious the beings to whose power they are subjected, and the more seemingly inadequate the means by which all the changes in their fate are accomplished; so much the more irresistibly will they

engage, and transport, and chain down the attention, and sway the passions of the spectator or reader.

Beside the advantages which they seem to derive from the strangeness of their texture, and from the novelty and marvellous nature of the objects which they exhibit, those eastern tales possess great real merit of another kind. At times, amidst all their florid verbosity, like other oriental compositions, they afford pleasing descriptions of external nature. The strongest workings of the human heart are often displayed in them, with a masterly hand. Being a collection, they contain a medley of comic, tragic, and heroic adventures, the very number and variety of which must necessarily give them considerable power to please. And I know not if even the gold, jewels, pearls, rubies, emeralds, the bales of rich stuffs, and superb pellices, the crouded kans, luxurious gardens, and apartments *beyond description sumptuous*, which are so liberally lavished through those tales, and so ostentatiously described wherever they occur, have not insensibly a greater influence in dazzling and amusing the mind of the reader, than perhaps the pupil of taste will be willing to allow.—Such are the tales which I remember to have eagerly preferred, in the days of childish credulity, to the Seven Wonders of the World, the Adventures of Jack the Giant-killer, the Story of the Seven Wise Masters, and even to the History of the Nine Worthies; and such seem to be the more striking peculiarities in their character, by which they have pleased, and still continue to please, almost all ages, all ranks, and all different capacities.

Literary imposition has been frequently attempted with great success; and it was doubted by many, for some time after the publication of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, that, though represented as compositions of the east, they had been actually invented in Europe. Examples have not been wanting to justify this suspicion. It was usual among the classical scholars who flourished about the æra of the revival of letters, to try their proficiency, by producing forgeries in the names of their favourite Greeks or Romans, with which they now and then actually deceived one another. It had been usual, too, among the sophists of antiquity, to compose declamations and epistles in the names of celebrated personages, the incidents of whose lives afforded them suitable materials: and it is well known what critical hardiness and acumen the doughty Bentley displayed, in detecting the forgery of the epistles of Phalaris. The letters of the Turkish Spy, the Castle of Otranto, the poems of Rowley, and perhaps of Ossian, not to name innumerable other works of the same cast, are proof that the literati of the present age have not lost either the spirit or the power of literary imposition. But the character of the Arabian tales is so truly oriental, they bear so many marks which no European hand could have impressed, and carry in them so much of that internal evidence which enforces conviction still more powerfully than the strongest external testimony, that one could hardly have thought it possible for men of learning to remain long in doubt about their authenticity, had not a writer no less eminent than Dr. Beattie expressed himself uncertain whether they were translated or invented by M. Galland. However, the doctor's doubts were probably soon removed; for, besides the king of France's library, in which the originals have been long deposited, the authenticity of these tales has been fully proved by colonel Capper; and an Arabic copy of them is now in the hands of the learned Dr. White, of Oxford. It was once even said, that the British public might sooner or later be favoured with a translation of them from the original language by the doctor's pen; in which they would display more of a genuine oriental cast, and retain more of their native graces, than in the version of Galland; who, as is common with his countrymen on similar occasions, has given too

much of a French air to eastern manners and modes of address.

A supplement to the old Arabian Nights was published about fifteen years ago in French, and translated into English by Heron, of which the genuineness has been likewise doubted; but their authenticity is easily established. The originals are well known to be in the king of France's library, as is affirmed by the French editors. However, the great evidence of the authenticity of these, as of the former tales, is internal. The scenery, characters, incidents, manners, customs, allusions, and cast of composition, are all oriental. As a painter may sketch the outline, and hit the leading features of a countenance, while he fails in the nicer touches, and cannot communicate that characteristic air which gives unity and resemblance to the whole; so, in all the imitations of the oriental style of writing, which we have yet seen, there has still been somewhat of a European complexion: the prominences and great outlines have been successfully imitated; but the delicate finishing, the due proportion of lights and shades, justly intermingled, have still been wanting to complete the deception. It is indeed from minute and accidental particulars, which to a forger or imitator will not naturally appear of sufficient consequence to be attended to, that the genuineness of any composition is best ascertained. From such particulars have the best proofs of the authority of the gospels been drawn. And the circumstance of an unconnected memorandum having been written across one of the celebrated letters of queen Mary, has ever appeared an irrefragable proof of the authenticity, at least, of that letter.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SEASONS AT PETERSBURG.

ACCORDING to the calculation of the academician Krafft, St. Petersburg, on an average of ten years, has annually 97 bright days, 104 of rain, 72 of snow, and 93 unsettled. There are every year from twelve to sixty-seven storms; which sometimes, when they proceed from the west, occasion inundations. From an experience of more than sixty years, the ice of the Neva never breaks up before the 25th of March, and never later than the 27th of April; the earliest time of its freezing is the 20th of October, and the latest the 1st of December. Since the year 1741, the great degree of heat has been 27, and the greatest degree of cold 33, by Reaumur's thermometer.

We see, from this survey, how few days in the year can be enjoyed out of doors in these climates, and how limited are the pleasures of our summer. The winter is our best season, and possesses great advantages over his wet and foggy brethren in more southern countries. An equal permanent cold strengthens and recruits the body. The excellent sledge-roads render travelling commodious and agreeable; a winter journey in a moderate frost on moonlight nights is an enjoyment only to be known in these climes. The Russians, accustomed to hardships, seems to revive at the entrance of winter; and even foreigners are here more insensible to cold than in their native country. However, it must be confessed that none know better how to defend themselves against its effects than the people here. On the approach of winter the double windows are put up in all the houses, having the joints and interstices caulked and neatly pasted with the border of the paper with which the room is hung. This precaution not only protects against cold and wind, but secures a free prospect even in the depth of winter, as the panes of glass are thus never incrusted with ice. The outer doors and frequently the floors under the carpets are covered with felt. Our stoves, which, from their size and construction, consume indeed a great quantity of wood, produce a tem-

perature in the most spacious apartments and public halls which annihilates all thoughts of winter.

On leaving the room we arm ourselves still more seriously against the severity of the cold. Caps, furs, boots lined with flannel, and a muff, make up the winter dress. It is diverting to see the colossal cases in the antichamber, out of which in a few minutes the most elegant beaux are unfolded. The common Russian cares only about warm wrappers for his legs and feet. Provided with a plain sheepskin shube, the drivers and itinerant tradesmen frequent the streets all day, with their bare necks and frozen beards. In a frost of five and twenty degrees, it is common to see women standing for hours together rincing their linen, through holes in the ice of the canals.

The winter increases the necessaries of life, and they are multiplied by luxury. To these belong the winter clothing, fuel, and candles. That people here run into great expences in the article of furs may be well imagined; and the fashion varies so often, that a man must be in more than moderate circumstances to be able to follow it. The consumption of wood is enormous. In the kitchens, bagnios, and servants' rooms, which are heated like bagnios, there is an incredible waste of this prime necessary of life in our climates. Upon a moderate computation, here are annually consumed upwards of two hundred thousand fathoms, amounting in specie to about half a million of rubles. This formidable consumption, and the rising price of wood, are highly deserving of patriotic attention. The expence in tallow and wax candles is proportionately as large. Throughout the long winter we live in almost everlasting night, as our shortest day is only five hours and a half. In houses conducted on a fashionable style the wax-candles, as in England, are lighted long before dinner.

The spring is so short, that it scarcely need be reckoned among the seasons. March and April are generally pleasant months on account of the number of bright days in them, but the air is still keen, and the Neva frequently still covered with ice. In May the scene suddenly changes: the winter dress entirely vanishes, but cold northerly winds keep off the balmy spring. We are now, by a sudden transition, thrown at once into summer; the existence whereof is likewise of short duration; scarcely come on, scarcely enjoyed, ere it flits away—

et mox bruma recurrit iners.

Short, however, as our summer is, it is not without its pleasures; and perhaps it is here the more satisfactorily enjoyed for the very reason of its being so short. On meeting the first smiles of the returning sun, all hie to the adjacent villas, where the genial season glides away too soon in hospitality and social amusements. Among the peculiar charms of the summer here are to be reckoned the bright and generally warm nights. The faint rays of the scarcely setting sun tinge the horizon with a ruddy hue, and beautify the surrounding objects; the noisy bustle of the streets is departed, though not into a death-like silence, but converted into that idle occupation, which is even more voluptuous than repose; walking parties are met every where, frequently attended by music: on the smooth surface of the Neva, and on all the canals, boats are gliding, from which resounds the simple melody of the popular ballads, as sung by the watermen: beguiled by the novelty and delightfulness of the scene and in the expectation of the coming night, by an agreeable surprise we find ourselves cheated of our sleep, when the first beams of the sun are gilding the tops of the houses. I have never yet known a single foreigner, who was insensible to the first enjoyment of these summer nights.

But, ah! to what scenes do these voluptuous moments lead! to the short summer succeeds an autumn, which by its numberless unpleasant concomitants effaces all remem-

brance of its few fine days. About this season of the year Petersburg becomes one of the most hideous corners of the earth. The horizon for several weeks is over spread with dark heavy clouds, impervious to the solar rays, reducing the already shortened days to a mere dismal twilight; while the incessant rains, in spite of the newly constructed sewers, render the streets so dirty, that it is impossible for well-dressed persons to walk them comfortably; and, to complete the picture of an autumnal evening, storms and tempests frequently come on.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VALUE OF GENERAL RULES.

A Fragment.

SO far my father had proceeded in his narrative, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Bisset, the friend and physician of our house; who, having inquired after my father's health, and felt his pulse; having added something to his regimen, and deducted something from it, took a seat, and began to chat with us.

My father made inquiries about several of his patients; among the rest, concerning an old rogue of a steward of Mr. Mesanger, formerly mayor of the town, who had much perplexed and hurt his master's affairs, forged bills in his name, destroyed writings of importance, embezzled considerable sums, and in short committed a number of rogueries; of which the greatest part having been proved on him, he was then upon the eve of losing at least his reputation and property, and perhaps his life too. This affair at that time engaged the whole province. The doctor said the fellow was very ill; yet he was not without hopes of curing him.

That will be doing him a bad piece of service, said my father.

And, into the bargain, doing a very bad action, said I.

A bad action! I should be glad to hear your reasons for that opinion, if you please, says the doctor.

My reasons, said I, are, that I think there are villains enough in the world, and that there is no need to detain such as are about to leave it.

My business is to cure, not to judge him, said the doctor. I will cure him, because that is my trade; the magistrates may afterwards have him hanged, because that is theirs.

But, doctor, said I, there is a calling common to every good citizen, to you as well as me; and that is, to exert ourselves to the utmost in the service of the public. Now, I can never conceive what good can be done to the public by preserving the life of a criminal, from whom the laws would have freed us in a short time.

But pray who is to pronounce him a criminal? Am I?

No. But his actions.

And who is to judge of the nature of his actions? Am I?

No, doctor: but permit me to alter the case a little. Let us suppose a criminal, whose crimes are notorious, to be taken ill. You are called. You go in a hurry. The curtains are undrawn, and you discover a Cartouche, or Nivet. Would you cure either of them?

The doctor, after hesitating a moment, answered resolutely, that he would. He would forget the name of his patient, and only concern himself about his disease; it being that alone upon which he had any right to decide: for, if he were to go one step farther, there was no knowing where to stop. If it were necessary that an examination into the conduct and morals of a patient should precede a physician's prescription, men's lives would soon become the victims of ignorance, passion, and prejudice. What you apply to Nivet, a Molinist would apply to a Jansenist, and a papist to a protestant. If you keep me from Cartouche's bed, a fanatic will drive me from that of an atheist. It gives us trouble enough to fix the dose of our medicine, without submitting to the drudgery of determining whether the measure of our patient's sins allow us to employ our remedies or not.

But, doctor, replied I, suppose, after the completion of your cure, the first use he should make of his recovery were to murder your friend: what would you say to that? Lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, would you not repent your having cured him? Would you not exclaim with indignation, *why did I give him my assistance? why did I not leave him to die?* And would not that reflection be sufficient to embitter the remainder of your life?

My grief certainly would be excessive, said he; but still I should have no remorse of conscience.

And what remorse of conscience could you have for—I will not say *killing* a mad dog, that is not the case here; but only for *suffering* such an animal *to die?* Come, doctor, I have a little more courage than you, and am not to be led astray by sophistry. Suppose me for once a physician. On looking at the patient to whom I am called, I discover a villain. I address him as follows: Execrable wretch! die, I entreat you, as soon as possible; you can do no better, either for yourself or others. I know very well what would remove the pleurisy that now torments you; but I shall be very careful not to meddle with it. I am not such an enemy to my country, as to restore you to it, and to prepare for myself a source of endless sorrow in the fresh crimes which you would commit. I will not be a partaker of your wickedness. Were a man to conceal you in his house, he would be punished for it; and can I consider as innocent the man that preserves your life? Impossible. All that I am sorry for is, that, by leaving you to die, I prevent you from suffering all the rigour of capital punishment. Dream not, then, that I shall take any pains to save the life of a wretch, whom I am bound to prosecute, both in common equity, and from a regard to the good of society, and the safety of my fellow creatures. No! you may die for me! and none shall have it to say, that, by my skill and endeavours, there is one monster more in the world!

Good night, sir, replied the doctor. But—drink less coffee in the evening, do you hear?

O, but consider, said my father, how fond I am of coffee.

Well, then, at least take a good deal of sugar with it.

But, doctor, sugar will heat him.

Nonsense! Your servant, Mr. Philosopher.

One word more, doctor! During the late plague at Marseilles, a set of villains dispersed themselves in the houses, plundering, murdering, and taking advantage of the universal consternation, to enrich themselves by various iniquitous practices. One of the gang was seized with the plague. A grave digger belonging to those appointed by the police to remove the dead bodies, found and knew him. These people were accustomed to throw the corpses out of the houses into the street. As soon as the grave digger saw the villain, Rascal, says he, is it you? and instantly laying hold of his legs dragged him to the window. O! cries the fellow, I am not dead! You are dead enough, replied the other; and in a moment threw him down from the third story. Now, doctor, I assure you, this same grave digger, who got rid of the infected robber with so good a grace, was, in my opinion, far less to blame than an expert physician like yourself would have been, had he cured him. And now you may go if you please.

My good Mr. Philosopher, says the doctor, I am willing to admire both your wit and your zeal, as much as you please; but your morality shall never be mine. I will never set up my private judgment in opposition to the laws. I will never deviate from my proper trade of curing the diseases of men, into that of judging of their crimes and follies, and dispensing recompenses according to their merit. I will never lay down the doctor and take up the judge and executioner, for many reasons: first, because I have neither the leisure nor capacity for scrutinizing the past conduct, or guessing at the future actions of my patient; and secondly, if I exercised this province, I could not refuse the exer-

tise of it to another; the consequence of which would be, that human society would become a scene of total anarchy and ruin.

For the Literary Magazine.

MARIGNY.

A Political Tale of the fourteenth century.

ENGUERRAND was descended from an ancient and noble family in Normandy; the name of which was originally Le Portier, but his grandfather Hugh, lord of Rosey and Lions, having married the heiress of the count of Marigny, gave her name to his children. The moment young Marigny made his appearance at court he was universally admired for the graces of his person, the elegance of his wit, and the strength of his talents. The late king, finding him possessed of much political knowledge, appointed him a member of his council, gave him the post of chamberlain, created him count of Longueville, made him governor of the Louvre, master of the household, superintendant of the finances, and prime minister. This accumulation of favours naturally excited the envy of the great, whose enmity increased in proportion to his merit. The imprudence of Philip, in the multiplication of imposts, rendered his minister an object of public indignation. But of all his enemies the count of Valois was the most violent and implacable; during the life of his brother, however, he was under the necessity of confining his animosity to his own bosom. A change of government, attended by a general insurrection, appeared to him a proper season for revenge. He therefore laid his plan of persecution, and veiled it under the specious mask of public good.

Notwithstanding the immense sums which had been levied during the late reign, on the king's decease the treasury was so far exhausted, that there was not sufficient money to defray the expence of a coronation. "Where then," said Lewis, one day in full council, "are the tenths which were levied on the clergy? What has become of the numerous subsidies exacted from the people? Where are the riches that must have been derived from the debasement of the coin?" "Sire," said the count of Valois, "Marigny was entrusted with all this money, it is his place to give an account of it." Enguerrand protested that he was ready so to do, whenever he should receive the king's orders for that purpose. "Let it be done then immediately," exclaimed the count. "With all my heart," replied the minister. "I gave you, sir, a great part of it; the rest was employed in defraying the expences of the state, and in carrying on the war against the Flemings." "*You lie!*" said Charles, in a rage. "It is yourself, who are the liar, sir," returned the minister, with more spirit than prudence. The count immediately drew his sword; Marigny put himself in a posture of defence, and the consequences must have been serious but for the interference of the council, who hastened to separate them. The prince no longer placed any bounds to his resentment. All his credit was exerted for the infliction of vengeance; and his friends, the count of St. Paul, and the vidame of Amiens, were, in the mean time, ordered to intimate to the young monarch, that the superintendant of his finances was the only victim capable of assuaging the rage of the people.

Some days after this incident, Marigny, relying too much on his own innocence, attended the council as usual; but he was arrested as he entered the king's apartment, and conveyed to the prison of the Louvre, of which he was governor: from thence, at the intercession of the count of Valois, he was transferred to the temple, and thrown into a dungeon. Ralph de Preles, a celebrated advocate, the intimate friend of Marigny, was also arrested, through fear that he might furnish

the minister with such means of defence as might baffle all the efforts of his adversaries. Some pretext, however, was necessary to cover the iniquity of this proceeding; he was therefore accused of having conspired against the life of the late king; and, by an instance of unparalleled injustice, his effects were immediately confiscated, and were not restored even after his innocence had been established. The king, indeed, on his death bed felt a remorse of conscience, and did all that he could to repair this injury. In his last will he ordered all the lands and effects belonging to Ralph de Preles to be restored, whether they were in possession of the crown or of individuals. But it is not known whether his orders were executed.

Many other persons were involved in the disgrace of Marigny, particularly all such as had been anywise concerned with him in the administration of the finances. These were committed to different prisons; some put to the torture, for the purpose of extorting from them something that might tend to criminate the minister; but, either from gratitude to their benefactor, or from respect for truth, they bore the pain with fortitude, and made no confession. The count of Valois was highly disappointed. Nor did he succeed better in a proclamation he issued, inviting all persons, whether rich or poor, who had any complaints to make against the superintendant of the finances, to appear in the king's court, where they might depend upon having justice done them. Not a soul appeared; not a single complaint was preferred.

The prosecution, however, was carried on; and, when every thing was prepared, Marigny was conducted to the wood of Vincennes, to hear the charges exhibited against him, before an assembly at which the king presided in person, assisted by a great number of nobles and prelates. The accusations were numerous; but the most serious were these:—That he had debased the coin; burthened the people with taxes; artfully persuaded the late king to make him presents to an immense amount; stolen considerable sums, that had been destined for the use of Edmund de Goth, a relation of the pope; issued various orders unauthorized by the command of his sovereign; and maintained a traitorous correspondence with the Flemings.

Such of these charges as were founded on facts had been acts of the king, and not of the minister; the rest were wholly unsupported by proof. Nor, indeed, did the count of Valois attempt to bring any proof; so little regard did he pay even to the forms of justice, that he refused to hear what the party accused had to urge in his own defence. Marigny's brothers, however, the bishop of Beauvais, and the archbishop of Sens, used all their credit with the king to obtain for him a permission, that had never been denied to the most atrocious culprits—that of answering juridically to the various charges that had been brought against him. The king, conscious that what he desired was just, readily complied with it. He went still farther. Enraged at finding nothing was produced against the minister but vague assertions, unsupported by proof, he expressed his determination to do him justice by immediately releasing him from confinement. But he was prevented, by the interference of his uncle, from executing this laudable resolution. Charles had proceeded too far to retract, and his influence over the mind of his nephew was such, that he persuaded him to let the matter rest for some days, when he did not doubt of being able to convince him more fully of his minister's guilt.

He then proceeded to suborn some witnesses, who deposed, that Alips de Mons, wife to Marigny, and the lady of Canteleu, his sister, had had recourse to witchcraft in order to save him, and that they had made the images of the king, the count of Valois, and some of the barons in

wax. In these days of ignorance and superstition, it was believed, that any operations performed on such images would affect the persons they represented; and in the ancient chronicle of St. Denis it is gravely asserted, that so long as these had lasted, the king, count, and barons would have daily wasted away, till they had died. Absurd as this may appear, the two ladies were seized and confined in the prison of the Louvre, and the magician, James de Lor, who had assisted them in their magic incantations, was committed to the Chatelet, with his wife, who was afterwards burned, and his servant, who expired on a gibbet. A report was presently propagated, that de Lor had hanged himself in prison; it is probable he had been privately strangled. Be that as it may, his death was received as a proof of his guilt. Lewis was young, simple, and inexperienced. The waxen images were shown to him; the self-inflicted punishment of the magician was enforced; his credulity proved stronger than his judgment; he withdrew his protection from Marigny, and consigned him to the care and disposal of his implacable foe.

The count of Valois, having now attained the summit of his wishes, assembled a few barons and knights at the wood of Vincennes, ordered the accusations to be read to them, and spared no pains to convince them of their truth. Without hearing any evidence, without admitting the prisoner to speak in his defence, he was declared guilty of all the crimes laid to his charge, and, notwithstanding his rank, was sentenced to be hanged. This iniquitous sentence was executed on the thirtieth of April, 1315, at break of day (the time at which all executions were then performed), and his body was afterwards suspended on a gibbet at Montfaucon.

Charles was disappointed in his expectations of applause. Nothing is more common in the minds of the people than sudden transitions from rage to compassion. Highly irritable, their resentment is easily roused —but destroy its object, it instantly subsides, and they are the first to accuse themselves of injustice. This was precisely the case with regard to Marigny. They had been dazzled by his splendour, and had been eager to promote his downfall; when that was effected, they were moved by his misfortunes, and began to inquire into the justice of his condemnation. What to resentment had seemed clear, to compassion appeared mysterious. The irregularity of the proceedings now struck them in a forcible point of view, and they loudly condemned those measures, which before they had as loudly commended. The count of Valois himself, on his death-bed, acknowledged the injustice of his own conduct, and the innocence of Marigny, whose family was, at a subsequent period, reinstated in all the honours and possessions of which he had been unjustly deprived.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF MILTON AND HIS FAMILY.

A MAN'S will, though a matter executed after his death, generally throws no small light upon his life. Milton's will is a great literary curiosity, and will be much prized by the biographer, as it serves to elucidate many circumstances of Milton's life, manners, and habits. This will is nuncupative, and is as follows.

Memorandum, that John Milton, late of the parish of S. Giles Cripplegate in the countie of Middlesex gentleman, deceased, at severall times before his death, and in particular, on or about the twentieth day of July, in the year of our Lord God 1674, being of perfect mind and memorie, declared his will and intent as to the disposall of his estate after his death, in these words following,

or like effect: "The portion due to me from Mr. Powell, my former wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her, having received no parte of it: but my meaning is, they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion, and what I have besides done for them; they having been very undutifull to me. All the residue of my estate I leave to [the] disposall of Elizabeth my loving wife." Which words, or to the same effect, were spoken in presence of Christopher Milton.

X [Mark of] ELIZABETH FISHER.
Nov. 23, 1674.

Christopher Milton was John Milton's younger brother; a strong royalist, and a professed papist. After the civil war, he made his composition through his brother's interest. Being a practitioner in the law, he lived to be an ancient bencher of the Inner Temple: was made a judge of the common pleas, and knighted by king James the second; but, on account of his age and infirmities, he was at length dismissed from business, and retired to Ipswich, where he resided all the latter part of his life.

Owing to the want of the forms which the civil law requires, the judge pronounced this nuncupative will invalid, and decreed administration of the intestate's effects to the widow.

Milton's biographers say, that he sold his library before his death, and left his family fifteen hundred pounds, which his widow Elizabeth seized, and only gave one hundred pounds to each of his three daughters. Of this widow, Philips relates, rather harshly, 'that she persecuted his children in his life time, and *cheated* them at his death.

Milton had children, who survived him, only by his first wife. Of three daughters, Anne, the first, deformed in stature, but with a handsome face, married a master-builder, and died of her first childbirth, with the infant. Mary, the second, died single. Deborah, the third, and the greatest favourite of the three, went over to Ireland as companion to a lady in her father's lifetime; and afterwards married Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spital-fields, and died, aged seventy-six, in August, 1727. This is the daughter that used to read to her father; and was well known to Richardson, and professor Ward: a woman of a very cultivated understanding, and not inelegant of manners. She was generously patronised by Addison, and by queen Caroline, who sent her a present of fifty guineas. She had seven sons and three daughters, of whom only Celeb and Elizabeth are remembered. Celeb migrated to fort Saint George, where perhaps he died. Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, married Thomas Forster, a weaver in Spital-fields, and had seven children, who all died. She is said to have been a plain sensible woman; and kept a petty grocer's or chandler's shop, first at lower Holloway, and afterwards in Cock-lane, near Shoreditch church. In April, 1750, *Comus* was acted for her benefit: doctor Johnson, who wrote the prologue, says, "she had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her." The profits of the performance were only one hundred and thirty pounds; though doctor Newton contributed largely, and twenty pounds were given by Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. On this trifling augmentation to their small stock, she and her husband removed to Islington, where they both soon died.

These seems to have been the grounds, upon which Milton's nuncupative will was pronounced invalid. First, there was wanting what the civil law terms a *rogatio testium*, or a solemn bidding of the persons present, to take notice that the words he was going to deliver were to be his will. The civil law requires this form, to make men's verbal declarations operate as wills; otherwise, they are presumed to be words of common calling or loose conversation. And the statute of

the twenty-ninth of Charles II has adopted the rule, as may be seen in the 19th clause of that statute, usually called the *statute of frauds*, which passed in the year 1676, two years after Milton's death. Secondly, the words here attested by the three witnesses are not words delivered at the same time; but one witness speaks to one declaration made at one time, and another to another declaration made at another time. And although the declarations are of similar import, this circumstance will not satisfy the demands of the law, which requires, that the three witnesses who are to support a nuncupative will must speak to the identical words uttered at one and the same time. There is yet another requisite in nuncupative wills, which is not found here; namely, that the words be delivered in the last sickness of a party: whereas the words here attested appear to have been delivered when the party was in a tolerable state of health, at least under no immediate danger of death. On these principles sir Leoline Jenkins acted in the rejection of Milton's will, though the three witnesses apparently told the truth in what they deposed.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON MILTON'S LYCIDAS AND SMALLER POEMS.

EDWARD KING, the subject of this monody, was the son of sir John King, knight, secretary for Ireland, under queen Elizabeth, James the first, and Charles the first. He was sailing from Chester to Ireland on a visit to his friends and relations in that country; these were his brother sir Robert King, and his sisters, Anne and Margaret, Edward King, bishop of Elphin, by whom he was baptized, and William Chappel, then dean of Cashel, and provost of Dublin college, who had been his tutor at Christ's college, Cambridge, and was afterwards bishop of Cork and Ross, and in this pastoral is probably the same person that is styled *old* DAMOETAS; when, in calm weather, not far from the English coast, the ship, a very crazy vessel, *a fatal and perfidious bark*, struck on a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom with all that were on board, not one escaping, August 10, 1637. King was now only twenty-five years old. He was, perhaps, a native of Ireland.

At Cambridge he was distinguished for his piety, and proficiency in polite literature. He has no inelegant copy of Latin iambics prefixed to a Latin comedy called *Senile Odium*, acted at Queen's college, Cambridge, by the youth of that society, and written by P. Hausted, Cantab. 1633, 12mo. From which I select these lines, as containing a judicious satire on the false taste, and the customary mechanical or unnatural expedients of the drama that then subsisted.

Non hic cothurni sanguine insonti rubeat,
Nec flagra Megæræ ferrea horrendum intonant;
Noverca nulla sævior Erebo furit;
Venena nulla, præter illa dulcio
Amoris; atque his vim abstulere noxiam
Casti lepores, innocua festivitas,
Nativa suavitas, proba elegantia, &c.

He also appears with credit in the Cambridge public verses of his time. I will not say how far these performances justify Milton's panegyric on his friend's poetry.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

This poem, as appears by the Trinity manuscript, was written in November, 1637, when Milton was not quite twenty-nine years old.

Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation.

By contemplation is here meant that stretch of thought by which the mind ascends "To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;" and is therefore very properly said *to soar on golden wing, guiding the fiery-wheeled throne;* that is, to take a high and glorious flight, carrying bright ideas of deity along with it. But the whole imagery alludes to the cherubic forms that conveyed the *fiery-wheeled* car in Ezekiel, x. 2. seq. See also Milton himself, *Par. Lost* vi. 750. So that nothing can be greater or juster than this idea of *divine contemplation*. Contemplation of a more sedate turn, and intent only on human things, is more fitly described, as by Spenser, under the figure of an *old man;* time and experience qualifying men best for this office. Spenser might then be right in his imagery; and yet Milton might be right in his, without being supposed to ramble after some ...nciful Italian.

The Ode on The Passion has these lines:

> My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
> The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
> And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

Conceits were now confined not to words only. There is extant a volume of elegies, in which the paper is black, and the letters white; that is, in all the title-pages. Every intermediate leaf is also black.

Milton's sonnets are not without their merit: yet, if we except two or three, there is neither the grace nor exactness of Milton's hand in them. This sort of composition in our language is difficult to the best rhymist, and Milton was a very bad one. Besides his genius rises above, and, as we may say, overflows, the banks of this narrow confined poem, *fontem indignatus Araxes*.

When it is considered, how frequently the life of Milton has been written, and how numerous the annotations have been, on different parts of his works, it seems strange, that his Greek verses, which, indeed, are but few, should have passed almost wholly without notice till lately. They have neither been mentioned, as proofs of learning, by his admirers, nor exposed to the ordeal of criticism, by his enemies. Both parties seem to have shrunk from the subject.

Dr. Burney, son of the musical doctor, was the first who undertook the task of commenting on Milton's Greek poetry, and this he has performed with unparalleled skill and erudition.

Those who have long and justly entertained a high idea of Milton's Greek erudition, on perusing Dr. Burney's remarks, will probably feel disappointed, and may ascribe to spleen and temerity what merits a milder title. To Milton's claim of extensive, and, indeed, wonderful learning, who shall refuse their suffrage? It requires not commendation, and may defy censure. If Dr. Johnson, however, observes of some Latin verse of Milton, that it is not secure against a stern grammarian, what would he have said, if he had bestowed his time in examining his Greek poetry, with the same exactness of taste, and with equal accuracy of criticism?

If Milton had lived in the present age he would have written Greek much more correctly. His native powers of mind, and his studious researches, would have been assisted by the learned labours of Bentley, Hemsterhus, Valckenaer, Toup, and Ruhnken, under whose auspices Greek criticism has flourished, in the eighteenth century, with a degree of vigour wholly unknown in any period since the revival of letters.

For the Literary Magazine.

REASON IN POETRY.

THE truth of both *facts* and *history* results from the apprehension or investigation of *particulars*, in-

dependently of their causes: whereas that of *poetry* springs from the application of *causes*, and these *general* ones. The first act of reasoning is, therefore, from a number of particulars, by collateral judgments of effects produced by them upon the internal feeling, to collect these general causes; and the second, to apply them, by the different modes of imitation, in order to produce the poetical effect. Hence poetry is said to be more philosophical. *Experience* is the foundation, *induction* is the first, and a *judicious application of generals*, is the second act. And if these generals are well formed in the first place, and well applied in the second, the poetical truth will discover itself in the effect by a proportionable operation on the sensibility of all according to its powers.

Thus poetry stands high in the eye of philosophy. It is founded in *abstraction*, which is the sublimest operation of the mind, by which its ideas are not only generalized, but corrected and improved by an act of intellect, and rendered more perfect and complete than the archetypes themselves. These are the materials with which the imagination works, and which it moulds into forms of beauty superior to any that appear in the face of nature. And hence it is, that the imitative arts derive that excellence and superiority in which they glory. As by this power of abstraction the mathematician conceives the idea of a perfect circle or a perfect sphere, which in nature has no existence; and the moralist that of a faultless character; so from archetypes that exist in nature, the artist derives ideas so corrected and sublimed, that they become *transcendent*, that is *above*, though *not contrary* to nature.

Particulars and individuals, with all their deformities and imperfections, are, indeed, often applied by imitation to the production of poetical effect: but, to arrive at the summit of his profession, the artist should employ none but general ideas, with all the advantages which arrangement, disposition, and situation can give them; as did the intelligent statuary, to whose poetical genius the world has been indebted for the Venus de Medicis, or the Apollo Belvidere.

But the *imitation*, by which these poetical ideas are employed in art, according to good taste (which is only another word for judgment), is of different kinds, and the just distinction of them is an act of rational and judicious criticism.

All imitation is *resemblance*, which differs according to the nature of the *art*; and the nature of the art depends upon the *materials* and *instrument* employed. Imitation is either *direct* or *proper*, or *indirect* and *improper*: and to discriminate its nature and extent in each of the elegant arts, as well as in the different provinces of the same, is a piece of the most refined philosophy.

In *sculpture* and in *painting* the imitation, from the nature of the means and materials they employ, is *direct* and *proper*, and the resemblance between the statue or picture and what they represent, is both immediate and obvious. *Words* are the means or materials of *poetry*: but words, though as *sounds* they may sometimes *directly* resemble sounds, are not the natural representatives of *ideas*, in which poetry consists; they are only their arbitrary signs, and do not, therefore, admit of any imitation so *proper* and *direct*. That part of poetry, in which the poet personates another, and employs his very words and speeches, is, so far as that personification goes, *directly* imitative. But, with regard to the effect which it produces, poetical imitation is *indirect* in a greater or less degree. The simplest and *least indirect* mode of this imitation, is that representation of *sensible* objects, which is called poetical *description*. From this poetry advances to a sublimer operation in the representation of *mental* objects, of all the passions, emotions, movements, and sensations of

the mind; which it performs two different ways, either by representing these mental emotions as they are *internally* felt, and succeed each other in the mind, or by representing them as they appear in their sensible and *external effects*: and these *less direct* modes constitute poetical *expression*. In all which mental imitations the effect is often extended and enlarged by *association* of ideas, and wonderfully heightened by *sympathy*, that lovely and sublime affection, which gives poetry such a powerful ascendant over the heart of man.

Another mode of poetical imitation is that of *fiction*, which represents facts, characters, actions, manners, and events, in feigned and general story, as history does in real and particular narrative, adding to the fiction *representation*: these *more indirect* imitations constitute *epic* and *dramatic* poetry, into which every other species is introduced.

And to these is to be added another kind of imitation still *more indirect*, which conveys the thoughts and ideas of the mind through the external objects of sense: this is *parabolical* and *allusive* poetry.

But, although the imitations of *poetry* be *less direct* and *proper* than those of the other arts, they surpass them greatly in their extent and operation upon the mind. *Poetry*, which from this superiority has appropriated the general name, is the mirrour of all truth, by which every part of nature, corporeal and mental, is reflected and improved. It is physics, facts, actions, and *history* feigned at pleasure, and represented by the different modes of its imitation, in a *language* raised above the common use, and which is peculiarly appropriated to itself; and, whilst it exhibits a beautiful picture of every species of truth, it softens the labour which attends their acquisition, by affording the mind that refined and elegant recreation, which the most rigid philosopher need not blush to take.

For the Literary Magazine.

TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB is a hero familiar to our childhood, and indeed has become a sort of proverbial sample of a great soul in a little body. It is an old and general observation, that distance and rumour magnify all objects; but with regard to Tom Thumb, they have had an opposite effect: they have made his little less. A cubit is added to the stature of a giant by every new blast of fame, but dwarfs, instead of being gradually enlarged by the same process to the due size of men, merely dwindle to a diminutiveness more and more miraculous.

Tom Thumb, in legendary lore, was king Arthur's dwarfish page. He was no doubt originally a very short, though a very stout personage, but he has gradually become as small, or even smaller, than a Lilliputian. The following verses describe him in this state of greatest diminution, and is a very pleasing specimen of that mode of writing. They are taken from a poem of considerable length, and describe the second visit of this heroic minimus to the court of Arthur.

But now his businesse call'd him forth
King Arthur's court to see,
Whereas no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops
Which setled in the way,
His long and weary journey forth
Did hinder and so stay.

Until his carefull father tooke
A birding trunke in sport,
And with one blast blew this his sonne
Into king Arthur's court.

Now he with tilts and turnaments
Was entertained so
That all the best of Arthur's knights
Did him much pleasure show.

As good sir Lancelot of the lake,
Sir Tristram, and sir Guy;

Yet none compar'd with brave Tom Thumbe
For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his ladie's sake,
A challenge in king Arthur's court
Tom Thumbe did bravely make.

'Gainst whom these noble knights did run,
Sir Chinon, and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumbe with matchles might
Did beare away the best.

At last sir Lancelot of the Lake
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all agast,
For there that valiant man
Through Lancelot's steed, before them all,
In nimble manner ran.

Yea horse and all, with speare and shield,
As hardly he was seene,
But onely by king Arthur's selfe
And his admired queene,

Who from her finger tooke a ring,
Through which Tom Thumbe made way,
Not touching it, in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest haire
From his faire ladie's head,
Not hurting her whose even hand
Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
In Arthur's court there showne,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seene or knowne.

Now at these sports he toyl'd himselfe
That he a sicknesse tooke,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelessly forsooke.

Where lying on his bed sore sicke,
King Arthur's doctor came,
With cunning skill, by physick's art,
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor tooke
A fine prospective glasse, with which
He did in secret looke

Into his sickened body downe,
And therein saw that death
Stood ready in his wasted guts
To sease his vitall breath.

His armes and leggs consum'd as sma..
As was a spiders web,
Through which his dying houre grew on,
For all his limbes grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be seene:
The losse of which renowned knight
Much griev'd the king and queene.

And so with peace and quietnesse
He left this earth below;
And vp into the Fayry land
His ghost did fading goe.

Whereas the fayry queene receiv'd,
With heauy mourning cheere,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteemed so deere.

For with her dancing nymphs in greene,
She fetcht him from his bed,
With musicke and sweet melody,
So soone as life was fled:

For whom king Arthur and his knights
Full forty daies did mourne;
And, in remembrance of his name
That was so strangely borne,

He built a tomb of marble gray,
And yeare by yeare did come
To celebrate the mournefull day,
And burial of Tom Thumbe

Whose fame still lieues in England here,
Amongst the countrey sort;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.

For the Literary Magazine.

BOSWELL PARODIED.

MANY of my readers have probably laughed more than once over the

following exquisite specimen of witty satire. Is an apology necessary for presenting it once more to the view of such readers? Will they not consent to read it once more, and read it with nearly as much satisfaction as at first? True wit, like pure gold, never loses its intrinsic value by any lapse of time or frequency of circulation. As long as it is intelligible, it is precious; and, with respect to the following effusion, the reference tacitly made to Boswell's memorable Life of Johnson can escape but few readers.

They that smile at this parody afford no proof that they set not a high value on the work intended to be parodied. All allow Boswell's books, especially the Hebridian Tour, to contain occasional absurdities and puerilities, and the same enlightened taste that rejects what is ridiculous or frivolous, will clearly discern and justly estimate the useful and solid with which it may chance to be allied. I reckon, therefore, with confidence on the forgiveness of those who have seen this before, and on the gratitude of those who have chanced never to have seen it.

An Extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes folio, written by James Bozz, Esq., who flourished with him near fifty years.

——We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books; I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip:* I said it was a great work. Pozz. "Yes, sir, it is a great work; but, sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy." I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believed he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, sir, if they would call me a dog, and you a canister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of our's, who was always making comparisons? Pozz. "Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself; I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made money, sir, and now he makes comparisons: sir, he would say, that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, sir, and then he would laugh." Bozz. "But have not some great writers determined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious?*" Pozz. "No, sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious. The whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house. I showed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches: Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?" Bozz. "Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is characteristic of poetry." Pozz. "Yes, sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark; it affords a proof of that acuteness which he displays in every branch of literature. I asked him, if he approved of green spectacles? Pozz. "As to green spectacles, sir, the question seems to be this: if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, sir, I would dissuade him." A few months after I consulted him again on this subject and he honoured me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, vol. vi, page 2789. I have thought much on this subject, and must confess, that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memo-

random in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:

To James Bozz, Esq.

"*Dear Sir,*

"My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy for me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your *Tour*.

"Write me soon, and write me often.

"I am, dear sir,
"Your's affectionately,
"SAM. POZZ."

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to day: his wit flashed like lightning; indeed, there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz. "Yes, sir, when confined, when pent up." I said I did not know that, and I questioned if the Romans ever knew it. Pozz. "Yes, sir, the Romans knew it." Bozz. "Livy does not mention it." Pozz. "No, sir, Livy wrote history. Livy was not writing the life of a friend."

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me of a friend of our's who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint; he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand nor walk, unless supported: his speech was quite gone; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremities cold; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said with tenderness, that I would go and see him; and, said I,-"Sir, I will take Dr. Bolus with me." Pozz. "No, sir, don't go." I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart, and earnestly asked why? Pozz. "Sir, you don't know his disorder." Bozz. "Pray what is it?" Pozz. "Sir, the man is *dead drunk!*" This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about, as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterwards checked me. Pozz. "Sir you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh only at your own jokes; ergo, you should laugh seldom."

We talked of a friend of our's who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company. Pozz. "No, sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, sir, his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow; sir, you cannot touch him but he winces. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and pease; sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was with child; but I would not talk politics. Bozz. "But, perhaps, sir, he would talk of nothing else." Pozz. "Then, sir, it is plain what he would do." On my very earnestly enquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered, "Sir, he would let it alone."

I mentioned a tradesman, who had lately set up his coach. Pozz. "He is right, sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach; now, sir, a coach is better than a chaise; sir, it is better than a chariot." Bozz. "Why, sir?" Pozz. "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. "Dr. Pozz," said I, "*you* ought to keep a coach." Pozz. "Yes, sir, I ought." Bozz. "But you do not, and that has often surprised me." Pozz. "Surprised you! There, sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprised at nothing. A man that has lived half your days ought to be above all surprise. Sir, it is a rule with me never to be surprised. It is through mere ignorance, that you cannot

guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprised. Now, sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear sir, you will let me know before I leave town." Pozz. "Yes, sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Winkins and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself: sir, I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear? Pozz. "Yes, sir; and then, sir, nobody could bear them. A man who is drunk, sir, is a very foolish fellow." Bozz. "But, sir, as the poet says, 'he is devoid of all care." Pozz. "Yes, sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, sir, for he cannot write his name; he cannot be a politician, sir, for he cannot talk; he cannot be an artist, sir, for he cannot see; and yet, sir, there is science in drinking." Bozz. "I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." Pozz. "No, sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the science consists of three parts. Now, sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend *****, (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance) he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much, but he knows not when he has enough. Now, sir, that is the science of drinking, to know when one has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power; and seemed to be offended with a friend of our's, who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the Beggar's Opera. I endeavoured to defend a work which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world he preferred sir Isaac Newton's Chronology; but as they gave employment to useful artisans, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits. Pozz. "Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great-grand-mother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned that the spirit once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me: Pozz. "There, sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in these shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing contemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are not seen at the same time, nor in the same place." Bozz. "I think, sir, that old women in general are used to see ghosts." Pozz. "Yes, sir, and their conversation is full of the subject; I would have an old woman to record such conversations; their loquacity tends to minuteness."

We talked of a person who had a very bad character. Pozz. "Sir, he is a scoundrel." Bozz. "I hate a scoundrel." Pozz. "There you are wrong; don't hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, sir, are useful; there are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not chuse to keep company with scoundrels,

but something may be got from them." Bozz. "Are not scoundrels generally fools?" Pozz. "No, sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool. I think a good book might be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, the *lives of eminent scoundrels*, from the earliest accounts to the present day." I mentioned hanging; I thought it a very awkward situation. Pozz. "No, sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, sir, that a man whose actions tend towards flagitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last." I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. Pozz. "Yes, sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged; we can recollect that; but we cannot number those who deserve it; it would not be decorous, sir, in a mixed company. No, sir, that is one of the few things which we are compelled to *think*."

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF PRINTS.

MUCH as every body is conversant with prints; familarly and universally as they are employed for adorning our apartments or our books; abounding as they do in every kind of habitation, from the palace to the alehouse, from the city-hall to the remotest hovel in the wilderness, there are very few who knew more of the manner in which they are made than merely that the principal material is copper. This information, too, we chiefly owe to the term *copperplate*.

In reading, too, we are familiar with the different terms, *engraving*, *mezzotinto*, *etching*, and *aquatinta*, but are generally quite ignorant of their several meanings. It will not, perhaps, be useless or unseasonable to give a short explanation of these terms, in a manner as plain and intelligible as possible.

There are three kinds of prints, *engravings*, *etchings*, and *mezzotintos*. The characteristic of the first is *strength*; of the second, *freedom*; and of the third, *softness*. All these, however, may in some degree be found in each.

From the shape of the engraver's tool, each stroke is an angular incision; which must of course, if it be not very light, give the line strength and firmness. From such a line also, being a deliberate one, correctness may be expected; but no great freedom: for it is a laboured line, ploughed through the metal; and must necessarily, in some degree, want ease.

Unlimited *freedom*, on the other hand, is the characteristic of *etching*. The needle, gliding along the surface of the copper, meets no resistance; and easily takes any turn the hand pleases to give it. Etching indeed is mere drawing, and may be practised with the same facility. But as *aqua-fortis* bites in an *equable* manner, it cannot give the lines that strength which they receive from a pointed graver cutting the copper. Besides, it is difficult to prevent its biting the plate *all over* alike. The *distant parts* indeed may easily be covered with wax, or varnish, and the *general effect* of the *keeping* preserved; but to give each *smaller* part its proper relief, and to *harmonize* the *whole*, requires so many different degrees of strength, such easy transitions from one to another, that aqua-fortis alone is not equal to it. Here, therefore, engraving, which by a stroke, deep or tender, at the artist's pleasure, can vary strength and faintness in any degree, has the advantage.

Engraving, therefore, and etching having their respective advantages and deficiencies, artists have endeavoured to unite their powers, and to correct the faults of each, by

joining the *freedom* of the one, with the *strength* of the other. In many modern prints, the plate is first etched, and afterwards strengthened, and finished by the graver. This, when *well* done, has a happy effect. The flatness, which is the consequence of an equable strength of shade, is taken off; and the print gains new force by the relief given to those parts which *hang*, in the painter's language, on the parts behind them. But great art is necessary in this business. Many a print, which wanted only a *few* touches, receives afterwards so *many*, as to become laboured, heavy, and disgusting.

In *etching*, we have the greatest variety of excellent prints. It is so much like *drawing*, that we have the very works themselves of the most celebrated masters: many of whom have left behind them prints of this kind; which, however slight and incorrect, will always have something *masterly*, and of course *beautiful* in them.

In the *muscleing* of human figures, of any considerable size, *engraving* has undoubtedly the advantage of *etching*. The soft and delicate transitions from light to shade, which are there required, cannot be so well expressed by the needle; and, in general, *large prints* require a strength which *etching* cannot give, and are therefore fit subjects for *engraving*.

Etching, on the other hand, is more particularly adapted to sketches, and slight designs: which, if executed by the graver, would entirely lose their freedom; and with it their beauty. Landscape too, in general, requires *etching*. The foliage of trees, ruins, sky, and indeed every part of landscape, requires the utmost freedom. In finishing an *etched* landscape, with the *tool*, as it is called, too much care cannot be taken to prevent heaviness. In general there is great nicety of touching on an etched plate; but in landscape the business is peculiarly delicate. The foregrounds, and the boles of such trees as are placed upon them, may require a few strong touches; and here and there a few harmonizing strokes will add to the effect: but if the engraver venture much further, he has good luck if he do no mischief.

An *engraved* plate, unless it be cut very slightly, will cast off seven or eight hundred good impressions; yet this depends, in some degree, on the hardness of the copper. An *etched* plate will not give above two hundred; unless it be eaten very deep, and then it may perhaps give three hundred. After that, the plate must be retouched, or the impressions will be faint.

An excellent mode of *etching* on a *soft ground* has been lately brought into use, and approaches still nearer to drawing than the common mode. On a thin paper, somewhat larger than the plate, you trace a correct outline of the drawing you intend to etch. You then fold the paper, thus traced, over the plate; and laying the original drawing before you, finish the outline on the traced one with a black lead pencil. Every stroke of the pencil on one side licks up the soft ground on the other. So that when you finish your drawing with black-lead, and take the paper off the plate, you find a complete and very beautiful drawing on the reverse of the paper, and the etching likewise as complete on the copper. You then proceed to bite it with aqua-fortis, in the common mode of etching: only as your ground is softer, the aqua-fortis must be weaker.

Besides these methods of engraving on *copper*, we have prints engraven on pewter and on wood. The pewter plate gives a coarseness and dirtiness to the print which is often disagreeable. But engraving on wood is capable of great beauty.

Mezzotinto is very different from either *engraving* or *etching*. In these you cut out the *shades* on a smooth plate. In *mezzotinto* the plate is covered with a rough ground, and you scrape the lights. The plate would otherwise give an impression entirely black.

Since the time of its invention by prince *Rupert*, as is commonly supposed, the art of scraping *mezzotintos* is much more improved than either of its sister arts. Some of the earliest *etchings* are perhaps the best; and *engraving*, since the times of *Goltzius* and *Muller*, has not, perhaps, made any great advances. But *mezzotinto*, compared with its original state, is now almost a new art. Some of the modern pieces of workmanship by the best mezzotinto scrapers as much exceed the works of *White* and *Smith*, as those masters did *Becket* and *Simons*. They have, we must own, better originals to copy. *Kneller's* portraits are very paltry, compared with those of modern artists, and are scarce susceptible of any effects of light and shade. As to prince *Rupert's* works, those that pass for his are executed in the same black, harsh, disagreeable manner, which appears so strong in the masters who succeeded him. The invention, however, was noble; and the early masters have the credit of it: but the truth is, the ingenious mechanic has been called to the painter's aid, and has invented a manner of *laying ground*, wholly unknown to the earlier masters; and in *mezzotinto* the *ground* is a capital consideration.

The characteristic of *mezzotinto* is *softness*, which adapts it chiefly to portrait, or history, with a few figures, and these not too small. Nothing, except paint, can more naturally express flesh, or the flowing of hair or the folds of drapery, or the catching lights of armour. In engraving and etching our prejudices must contend with cross lines, which exist on no natural bodies: but *mezzotinto* gives us the strongest representation of the real *surface*. If, however, the figures are to be crowded, it wants strength to detach the several parts with a proper relief, and if they are very small, it wants precision, which can only be given by an outline; or, as in painting, by a different tint. In minature works also, the unevenness of the ground will occasion bad drawing, and an awkwardness, in the extremities especially. Some inferior artists have endeavoured to remedy this, by terminating their figures with an engraved or etched line; but the experiment has failed. The strength of the line, and the softness of the ground, accord ill together. I speak not here of that judicious mixture of *etching* and *mezzotinto*, formerly used by *White*; and which the best mezzotinto scrapers at present use, to give a strength to particular parts; I speak only of a harsh and injudicious lineal termination.

Mezzotinto excels each of the other species of prints, in its capacity of receiving the most beautiful effects of light and shade: as it can the most happily unite them, by blending them insensibly together. Of this *Rembrandt* seems to have been aware. He had probably seen some of the first mezzotintos; and admiring the effect, endeavoured to produce it in etching, by a variety of intersecting scratches.

We cannot get more than a hundred good impressions from a mezzotinto plate. The rubbing of the hand soon wears it smooth: and yet by constantly repairing it, it may give four or five hundred, with tolerable strength. The first impressions are not always the best. They are too black and harsh. The best is from the fortieth to the sixtieth. The harsh edges will then be softened down, and yet there will be spirit and strength enough left.

The *dry needle*, as it is called, is a manner between etching and engraving. It is performed by cutting the copper with a steel point, held like a pencil; and differs from etching only in the force with which you work. This method is used by all engravers in their skies, and other *tender* parts; and some of them extend it still further.

Within fifteen or twenty years, a new mode of etching has come much into use, called *aquatinta*. It is so far similar to the common mode of etching, that the shadows are bitten into copper by aqua-fortis, from which the lights are de-

fended by a prepared *granulated* ground. Through the minute interstices of this ground the aquafortis is admitted, and forms a kind of wash. In the composition of this *granulation*, the great secret of the art consists; and different artists have their different modes of preparing their ground. Some also strengthen the aquatinta wash by the use of the needle, as in common etching, which, in landscape especially, has a good effect. The secret of the art, however, does not entirely consist in preparing and laying on the ground. Much experience is necessary in the management of it.

The great advantage of this mode of etching is, that it comes nearer to drawing than any other species of working on copper: the shades are thrown in by a wash, as if with a brush. It is also, when perfectly understood, favourable to dispatch. In general, indeed, it seems better adapted to a rough sketch than a finished work; yet in skilful hands, when aided by the needle or graver, it may be carried to a great height of elegant finishing.

On the other hand, the great disadvantage of this mode of etching arises from the difficulty of making the shades graduate softly into the lights. When the artist has made too harsh an edge, and wishes to burnish it off, there is often a middle tint below it; in burnishing off the one, he disturbs the other; and instead of leaving a soft graduating edge, he introduces in its room an edging of light.

Aquatinta was first introduced into England, though but little known, about forty or fifty years ago, by a Frenchman of the name of La Prince. It has since been improved by several artists. Sanby used it very happily in several of his prints; Jukes, also, and Malton have done some good things in this way; but Alken carried it to the highest degree of perfection, and had some secret in preparing and managing his ground, which gives his prints a very superior effect.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF FINE ARTS IN ENGLAND, AT THE CLOSE OF 1805.

MESSRS. Boydell's Shakespeare, Bowyer's History, Macklin's Poets, and some other great works, being completed without any similar establishments in their room, and the convulsions of Europe having afforded so many facilities to such as purchase ancient and foreign pictures in preference to those of living artists, presents but a dreary prospect to the English professors of either painting or engraving. Though it must be admitted, that in some instances home-made productions were not worthy of the subjects selected from the poet, or the prices paid by the employer, yet it must also be admitted, that among a few genuine specimens of fine art, which have been consigned from abroad, there have been many inferior and damaged pictures, and many fabricated copies, smoked into antiquity, and sold at treble the prices, for which superior pictures from English painters might have been purchased.

To counteract these alarming circumstances, the British Institution, now established at what was lately the Shakespeare Gallery, in Pall-mall, embraces a number of objects that promise essential benefit to the English school.

The plan is as follows.

1. The object of the establishment is to facilitate by a public exhibition the sale of the productions of British artists, to encourage the talents of young artists, by premiums, and by the annual application of such funds as may be obtained for that purpose; to endeavour to form a great and public gallery of the works of British artists, together with a few select specimens of the great schools.

2. The exhibition and the gallery to be exclusively confined to the productions of artists of, or resident in the united kingdom.

3. Historical pictures and land-

scapes to be the preferable subjects of premiums and of purchases for the gallery; but other works of the above-mentioned artists to be admissible, if deemed worthy.

4. A preference to be given to such pictures as have been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

5. The funds to be derived from benefactions, from annual subscriptions, from small fees on reception of the pictures, and commissions on the sale of them.

6. The members of the establishment to be admitted in seven different classes. 1. Benefactors of one hundred guineas or more in one sum. 2. Benefactors of fifty guineas in one sum. 3. Annual subscribers of five guineas or more. 4. Benefactors of thirty guineas in one sum. 5. Annual subscribers of three guineas. 6. Benefactors of ten guineas in one sum. 7. Annual subscribers of one guinea a year. These rules are followed by several others, relative to the admission of subscribers, &c.; and it is stated that benefactors of one hundred guineas or upwards shall have the same privileges as the others in perpetuity, and be the hereditary patrons of the establishment; and out of that body the president and treasurer is to be annually elected; the whole to be under the government of a committee consisting of fifteen directors. It is further stated, that the reception-fees on pictures exhibited, shall be in proportion to the size of the picture, and not to its intrinsic value; and that the commission on the sale is to be one shilling in the pound; and that the rooms are to be shut up during the time of the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Several first rate artists, among whom, are sir Wm. Beechey and Mr. Westall, are preparing pictures for this institution; and Mr. Ward, by the advice of the marquis of Stafford, who gave him fifty guineas for the original sketch, exhibits the picture of *The Lyboya Serpent* seizing its prey; the size of which is upwards of twelve feet by nine. The same artist has lately painted for lord Somerville two landscapes, comprising very picturesque views, taken from part of his lordship's estate in Somersetshire; also, two dogs and a puppy, of the Dalmatian breed, the property of captain Basset; this is painted in the manner of Hondius, and is a most spirited performance. From seeing a very capital picture of a white horse by Vandyke, in the royal collection, Mr. Ward has been induced to paint in imitation of the manner a portrait of *Adonis*, his majesty's favourite Hanoverian charger; and it is a very correct and spirited production. Mr. Ward is now engaged in painting several pictures for the duke of Bedford, sir Watkin Williams Wynne, &c. He occasionally engraves, and is now engaged in a mezzotinto of the present bishop of Gloucester, from Lawrence, which promises to be a very superior print.

For his Italian views, Mr. Freebairne has been long pre-eminent: the poetic taste with which they are conceived; the appropriate character with which they are delineated; and the classic purity with which they are coloured, entitles them to a high rank with all men of taste. His right to this character is displayed in some pictures now in his painting-room. One of them is a view of the Bay of Naples, with the promontory of Pausillipo, in which was situated Virgil's academy; the Port of Civita Vecchia; the Vale of Tempe, and a scene in the environs of Delphi. To show that he can give to English scenery its appropriate graces, he has painted some English views; a view on the Thames near Marlow, which he has lately completed, is in an admirable style; it is a morning scene, with the boats, barges, and craft going off; the water painted in a beautiful transparent manner, with English barges, English boats, and English figures.

Nollekins, whose taste and talents as a sculptor are so well known, whose female figures have been remarked for elegance and grace, has just finished two statues of Venus, as large as life, and extremely beauti-

ful. In one of them, she is represented as putting on her sandal; in the other, adjusting her hair. He has also finished a new bust of Mr. Fox. Of the old bust, it is a remarkable circumstance, and exhibits a singular proof of the popularity of the original, as well as of the merit of the sculptor, that Nollekins has carved in stone fifteen, at one hundred guineas each, for the following distinguished personages. The late empress of Russia, the prince of Wales, the duke of Norfolk, duke of Northumberland, duchess of Devonshire, lord Moira, lord Townshend, lord Holland, duke of Bedford, lord William Russel, Mr. Byng, Mr. Baker, the East India company, sir Francis Burdett, lord St. Vincent, Mr. Long, &c., &c. He has in hand a monumental statue of the late Mr. Townley, the proprietor of the capital collection of statues, which are to be removed to the British Museum. The above is to be erected in the chancel of the church at Burnley, Lancashire, which was built by some of Mr. Townley's family.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH AFRICAN COLONY AT BULAM.

MUCH as all must wish the abolition of slavery and the promotion of a commendable intercourse with the inhabitants of Africa, the colonizing scheme possesses more of romantic virtue than of true wisdom. The object to be accomplished seems too vast for the means employed, and the good to be effected lies at a remote distance. We may hope that, in time, Africa will be civilized; but the occupation by Europeans of a few inconsiderable islands, on a small part of its western coast, does not promise to make any extensive impression on the sentiments and manners of its inhabitants. In reply, however, it might be said that every thing must have a beginning; and that Africa can only be civilized by bringing her in contact with more enlightened nations, and by establishing a communication between her and the christian world, on principles at least not abhorrent to christianity. Such were the views of the projectors of the Bulam expedition.

In the year 1791, Mr. Beaver, being then a lieutenant of the royal navy, out of employ, and preferring an active life to lounging about the capital, formed several schemes which were not executed, and at last engaged with a few gentlemen in attempting a settlement on the uninhabited island of Bulam, near the mouth of the Grande. Having advertised their plan, many subscribers were soon obtained; and on April 13, 1792, little more than three months after the commencement of the project, *two hundred and seventy-five* colonists, including men, women, and children, left England, in three vessels, the Calypso, Hankey, and Beggar's Benison, for the place of their destination.

With such haste and inexperience was this affair concerted, that they illegally proceeded to form a constitution for the future regulation of the colony, without the approbation of government. The motives, indeed, were highly creditable to the gentlemen concerned, and, if their measures were irregular, they could not be attributed to sedition: for their sole objects were to purchase land in Africa from those who claimed a right to the soil, and not to take forcible possession of it; to try whether it could not be cultivated by free natives, to induce the degraded Africans to labour and industry, and to ameliorate their condition by the introduction of religion and letters.

It will easily be supposed that a number of colonists, who were hastily obtained from all quarters by means of public advertisements, did not all enter into these sublime views; and that the majority of them did not weigh the nature of the undertaking, but engaged in it with the hope of exchanging their present ills

for some happy region beyond the Atlantic. Scarcely, however, were they embarked when discontents arose; and Mr. Beaver perceived that he had collected individuals whose character and conduct did not augur success.

Soon after they sailed, the Calypso parted company; and though the vessels were appointed to rendezvous at Teneriffe, previously to their proceeding for Bulam, the Calypso, which first arrived at the former island, did not wait for its companions, but made all haste to reach the latter; and its crew having imprudently taken forcible possession of it, they were attacked by the Africans, and several of them were slain and made prisoners.

When Mr. Beaver arrived, after an interesting voyage in the Hankey, he found the first detachment of settlers dispirited by this melancholy circumstance, and the majority of the adventurers soon resolved on abandoning the colony, in the Calypso. He prevailed, however, on a part to persevere in their original intention; and having made a purchase of the island of Bulama, so it is called in Africa, from the neighbouring kings, he took possession of it on July 19, 1792, with only 86 colonists, besides 4 seamen and a boy, who had unanimously voted him their president.

In a journal written on the island, from the sailing of the Calypso to its final evacuation on November 29, 1793, Mr. B. presents an afflicting account of their hardships and gradual mortality. Of the 275 persons who sailed from England, in order to settle on the island, there remained to him, after eleven months were elapsed, only three white and two black men, with two boys; who, together with three sailors, made the whole strength of the colony! His own exertions were so severe and unremitting, that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of them without transcribing almost all his journal.

When he saw the settlers almost daily falling sacrifices to the unhealthiness of the climate, and to despondency of mind, it is surprising that his own firmness remained unshaken; and that he himself should have survived several attacks of fever with which he was afflicted. On the day following his recovery from a severe illness he records the following particulars:

Between seven and eight in the evening I could no longer articulate; but was seized with a rattling in my throat, wich I conceived to be a symptom of my no very distant dissolution. I was still sensible; and, indeed, for an hour after this rattling first seized me. It was now that I heard every one say that it was all over; and that captain Cox, sitting by the sky-light almost immediately over me, said that to-morrow he should have orders to get ready to sail for England. This, now that I am better, Mr. Munden and Mr. Aberdein, the only two members of the committee, have confirmed; as they had made up their minds to give such orders the moment that I was dead; for neither of them would take charge of the colony, and indeed, if they would, nobody would have staid when I was gone.

I can with truth aver, that if in these moments I had the least wish to live, it was to preserve this colony. Death, if thou never comest clothed in greater terrors, I shall never be afraid to meet thee; for the happiest moments of my existence were those, when I expected to cease to be. May my future life be such as to enable me always to meet thee thus!

About nine, I fell into a dose; and did not awake until late next morning, the 16th, when I was out of danger; and am this day well enough to sit up a little.

Afterwards, on December 18, 1792, on his recovering from a subsequent fever, his memorandums are:

Continue to get better. A fine breeze from the N. E. Peter and my man continue at work, but what is their work to what we have to do? It is like a drop of water compared with the ocean. Peter

is weak with a slight flux, and Waston is not very strong. Died, and was buried, Joseph Riches. Myself well enough to walk about a little; the N. E. wind continued to blow fresh all day, the therm. in the morning was 72, and has not risen higher than 77; in short, it has been the coolest and pleasantest day that I have yet experienced on the island. Its bracing coolness has almost cured me, who have been from day-light till dark exposed to it, while our indolent sick have been pent up all day in their stinking eating house, which has scarcely been cleaned since they came on shore, rather than exert themselves so much as to go into this renovating air. In the evening, when we leave off work, Peter goes on board the cutter; and my man and myself remain to defend the block-house! 'tis well we are not attacked. Since the departure of the Hankey, I have had no one to speak to, no conversation. I do not think it safe to show lights, and therefore cannot read in the evening; indeed, my head at present could not bear it; so that, after we leave off work, I sit about two hours alone in the dark, in sullen deliberation on what we are to do on the morrow, and then go to bed. How different this, from the life I have been accustomed to!

Since the first of this month, of 19 men, 4 women, and 5 children, we have buried 9 men, 3 women, and 1 child, which is, except one, half of the whole colony. It is melancholy no doubt, but many have absolutely died through fear. More courage, and greater exertions, I firmly believe, would have saved many of them; but a lowness of spirits, a general despondency, seems to possess every body. When taken ill, they lie down and say that they know they shall die; and, what is very remarkable, I have never yet known one recover after having, in such a manner, given himself up.

To relieve the colonists in their severe labour, and to supply the deficiencies occasioned by the ravages of mortality, Mr. B. hired Grumetas, or native African servants: who were very useful in burning the wood, in clearing and inclosing the ground intended to be planted, and in erecting the block-house, which was intended as the citadel, or place of shelter and defence. At last, however, the number of settlers being reduced to six, of whom three were ill and one was lame, he was obliged to yield to their determination to quit the island; after the block-house had been constructed, and nearly 15 acres of ground were cleared and inclosed.

I must confess, says he, that in going out of the harbour I feel a great reluctance at being obliged to abandon a spot which I have certainly very much improved; and to see all my exertions, my cares, and anxieties for the success of this infant colony entirely thrown away. But, at the same time, I do feel an honest consciousness that every thing that could be reasonably expected from me has been done, to secure, though without success, its establishment.

As Mr. Beaver seems to have been the very soul of this expedition, we shall give a full length view of this indefatigable colonist; it will teach us how much it is possible for a man to do for himself and others. This enterprizing man is, in many respects, a second or new Robinson Crusoe, and his adventures are more instructive and little less amusing than those of De Foe's hero.

Though I am not an advocate for Rousseau's mode of educating his Emilius, yet I cannot help thinking that the more practical knowledge one can acquire, the better; it makes a man acquainted with his own resources, and a less dependent being. I therefore, so far as relates to myself only, consider my time on the island of Bulama, independent of the motives which led me to, or kept me there, instead of being thrown away, as the best spent period of my life; for I was so completely thrown upon myself, as to be obliged to rely more upon my

own individual resources and exertions, than I otherwise, probably, ever should have done.

For one year of that time I had not an individual to converse with; and lived almost as much the life of a hermit, as if there had not been another human being on the island. It is true that I set every body to work, and directed them what to do, but there our intercourse ceased: their work done, the Grumetas retired to their houses, the settlers to their rooms, except at the latter part of my stay on the island, when, in order to keep up for Mr. Hood, the only surviving subscriber, some degree of respect, which he appeared to me to be fast losing, I always had him to dinner with me, which occupied the hour between one and two.

Besides, during the seventeen months that I remained on the island, I had occasion, and indeed was obliged, to practise more occupations and professions, though I never before had a tool of any kind in my hand, than would otherwise have ever been the case, in the whole course of my life. To wit:

1st. Carpenter.—In all its branches, from that of making a broom-stick to that of building a house.

2d. Joiner.—In such works as making chairs, tables, stools, shelves, and cupboards, &c.

3d. Sawyer.—Which I found the most difficult of the whole.

4th. Brick-maker.

5th. Tanner.—When I left the island I had just finished tanning a number of goat skins, for the bottoms of a set of chairs.

6th. Thatcher.

7th. Chandler.—I made candles, both dips and moulds.

8th. Rope-maker.—I was obliged to make a great deal of rope before I could leave the island with the cutter.

9th. Sail-maker.

10th. Caulker.

11th. Plasterer.

12th. Carcase butcher.—It more than once fell to my lot to skin and cut up a bullock, which had been killed for the colonists.

Among those which are dignified by the name of professions, may be reckoned,

1st. Engineer.—If the fixing upon the ground, and tracing the line of a square fort, with a bastion at each angle, will confer it.

2d. Architect.—Insomuch as the drawing the plan, elevation, and section of the block-house, ere it was commenced, can entitle me to it.

3d. Surveyor.

4th. Apothecary.—With this difference, in practice, that I never *made a bill.*

Indeed that practice was confined to one disease only, fever. To each man that came to me with it, I gave four grains of tartar emetic, or fifteen of ipecacuanha, which having operated, he had as much bark in port wine as he could swallow, while the fit was not on him: to women and children the dose was less, in proportion to their strength and constitution. This must be understood as being done after the surgeon had left us only, and this was the utmost extent of my sins in this profession.

I might greatly increase both lists were it necessary. Some of the employments were not, certainly, very dignified; however, to make amends, I was honoured with very fine, nay magnificent, titles. The Portuguese always called me governor; the Bijugas, capitano; but all the other nations, king (rey). If, therefore, I felt humbled, by the low employment of stripping a bullock of its hide, I might the next hour not only recover my importance, but feel more exalted than I had before felt humbled, by being accosted with the title of rey. And again, if the title of king should turn my head with vanity and pride, I might the next day be brought to a more just estimation of my consequence by being obliged to cook for the colonists.

Long as is this catalogue of trades and professions, which Mr. B. followed during his residence on the

island of Bulam, it is not complete. He should have added that of *clergyman;* for, whenever his health would permit, he read prayers to the colony on Sundays.

Among the causes of the failure of the expedition, Mr. Beaver enumerates, as the principal, the carrying men of the most infamous character and vicious habits; the arriving on the coast of Africa in the rainy season; and the omitting to carry out the frame and materials of a house or houses, sufficient to secure the whole colony on their arrival from the rains and from the sun. The secondary causes were the act of hostility of the natives on the crew of the Calypso, the ravages of the fever, and the general despondency. Yet, though a series of untoward circumstances forced him to abandon the enterprize, he flatters himself that their labour was not uselessly employed, and that the time spent on the island was not altogether lost. He thinks that he succeeded in effecting a favourable alteration in the minds of the Africans relative to the character of the Europeans, and in particular of the English. He regards also the material points of inquiry as completely established, viz., that tropical productions can be propagated on the island of Bulama and on the adjacent shores; that this can be performed by means of free natives; and that, by cultivation and commerce, civilization can be introduced among them. From being able to accomplish what they did effect, and considering the incompetency of their force to command respect, he infers that, had the expedition been planned with more wisdom, and executed with more energy, his conclusions would have been substantiated by important facts.

The island of Bulama is about seven leagues in length, its breadth various, from five to two leagues; the land rises gradually, generally speaking, from the shore, to the moderate height of about 50 feet above the level of the sea, and appears to be covered with wood, though there are some natural savannahs in it, and some places cleared by its former inhabitants, or late Bijuga lords; the soil is every where rich and prolific, and affords ample pasturage to innumerable elephants, buffaloes, deer, and other wild animals which graze on its surface; the sea, which abounds with excellent fish of various kinds; in short, here reigns abundance of every thing requisite to the comforts of savage life.

Its general appearance is that of the most luxuriant vegetation. It seems to have been produced in one of nature's happiest moods.

As to the territory comprized between Cape Roxo and Ghinala, an extent of about 180 miles, in the whole world, one cannot be found more rich and fertile. The animals, as well as vegetables, are of various kinds; among the former are elephants, and on these huge yet peaceable animals several attacks were made by the colony: but Mr. B. was so much affected by the cries of two which they succeeded in killing, that he resolved never more to annoy them. Among the vegetables which were cultivated, rice, yams, manioc, Indian corn or maize, ground nuts, plantains, bananas, pumpkins, water melons, oranges, limes, pine apples, papaws, &c., &c. are the chief; and of those which are wild, the sugar cane, cotton shrub, and indigo plant seem the most valuable: besides which, there are trees of almost every size and texture.

Mr. B. insists upon the following principles as those by which a colony on the coast of Western Africa ought to be established:

First, that no land be ever taken from the natives by force; and that we do not ever make a settlement without their consent. We should even re-purchase the land already bought, rather than our right to it be disputed.

The second is, that no person can be employed as a slave in any of our settlements, nor on board any ship or vessel belonging to the colonists.

At the same time that the employment of slaves is prohibited to the European colonists, these must also be forbidden to interfere in the smallest degree whatever with the employment of them by the native kings or chiefs, in their own towns or territories. Nothing must be done against their independence. The abolition of that execrable trade must be left to the gradual, but sure, operation of reason, and example. Should we endeavour to prevent the native chiefs from selling slaves, so sudden, and so violent, a check to one of their immemorial customs, the reason, the policy, or the justice of which it is impossible for them at first to comprehend, would ill dispose them towards us, and make them either treacherous friends or open enemies to the success of our undertaking; at the same time that not one slave less would be annually sold, notwithstanding our ill-advised and absurd attempts to prevent it; and by such means the slave trade never will be abolished. Whereas if these people are left to themselves, and to the operation of reason and example, without the smallest shock to any of their customs or prejudices, I question very much if a slave will ever be seen in any native town of the colony at the expiration of fifteen or twenty years. But if a misguided zeal for the abolition of slavery be manifested, it will tend to prolong its continuance, and the colony never can, and never will flourish. The absurdity of very well meaning persons, in thinking that they can overcome vices, customs, or prejudices, immemorially rooted in an unenlightened people, by shocking, instead of gradually enlightening their understandings, has done a great deal of mischief already.

To begin by telling a native chief, the instant you have got into his country, that of his six wives he must put away five, because it is a great sin, and forbidden by the laws of God, to have more than one, will certainly astonish the chief, but will not induce him to part from his wives.

As to the word sin, it is impossible that it can convey any idea to him; it is not within the limits of possibility for him to comprehend the idea which it is meant to convey; and of the laws of God he will have as little knowledge. But he will know that it is the custom, and ever has been, in this country, for every man to keep as many wives as he can afford; and that he is respected in proportion to the number of them which he maintains. Now, to insist upon his parting from the cause of his respect, without assigning any comprehensible reason for his so doing, betrays a more barbarous mind than the one intended to be enlightened.

If, after this, the same person goes on, and tells the chief, that drunkenness is also a sin, and that he must give up drinking spirits; in short, that he will not sell him any, nor suffer any to be sold to him for the future; the chief, who has been accustomed to drink spirits, and to see every one else do the same, when it was to be procured, will begin to think this European a little unreasonable, and will not be desirous of having him for a neighbour. But if the European goes on, and tells him that he must change his religion and become a christian, or else when he dies that he will be tormented for ever, this chief will probably inquire what he means by being a christian, that he may avoid this fate. When his European instructor goes on from one dogma to another, all alike unintelligible in the present intellectual state of the chief, the belief in which, he tells him, is essential to his salvation: the latter, who thought him unreasonable at first, now thinks him outrageously so; and that he is either a madman, a fool, or an impostor; and to get rid of people professing such doctrines will be his constant endeavour. Absurd as such conduct must appear, I have seen conduct towards a native chief yet more so; and much mischief has already been done by the fanatical zeal of some misguided people. I could give instances, but they are

so incredibly extravagant, that they would scarcely find credit among sober-minded people. If conduct like this be pursued in the intended colony, it will never succeed, and the condition of the natives will never be improved.

For the Literary Magazine.

A NEW SPECIES OF HORN MUSIC.

JOHN AUTHONY MARESCH was born in Bohemia, in 1719, and was early taught music, especially to blow the French horn: at the same time he learned to play on the violoncello; and indeed every prudent professor on a wind instrument ought likewise to be well versed on some string instrument, as many accidents may impair his mouth or his breath. In Berlin he was patronized by count Bestuchef, whom, in 1748, he attended to Petersburg. Here he had the honour of performing on the French horn before the empress Elizabeth, who was surprised and charmed with his ease in executing the most difficult passages, as well as with the soft and agreeable tone he blew from his instrument, which had never before been heard to such perfection in Russia. The empress engaged him immediately in her service, and he had apartments assigned him in the palace of marshal Narischkin, grand-master of the hunt, the theatre, and the chapels.

Occupied in amending the discordant hunting horns, Maresch invented the music which we are going to describe: an invention which will cause him to be remembered in the musical world, long after he is forgotten as a French horn player.

In 1751, marshal Narischkin ordered Maresch to get all his hunting horns tuned regularly, whereas hitherto they had been used just as they came from the coppersmith, which made a most disagreeable noise when blown on together, even to the least musical ear.

This was done in D, F sharp, A, D, and sixteen performers were appointed to quadruple this chord when necessary, and occasionally to sound a correct third, fifth, or octave.

The marshal, who was himself a judge of music, was desirous of having these horns accompany other instruments, which at that time appeared very difficult, as the performers knew nothing of music, and each could only blow his single note on his own horn. Maresch set about this with spirit, and caused horns to be made for two complete octaves including the semi-tones, tuned according to the temperature of the organ and other keyed instruments.

He then had to teach a number of young men to count 1, 2; 1, 2, 3; 1, 2, 3, 4; &c., uniformly, and accurately in time. When they were perfect in this, he wrote all the tones which were in the whole partition of the pieces to be played, each separately, and as these performers, being merely Russian peasants, were not acquainted with notes, he specified all the rests by numerical figures which they were to count till they came to a black spot, when they were to sound their horn, and continue that sound precisely so long as was expressed by different marks which they had to learn, though, as each horn could only produce one sound, lines were unnecessary. The key note, its name, and to which octave it belonged, was written on each piece.

In order to teach them to count the time correctly, he was obliged to make use of a bell: the clang of the horns being so great as to shake the room, so much that no other kind of sound could be heard.

The entire harmony required twelve French horns, two trumpets, and two common post horns. The first four pieces were in D; thus six French horns were in D, two in A, two in G, one in C sharp, and one in E, to supply the middle and lowest tone which are wanting in the horns in D.

Instead of kettle drums, two machines were made in the shape of a

drum: in each was a cylinder, which when turned round struck four bells, tuned according to the two chords, D, F sharp, A, D, and A, C sharp, E, A.

This music lasted about a year; but it was subject to the inconvenience of procuring the performers from different houses, which could not be done at all times.

Maresch was therefore ordered by the marshal to teach the French horn to twelve of his own people, in order to have no need of strangers; and he was to enable them to perform in concert within a twelvemonth. This appeared next to impossible, because on every other instrument the precise place can be pointed out, so as to make the tone required, but not so on the French horn and trumpet, so that whoever is not already versed in music, as a singer, a player on the harpsichord, bass, flute, or some such instrument, cannot in many years become a good French horn player. This brought him to consider whether something might not be effected with their monotonous horns. Hence the first idea of the Russian horn music.

His scholars had not the least knowledge of music, and could neither read nor write; but, as the Russians have naturally a good musical ear, in a few months he taught them to execute with tolerable precision an easy trio. This music, executed publicly, gave such satisfaction, that, in 1757, being performed at Moscow before the empress, she gave orders that Maresch might take any of the musicians from the imperial chapel to complete his band. This now became an imperial band, and the empress ordered that any of the performers who chose, should be taught to play on various instruments at her expence.

In 1773, this band performed an entire opera at Moscow, and in 1775, the opera of Alceste. In 1777, it had risen to such a pitch of perfection as to execute with the same precision as any other orchestra, though with much greater effect, the overtures of Henry IV, *le Deserteur*, *la belle Arsenie*, *le Tableau parlant*, *le Marchand de Smirne*, *Zemire et Azor*, &c.

Fugues in four parts were likewise performed in a far superior manner than could be done on any organ, as the low notes were all doubled. A difficulty still remained relative to tuning the horns, which was conquered by fixing a brass cap with two screws at the end of each horn, so that, by shortening or by lengthening it, the true tone might be obtained.

Maresch about this time was attacked by apoplexy, which in 1789 deprived him entirely of his speech, and of the use of his right arm; which attack he survived till 1794.

For the Literary Magazine.

A MODERN KNIGHT ERRANT.

A LIEUTENANT in a French regiment, which had been reduced, was allowed a pension of two hundred livres (forty dollars) till he could be replaced; which, with another two hundred (forty more) as an ancient pupil of the royal military school, formed the whole of his income. He was also decorated with the order of our Lady of Mount Carmel, or of St. Lazarus. He learned to limit his wants within his narrow means. Full of zeal, of spirit, and of resources, he was desirous of employing the interval of exemption from service in examining the armies of the principal powers of Europe: but with finances so contracted as his were, he would have found it difficult to fulfil that project, had he not been aided by a sort of philosophy which soared far above common ideas. He resolved to travel on foot, with a havresac on his back. He proceeded in this way through the duchy of Wirtemberg, and the electorate of Bavaria, and arrived at Vienna, where he introduced himself to the French ambassador, by whom he was civilly received, and

invited to dine on a day fixed. The minister, informed of his mode of travelling, advised him to observe secrecy on that head, while he resided in the Austrian capital: but he gave his excellency to understand that he was not to be catechized, and he was allowed to follow his own discretion. When the appointed day came, he appeared at the dinner of the ambassador, who, full of attention, presented every delicacy to the officer, which was uniformly declined. "You have no appetite (said the minister), since you refuse every thing that I offer to you." "It is because I have finished my dinner (the other replied); soup and beef are all that I require. If I took any thing more, the ordinary dinners which my small means will allow me would become unpleasant, and my health would suffer by it. We diminish ourselves by increasing our wants, and we aggrandize ourselves by contracting them." The intelligence which he displayed induced an Austrian commander to invite him to view the manœuvres of the imperial troops, of which proposal he was glad to avail himself, since this was the principal object of his journey.

After a sufficient stay at Vienna, in the course of which he made many observations on the formalities of the court, and still more on the Austrian military tactics, he took his leave of the ambassador, who gave him letters to the French minister at Berlin. Several Frenchmen of rank, who were quitting Vienna for the Prussian capital at the same time with our chevalier, pressed him to accept of a place in their carriages: but his resistance was not to be overcome. "I have made it a law to myself," replied he, thanking them, "to travel on foot as long as my strength will hold out. In this mode, objects are less liable to escape an attentive eye; and the art of judging well of them is only to be purchased with labour." The ambassador at Vienna had given very flattering accounts of the young officer to the minister at Berlin, if we may judge from the agreeable reception which he experienced.

The prince of Prussia, to whom the French minister had spoken of the original and interesting character of the lieutenant, was desirous of seeing him: but it was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to be presented. The prince, however, loaded him with kindness, and offered to announce him to the king; but he entreated him to suspend this last favour, it being less his desire to be made known to the hero, than to admire his trophies, his works, and his genius. The prince, in compliance with his intreaty, only solicited for him the monarch's permission that he might attend the grand manœuvres at Potzdam, which was obtained. On the day when the manœuvres were to commence, he presented himself at Potzdam; and the hussars who kept the ground permitted him to pass. He stood alone in the midst of the immense plain, when three superb chargers were brought to him from the prince royal, with the desire that he should mount that which pleased him best. He begged to decline the offer: but the equerry observed to him that he could not without a horse get out of the way of the troops during their manœuvres, that the king's orders were express that no pedestrian should be admitted, and that he must mount or quit his station. The chevalier replied, that, since matters were so, he would retire whenever it was proper. The prince, informed of the determination of the chevalier, imparted it to the king, who ordered that the troops should regard the French officer as an obstacle in their way, and consequently avoid him whenever they passed over the ground on which he stood.

Never had the chevalier seen troops so brilliant, nor so admirably disciplined. Intelligence seemed to

pervade the ranks of the veteran bands which Frederic had conducted to glory. It appeared as if the royal hero felt pride in exhibiting their admirable evolutions to the French observer. Those of the cavalry above all excited his astonishment; the columns, advancing in full gallop with incredible speed, were able to make an opening when they approached him, as if he had been some terrific gulph. Cool and intrepid in the midst of the dusty whirlwind, and charmed with a spectacle so instructive, he was alive only to admiration.

He was at last persuaded to be introduced to the king. When in the presence, Frederic said, "They have informed me that you were desirous not to see me, though you do not hate me."—"Sire, I feared to look a great man in the face, and my littleness sought concealment."—"These qualities do not belong to us. I am informed of your worth, and I would gladly be of use to you."—"With a strong mind, and few wants, your majesty is not ignorant that one enjoys the tranquillity of the sage."—"Yes, but I know your situation. You are free; trust your destiny to me, and accept of a company of dragoons in my service."—"Ah! sire, I fall at your feet with gratitude, but what would your majesty think of me, if after my education had cost the king my master ten thousand livres, I renounced his service? A younger brother from Gascony, I have nothing more noble to give him in discharge of my debt, than a devotion which knows no bounds, zeal, and courage."—"These sentiments honour you in my estimation. Well, be at ease; I will obtain permission for you to remain in my service till you are restored to your rank." "The more your majesty abounds in generosity, of which it is impossible that I should be worthy, the more am I emboldened to state that I am prompted by real delicacy not to avail myself of your powerful influence. It is under the triumphant eagle of Prussia, under him who rendered it such, that admiration would fix me, if I were not a Frenchman: but born with this fair title, I ought to preserve it free even from suspicion." Frederic applauded this virtuous resignation.

At the end of three weeks the chevalier one morning imparted to the French minister the low state of his finances. He had scarcely touched on this point, before the ambassador thus thought within himself: "Behold the pretended philosopher, like many others, is come to the end of his part; he is about to apply to my purse; let me deliver him from his embarrassment by opening it to him."—"Do you chance to be in want of money?" the minister suddenly asked him. —"Money! Oh! no, I have yet twenty crowns, I have wherewith to support me for two months: but they will be gone, and then I shall have nothing. A year's pension is in arrear to me; can you write to the minister of war, and get it paid to me at Berlin? If this can be done, I shall be able to extend my travels to Russia; if it cannot, I must return to France."—"Why should I not pay it to you in advance, and wait to be reimbursed?"—"I return you thanks, but that would have the appearance of a loan, and I never accept any. If they do not pay me, I must return to France; that will be all the inconvenience." The ambassador wrote: and when the time necessary in order to receive an answer had passed, he feigned that he was ordered to pay it from the funds of the embassy; the chevalier received the small pittance which he claimed, and set out for the north.

For the Literary Magazine.

JERSEY.

THE small island of Jersey, in the English channel, exhibits, in many respects, a most extraordinary picture of prosperity. In some

points of view, its condition is no less disastrous and deplorable; and this union of good and bad circumstances in its condition is that which renders it so worthy of notice.

The isle contains twenty-five thousand acres, or a little less than forty square miles. Its inhabitants, in 1771, exceeded twenty-two thousand persons, which, of course, is five hundred and fifty persons to a square mile. Now there is no single county in England, except Middlesex, whose proportional population exceeds this. The populousness of Middlesex evidently arises from its containing in its bosom the overgrown metropolis of the whole empire. Surrey and Lancashire, which, next to Middlesex, are the most populous, contain little more than half the *proportional* population of Jersey, that is, their numbers are between three hundred and twenty and three hundred and fifty to a square mile.

A great population does not always prove a district to have a good soil, or to be well cultivated; nor, on the contrary, does a small population argue, necessarily, a bad soil, or poor culture; because, in the former case, the people may bring their bread and meat from a distance, and, in the latter case, their produce may be sent abroad, and consumed elsewhere.

Two districts equally peopled and of equal extent, and deriving all their bread and meat from their own soil, may not be equally cultivated, because in one may be raised such products, potatoes for example, of which one acre produces a larger quantity, with greater certainty, than of wheat or barley, which may alone be cultivated in the other.

Jersey, however, must be much if not well cultivated; that is, a very large proportion of the whole soil must be in tillage, because wheat, barley, and oats are chiefly raised; because none of its corn is exported; and because they import, in good seasons, no more than the subsistence of one third of the people. The island, therefore, finds bread for more than fourteen thousand five hundred persons.

The actual number of acres in tillage has been ascertained to be about eight thousand acres, so that, in favourable seasons, one acre supplies bread to two persons. The remaining seventeen thousand acres are either uncultivable sand, clay, rock, or fen, or fallow ground, or employed as pasture or grass land for cattle, or set apart for roads, buildings, thickets, or forests. As the island is in general fertile, it follows that a much larger portion of the land than only one third, as at present, might be subjected to the plough or spade; that the sources of subsistence would be greatly augmented by the cultivation of potatoes, and other excellent roots; and that, instead of feeding only two thirds of its present population, comparatively vast as that is, it might conveniently maintain at least double the whole number.

These islanders are said to suffer innumerable evils from a bad government badly administered. Despotism is constitutionally established; the people are deprived of all power in the choice of their civil and religious governors; their laws are absurd, contradictory, vague, and obscure, and their judges arbitrary, corrupt, and cruel: and yet the island overflows with people. Is it true, that a small or great population of a country has no connection with the form or spirit of its government? or what cause is it that makes this isle thus populous in spite of injustice and tyranny?

The truth is, that the great population of Jersey is chiefly owing to the free tenure by which the land is holden, and the partibility of inheritances. Every proprietor may sell or divide his land as he pleases in his lifetime, and, at his death, it is divided among all his children or next heirs. The consequence of this is, that all large estates necessarily become small in a few generations, by being divided into many portions; that the whole commu-

nity are continually tending to the same level, in respect of property; and that marriage is powerfully and generally promoted, by every one's possessing some portion of real estate. This single circumstance has raised the population to its present height, in spite of an *unjust* and oppressive government. The population would proceed much further, a greater portion of the ground would be cultivated, a much larger product would be drawn from the same field, by the introduction of better modes of cultivation, and of more profitable objects of culture, such as beets, carrots, turnips, and potatoes, and by the application of a larger capital and stock to farming, if the government were more just, and the laws more equitable in themselves, and more impartially administered. At present, the people are discouraged and impoverished by excessive and pernicious taxes, by arbitrary fines and causeless punishments, by exactions without number, and by penalties without limit. They have no voice, direct or indirect, in naming the meanest officers of government, which is, in both substance and form, an attribute and consequence purely despotic.

The land is sometimes divided into surprisingly small portions. In some instances, an estate of a hundred acres has, by incessant division, crumbled down to more than a hundred parts, consisting each of less than a single acre. On an average, however, the farms consist of ten acres, and various accidents continually occur to preserve them at this medium. What the thoughtless, the prodigal, or the rash fritter away into small parcels, the prudent, thrifty, and industrious collect together and amalgamate again. What a childless marriage preserves entire or augments, a numerous progeny divides: and these causes, operating alternately, keep things pretty much, upon the whole, at the same point.

For the Literary Magazine.

MILITARY STATE OF FRANCE.

DURING the reigns of Henry IV and Louis XIII, France having no garrison towns except Metz, and no standing armies being maintained by any of the powers of Europe, the peace establishment was on a very small scale. When Henry determined to make war on the duke of Savoy, he had in readiness not more than 6 or 7000 infantry, 1500 horse, and six pieces of cannon. From 1600 to 1609 he had not more than 7000 men on foot. For the war of Cleves, for which he was preparing when he was assassinated, he was preparing an army somewhat under 50,000 men.

In a reign of thirty-three years, Louis XIII was engaged in eleven wars, of which six were intestine, and he only enjoyed eleven years of peace. In time of war, this monarch had above 100,000 men in the field. Though the army was no more than doubled, the expences were quadruple their amount in the preceding reign; so great had been the depreciation of money during that period.

At the peace of the Pyrenees, Louis XIV retained 125,000 men; and the peace establishment which succeeded the treaty of Aix la Chapelle was 6000 more. In the war terminated by the treaty of Ryswick, France had an army of nearly 400,000 men; and the peace establishment which followed did not exceed 140,000. After the peace of Utrecht, the exhausted state of Europe enabled the duke of Orleans to reduce the army to 132,000 men. In the successful war of 1733, the French force was little more than 200,000, the finest army which France ever had on foot. In the war of 1756, Louis XV had nearly 300,000 men in arms; at the peace of 1762 he retained nearly 160,000. In 1789, the army consisted of upwards of 163,000 men. At the be-

ginning of 1792, the nominal force did not amount to 140,000, while the disposable did not exceed 83,000.

In 1792, above 120,000 Austrians, Prussians, Hessians, or emigrants, assembled in the Brisgau, the electorate of Treves, the duchy of Luxembourgh, and the Low Countries, and menaced the French frontier from Henningen to Dunkirk; which was defended by 40,000 men dispersed through the four camps between Laudau and Potentrui: by 17,000 encamped at Fontoi between Londwi and Thionville; by 18,000 men encamped near Sedan, whose commander, La Fayette, had just fled, leaving his army completely deranged; and by 18,000 more in the several camps of Maubeuge, Pont-sur-Samber and Maulde; in all about 93,000 men, and all agitated by the events of the times, enervated by four years of licentiousness, destitute of almost every means of carrying on war, commanded by new officers, and by generals without reputation, who were the objects of universal distrust. Dispersed along the Rhine, the Moselle, the Meuse, and behind the strong places in the north, they were remote from those points of attack at which their presence was indispensible. A want of confidence prevailed between the commanders and the soldiers; officers, privates, and even whole regiments deserted their natal soil, and joined the standards of the enemy; and at this period, also, the Swiss troops were dismissed from the service of France.

Such was the state of things when the duke of Brunswick published his famous proclamations of the 25th and 27th of July, the offensive style of which united all parties against the invaders. The royalists, not less than the revolutionists, indignant at this arrogance which was sanctioned by no success, began to fear if not a partition at least a dismemberment of France; and thus all parties, however opposite in other respects, were agreed on the necessity of opposing the Germans with their utmost energy, should they invade the French territory. This was the weak state of defence in which France was found, when the great powers of the continent threatened her on all the points of her frontier; this was the origin of that inauspicious struggle, which has ended so fatally for Europe; and such was the feeble commencement of that military force, which has since become so colossal. The turn which affairs took may partly be ascribed to the judgment and zeal of general Servan, minister of war: but the efficient causes were the enthusiasm of liberty which had possessed the multitude, and the just calculations of the sober part of the nation, which united all hearts and hands in resisting foreign subjugation. The folly and temerity which characterised the outset of the first coalition, have, unfortunately for the peace of the world, too much infected all their future councils and subsequent measures.

When the convention first assembled, the French frontier was either assailed or threatened by hostile armies to the amount of 300,000; which were opposed by numbers somewhat superior, but consisting, for the most part, of raw troops and inexperienced officers.

In 1794, France had under arms nearly 1,100,000 men. In the short space of a few months, the war of La Vendee swallowed up 46,000. In 1796, the French armies were somewhat short of 580,000, and they continued on much the same footing during the ensuing year. In May, 1798, Bonaparte set out for Malta and Egypt, with 32,375 men, the flower of all the armies.

On the breaking out of the second revolutionary war, the French troops were in a very reduced state; the public enthusiasm had disappeared, and it was necessary to have recourse to compulsion in order to recruit them. In August, 1798, it was decreed by the two legislative bodies that, while the country was in danger, every Frenchman was a soldier; and that an indefinite number, from the age of twenty to that of

twenty-five, in the way of military conscription, should join the armies, if the number of volunteers proved insufficient. Persons married, or widowers having children, were excepted. The conscripts were divided into five classes, each embracing those of each year. This measure has since been made a permanent law of the state. In 1799, the armed force of France did not amount to 300,000 men, including 60,000 employed in the interior, and the Egyptian army; the disposable force being only about 200,000.

In August, 1799, the two councils passed a law, which fixed the number of land forces at 566,420 men; of which 483,000 men were to be infantry, and 76,000 to be cavalry. The army of Egypt was not to be included in this number. In 1800, France had in active service 414,732 men; and in 1805, she had on foot 414,125.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XV.

LOUIS the fifteenth, though a flagitious prodigal of public money on national occasions, was a niggard on all occasions which affected him individually. He could not even bear to lose at play with La Valliere and Goutant. When unfortunate, he perceptibly murmured, and, to conceal his ill-humour, he would eat the wax from the tapers. The minute attention which he paid to his secret finances, which were managed by Bertin, proves how much he was infected with this failing. A thousand traits show that nature had rather formed him to be an attentive farmer general, living in the midst of pleasure and abundance, than to be governor of a great empire. A friend of Piron very well described him in his parody of an epitaph made at the time of his death by a celebrated academician:

Ci git Louis, ce pauvre roi,
On dit qu'il fut bon, mais à quoi?
Here lies poor Louis; he was good, they say;
Was he indeed? But good for what, I pray?

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF CLERMONT TONNERRE.

CLERMONT TONNERRE, bishop of Noyon, was a man of unmeasurable pride, and pushed his claims beyond all bounds. When preaching in his cathedral, he was once heard thus to commence his sermon; *Listen, thou christian mob (canaille), to the word of the Lord.* At another time, disturbed by the whispers of the inattentive, while he was celebrating mass, he turned towards the assembly, crying out: *Really, gentlemen, judging by the noise with which you fill the church, one would conclude that it was a lackey and not a prelate of rank who officiated.*—It was this bishop who, when seized with a dangerous illness, sent for his confessor, and made known to him his fears of hell. The courtly priest replied, "You are very good, my lord, thus gratuitously to terrify yourself: but God will think of it twice before he damns a person of your high birth." The bishop, it is said, was well satisfied with the answer, and very much admired it.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

HORACE is generally considered as the most *untranslateable* of writers. His poetry is, more than that of any other author, distinguished by the *curiosa felicitas*, that grace of language, which it is so difficult to catch and fix in any other tongue. Hence nobody can hope to succeed in making a mere translation of Horace. Instead of *trans-*

lating, we must *imitate;* instead of retaining all his images, with all their adjuncts, we must take them naked and disrobed of all their local and personal accompaniments, and provide them with a dress and situation entirely new and properly our own; instead of going back and placing ourselves in *his* situation, we must compel him to come forward and place himself in *our's*.

Thus no ancient writer has been oftener translated than Horace, yet nobody has met with any tolerable success in the undertaking; but when Pope thought proper to *imitate*, we immediately see a copy entirely worthy of the pattern. Horace himself appears to revive, to become a being of our own age, and a speaker of our own language, and thus enables us to form an adequate conception of his true character and genuine figure in the age of Augustus.

It is a pity that Pope confined his chief attention to the satires and epodes. Had he given us an English copy of the odes, in the same spirit, what an inestimable present would he have made to us! That he was as well qualified to *imitate* the odes as the essays can hardly be doubted; for if Horace were as well qualified to write odes as essays, there is strong reason for concluding that he who could imitate the one so successfully was also qualified to imitate the other. Indeed, this matter rests not merely on conjecture, but on proof. Take, for example, the following imitation, by Pope, of the first ode of the fourth book, addressed to Venus, and judge it with as much impartiality as can be mustered up by a classical scholar:

To number five* direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your
  blooming loves;
Noble and young he strikes the heart!
Equal the injur'd to defend;
With every sprightly, every decent
  part,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the
  friend;
He with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half thy
  kind;
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace
(Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend her
  face.
His house embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary
  scene:
Thither the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves and young
  desires:
There every grace and muse shall
  throng,
Exalt the dance and animate the song:
There youths and nymphs, in concert
  gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting
  day.

* The number of lord Mansfield's chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

In thus successfully imitating Horace, we must take care to allow the copyist his full merit, and to place his merit altogether on a level with that of his pattern. Horace, in this case, would be a pattern or original in relation to Pope, but we must beware of considering the former as an *original* in a general and absolute sense. On the contrary, there is good reason for concluding that the odes of Horace are as much imitations of certain Greek lyric poets, as those of Pope would be of Horace. Independently, indeed, of this consideration, such imitations as Pope's evidently require as much genius for invention, taste for selection, and felicity of language as can be allowed to his original. Perhaps, indeed, it would not be rash to assert that more genius and taste are required to produce such parodies than to indite a composition, purely original, of equal merit; since the former are subjected to trammels and fetters, from which the latter are exempt, and the disadvantages of this restraint are by no means

outweighed by the benefit derived from the hints and clues afforded by the pattern.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

USE OF WATER IN LANDSCAPE.

WATER is one of the grand accompaniments of landscape. So essential is it in adorning a view, that some of the most pleasing compositions fall under one or other of these three heads, *river scenery*, *lake scenery*, or *sea coast views*. The characteristics of these several modes are often blended; but in their simple forms, the first partakes most of *beauty*, the second *introduces grandeur*, on which the third *almost entirely depends*.

The *river view*, unless indeed the river be very grand, or the country sublime, may be merely a scene of rural pleasure. Flocks and herds may pasture on its banks, with shepherds and herdsmen.

The *lake scene*, in which wilder ideas predominate, rejects these trivial appendages, or changes them for such as are more suited to its dignity. Flocks and herds are by no means unnatural appendages even of such a scene; but banditti, gypsies, soldiers, or other wild characters, are more accommodated to it.

In *coast scenery*, if its character be preserved distinct, the ideas of grandeur rise very high. Winding bays, views of the ocean, promontories, rocks of every kind and form, estuaries, mouths of rivers, islands, shooting peninsulas, extensive sand banks; and all these adorned occasionally with castles, light-houses, distant towns, towers, harbours, all the furniture of navigation, and other incidental circumstances which belong to sea coasts, form a rich collection of grand and picturesque materials.

To all these circumstances of grandeur in the *coast view* (to which the lake has little pretension), we may add those vast masses of light and shade which the ocean exhibits; and which often spreading many leagues unbroken and undisturbed, yet gradually fading away, give instances of grandeur which no land illumination can reach. To this we may add the brilliant hues, which are continually playing on the surface of a quiet ocean. Beautiful, no doubt, in a high degree, are those glimmering tints which often invest the tops of mountains: but they are mere corruscations compared with these marine colours, which are continually varying and shifting into each other in all the vivid splendour of the rainbow, through the space often of several leagues.

To these grand ideas, which accompany the *stillness* of the ocean, we may add the sublimity of *storms*. A raging sea, no doubt, breaks the *uniformity of light and colour*, and destroys, of course, that grandeur in the ocean which arises from *the continuation of the same idea*. But it substitutes another species of grandeur in its room. It substitutes immense masses of water, rising in some parts to an awful height, and sinking in others into dark abysses; rolling in vast volumes clashing with each other; then breaking and flashing light in every direction. All this is among the grandest exhibitions that water presents.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHESS, AN ANECDOTE.

THE following little incident is related by the famous Stillingfleet, at that time dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards bishop of Worcester:

When I was fellow of St. John's, I played much at chess; and being fond of it, I attained, as I thought, some degree of excellence; till at length, from beating all the young men at Cambridge who played with me, I began to think myself the best

chess player in England. It happened, on a visit to a friend in London, that an old German officer made one of the party. After dinner we went to different amusements, and it was proposed that he and I should play a game at chess, as we were both known to be chess players. I modestly threw my glove; but my heart beat with a full assurance of triumph. I soon, however, perceived, that my antagonist opened his game in a manner to which I had not been accustomed. This roused all my attention. But while I was defending myself in one quarter (for I quickly found I had to act only on the defensive) I received a severe blow on another. And while I was endeavouring to recover my disordered affairs, the enemy broke in upon me, and shamefully defeated me, without giving me an opportunity of displaying one instance of my prowess. I was convinced, however, that all this mischief had befallen me from too great confidence, and an incautious manner of opening the game. I begged another trial: but it ended in the same disgrace. My antagonist, by this time, was fully apprized what a hero he had to deal with; and, exulting in his success, desired me to fix upon any chamber on the board I pleased, and use all my strength merely to defend that single post: he engaged to attack no other. But in spite of all my endeavours he gave me check mate upon that very spot. Nay, he did it repeatedly; for my shame was now turned into admiration. I sat down therefore contented, and endeavoured to console myself by forming the disgrace I had suffered into a lesson against presumption.

I cannot, in return, said I, sir, tell you a story of my prowess at chess; but if you will give me leave, I will tell you one of my perseverance.

I played a game with a gentleman at my own lodgings, and was victorious. You have taken me, said he, rather inopportunely to-day; but if you will be vacant on Thursday, I shall be this way, and will demand satisfaction. Accordingly on Thursday he came about eleven o'clock; and by the time we had played three games, two of which I had won, his horses came to the door. I cannot leave the matter thus, said he; if you can set any little matter before me, we will go on. Two games more were played, when, in the midst of the third, a bit of roasted mutton appeared: and by the time it was cold, I had defeated him again. I was now four or five games before him. Our intercourse, therefore, with the mutton was short; and we went to work again. I was still victorious, when the horses returned at six. This is provoking, said he, I cannot leave the matter thus. Can I have a bed at the inn? His orders to his servant now were, not to bring the horses till they were sent for. This was a melancholy note to me, fatigued, as I was already, beyond measure. However, as I was under some obligations to the gentleman, and in my own lodgings, I had no choice. The night ended late, and the morning began early. Breakfast came, the barber came, dinner came, all was negligently treated, except the main point. I sighed inwardly, and hoped this visitation would now soon have an end. It lasted, however, all that day; and I was still two games before my antagonist; though I had played as carelessly as I could, without discovering my indifference. As the evening drew on, and I expected every moment to hear a message sent for the horses, I was shocked with his telling me we could not part on these unequal terms. As the next day was Saturday, and he must of necessity, he said, then finish, he would try his fortune once more. So we continued nailed to our board, till a late hour on Friday night; and began again before breakfast, on Saturday morning. Towards the close of the day, our accounts differed in one game. But I was too complaisant to dispute the matter; so the horses were sent for, and I was delivered from such a trial of my patience, as I never before experienced.

For the Literary Magazine.

SHYLOCK VINDICATED.

EVERY body knows the story of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and how heavy a stigma the poet has fixed upon poor Shylock, and through him on his whole nation. The resemblance of Shakespeare's story to the following authentic relation will strike every reader, while the circumstances in which the two stories differ will serve, in some degree, to vindicate the poor Jews from the heavy load of prejudice under which they labour.

It was currently reported in Rome (says Gregorio Læti, in his Life of Pope Sixtus V), that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo, in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer, Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lie." Such sort of wagers, it is well known, are often proposed by people of strong passions, to convince others that are incredulous or obstinate. Nothing is more common than to say, "I'll lay my life on it," "I'll forfeit my life if it is not true," &c.

Secchi, who was of a fiery, hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you 1000 crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut out the flesh, with a sharp knife, from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West Indies, which threw him almost into distraction, especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention.

Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of 1000 pistoles, as an equivalent for a pound of flesh; but the governor, not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or a grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant, at these words, began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of his contract;" and being asked by the pope what he demanded, answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then, turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content?" The Jew answered, "He thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our

laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and they have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers. The governor, thinking to please Sixtus, and willing to know what sort of punishment he had a mind should be inflicted upon them, said, "Without doubt they had been guilty of a very great crime, and he thought they deserved to be fined each of them 1000 crowns." "To be fined each of them 1000 crowns!" answered Sixtus: "do you think that sufficient? What! shall any of our subjects presume to dispose of his life without our permission? Is it not evident that the Jew has actually sold his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body? Is not this a direct suicide? And is it not likewise true that the merchant is guilty of downright premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death, if he insisted upon its being performed, as it is said he did? Shall two such villains be excused for a simple fine?" The governor alledging, "That Secchi protested he had not the least design of insisting upon the performance of the contract, and that the Jew did not at all imagine he would, when he laid the wager," Sixtus replied, "These protestations were only made out of fear of punishment, and because they were in our presence, and therefore no regard ought to be had to them. Let them both be hanged: do you pass that sentence upon them, and we shall take care of the rest." In a word, they were both condemned to suffer death, to the great terror and amazement of every body, though no one durst open his mouth, or call it an unjust sentence.

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions; strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the gallies, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them 2000 crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

For the Literary Magazine

THE FOLLY OF HUMAN WISHES.

POPE SIXTUS V once gave out to all the members of a certain convent, that on a certain day named, he would receive all their petitions, and grant them, fully and without limitation or question. The day having arrived, he received them in the great hall where the consistories are held, seated upon his pontifical throne, with a secretary upon his left hand to take down the name and request of every monk, as he came in his turn to kiss his feet. The general was the first that advanced, and after prostrating himself before the pope, he returned his most humble thanks for the great favour he had received in being appointed general of the order, and said, "The only request he had to make was, that his holiness would vouchsafe to honour him with his patronage and protection, and be pleased to support him in the execution of an office, that was conferred upon him in a chapter summoned by his command, maintained by his bounty, and honoured by his presence."

Others that followed according

to their rank and seniority had their petitions registered. Some were of so whimsical and extravagant a turn that Sixtus seemed much diverted with them. One of them desired a brief, forbidding all other religious to give him any trouble or molestation, or to say any thing abusive or reflecting upon him. It seems he had some reason to ask such a favour, as he was a most insolent and incorrigible fellow, continually plaguing and provoking his brethren to that degree, that he was hated and avoided by the whole community. Another asked for two rooms in the convent, in which he might do whatever he pleased, without being accountable to his superior, or even the pope himself; and said, "He would willingly submit to the discipline of the order, when he was in any other part of the convent;" but insisted upon a total independence and exemption in those apartments, where he should not be prevented from shutting himself up, whenever he had a mind, by any person, or upon any pretence whatsoever; and that if he hereafter happened to deserve punishment, he should be permitted to retire into one of these rooms, and consider whether he liked the kind of punishment or not, and if he did not, he should have the liberty of changing it to such a one as he did like.

A Neapolitan lay-brother, after he had kissed the pope's feet, begged leave to make his wants known to him in private; upon which the pope graciously inclining his ear to him, he desired his holiness would be pleased to permit him to quit his habit and marry, or at least keep a whore, without the warden's having it in his power to hinder it.

A bachelor of Bologna desired a brief, with permission to preach in any church, either regular or secular, and at what hour he pleased, without licence from the ordinary or superior, and to have for his own use all the money that was collected at his sermons.

Father Poppa, the principal of Puglia, requested that his family might be called relations of his holiness, which, he said, would be the highest honour he could ever receive in this world. The pope said he would give his consent, if there was the least colour or foundation for it, and asked him what family he was of; to which the provincial answered, that he was one of the most ancient and richest in Italy. I don't see then, replied Sixtus, how we can possibly make out any relationship, since *we* were only poor hog-keepers, and *you* people of great fortune and estate. Yet we think we have hit upon an expedient to gratify you, which is that you give up your riches to the use of an hospital we have lately founded, and, becoming poor, turn hog-keepers as we were: as for you yourself, we will give orders, after you have been stripped of your habit, that you shall be stationed under our eye, somewhere near the city, that we may see that you behave well in your new occupation, and then we will acknowledge you for our kinsman. The poor provincial was strangely surprised at the answer, which was moderate enough, considering the impertinence of the request. It was expected by some, who know the disposition of Sixtus, that he would actually have put his expedient in execution, i. e., that he would have degraded him, and turned him out of his convent.

No less ridiculous and *mal à propos* was the demand of father Sarev, of Umbria, who desired the pope to grant him a bull, that the convent to which he belonged, and had been so much enriched by the alms that were collected at the sermons which he had preached, might be converted into an abbey; that the *jus patronatus*, or right of presenting to it, might be invested in his family; that no monk should be admitted into it that had not first been three years a servant in his family, or at least to some of his relations; and that he would be pleased to grant to the said abbey one half of

the tythes that belonged to the bishop. The pope could not help drawing up his muscles, and said, *Passate; passate:* Go along; go along; we can't give abbeys to every fool.

He was much pleased at the simplicity of a good old man, of 77 years of age, who was a religious of the province of Rome, and having assisted at seven general chapters, was carried to Rome, in order to have the consolation of seeing this before he died, as he heard it would be a very splendid one. After he had kissed his holiness's feet, he addressed him in this manner: "I should be very glad, holy father, if you could add ten years to my life; but as that is in the power of Heaven alone, I only desire an indulgence in the hour of death, which now cannot be far off." He pronounced these last words with so good a grace, that the pope said, "He wished, with all his heart, he was able to work a miracle, for his sake; but that he thought, as he had lived so long, he might now be very well content to die."

It is hardly possible to conceive the folly and absurdity of some other of their requests, with which the pope was grievously offended. Some asked for cardinals' hats, archbishopricks, abbeys, and other dignities in the church; some for offices that were appropriated to particular orders. A young bachelor asked for the place of master of the palace, which is always possessed by a dominican; others desired bishopricks that were not yet vacant. If he had been inclinable to gratify even those that asked for preferments in their own order, he must have turned every thing topsy-turvy, as some wanted to be perpetual provincials, others to have the power of visiting whatever provinces they pleased, during life; others, again, to chuse what convents they liked best to reside in, or not to be sent far from the place of their birth. Many asked for money to build houses of pleasure, with considerable pensions; and not a few petitioned his holiness to give them leave to lay aside the cowl, as they were thoroughly tired of a monastic life.

Last of all came a lay-brother, about 60 years old, thirty of which he had spent as a servant to the cook and butler of the convent of the Holy Apostles. The old man, bowing down to kiss the pope's feet, who remembered him very well, said, "Holy father, I am a poor lay-brother, in one of the lowest offices that belong to the convent, and not worthy to expect the least of your holiness's favours. The honour I have had of seeing you become head of the church, after having remembered you a private religious, will not give me leave to hope for any thing further. A miserable lay-brother like me ought not to presume to ask favours from a sovereign as you are; nevertheless, as your holiness has been pleased to include even me in the number of those you have thought fit to distinguish by your princely munificence, with the most profound reverence, I humbly beseech your charity to make a fountain in our convent, which is in great want of water, as your holiness may please to remember, from the inconvenience which you yourself have often suffered by it."

It was said that the pope was so affected with the old man's speech, that he could hardly refrain from tears.

When they had all kissed his feet, and presented their several petitions, they were called back into the same hall from whence they were gone out, to avoid confusion, and the pope spoke to them in the following manner:

"If your desires had been conformable to my good intentions, I should willingly have complied with them; but as they are of so extraordinary a nature that there is no possibility of granting them, I find myself under a necessity of giving you an absolute refusal. I did not expect that any of you could have been so mean as to think of your own private interest, without any regard to that of the order in gene-

ral. Your solemn vows and professions at your entrance into a religious life ought to have made you forget the one, and the concern which every good member should have for the welfare and preservation of the body to which he belongs should have put you in mind of the other. Your avarice, your ambition, and sensuality have prevented my good designs, and I should think it a great sin to feed and encourage them by my generosity. It is with shame and horror that I see but one, out of so great a number of you, that has shown any regard for the good of the public."

After this manner he dismissed them from his presence, in the highest confusion and mortification, and, turning to the poor lay-brother, promised that what he had asked should be performed, and, with high commendations of his public spirit, recommended him to the notice and protection of the general. He immediately gave orders for the construction of the magnificent fountain, to be seen, at this day, in the court of that convent, and made the honest porter easy for life by a considerable pension.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE BRASILIAN PORTUGUESE.

THE pursuits of these people are childish and frivolous in the extreme, their manners incredibly coarse and offensive, their mode of living filthy and every way uncomfortable; they are the victims of an abject superstition, and their state of society is but little removed from barbarism; distinction of rank and situation is little regarded among them, and in their intercourse much of practical equality is discernible. The revolutionary principles of France have been disseminated, and are cherished among them. They are likely, at no distant period, to attempt the reduction of them into practice; since great disaffection, prevails throughout the colonies towards the mother country; and they are sensible that the principal effects of their dependance consist of oppressive internal regulations, and injurious foreign restrictions.

The jesuits had been long engaged in making collections, with the view to an account of this part of the world: but their voluminous papers have lain neglected for forty years, are covered with dust, and are rapidly decaying, no care being taken to preserve them. The jealous and barbarous government will permit neither native nor foreigner to examine these mouldering MSS; which in all probability would furnish most important additions to our stock of natural history. It is apparent, that the advancement of geographical and natural knowledge has suffered from the suppression of that singular society.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XVI.

I HAVE often reflected, with a sort of melancholy envy, on the life of the Grecian Ἀοιδοι, or bards. To poverty we are not less indebted for the songs of *olden time*, than for those of a more modern date. Homer could find no *Samarian* heart and purse to cheer his grief and administer to his wants. This compelled him to resort to the life of the Ἀοιδος, or *strolling bard:* a character well known in his day. It was the policy of the Egyptian law to interdict all music, as tending to enervate the mind, and Poetry, her sister, was so shackled by the prescriptions of law, that she drooped her head, like the tender flower when assailed by the fervour of a solar beam. But in Greece, where the very genius of the government expanded the

mind, and the climate inspired the fancy, they lifted their enchanting voices, and, in the spirit of enthusiasm, sung such airs as *Heaven, well pleased, might stoop to hear.* This passion for poetry gave rise to the profession of which I speak. In those *day-dreams*, which discontent and distress inspire, I have contemplated the Αοιδος strolling from town to town, free from care, unrestrained by the discipline of the law, and uncontrouled by the power of magistracy, eliciting tears from the tender, and *commanding* the homage of the wealthy:—such a man have I wished to be.

We are told by Hecatæus, who lived not long after Homer, that an Αοιδος, or bard, must know πολλα θελξιθυμα, *many soothing tales*, to win the ear; his subject must be εργα Ανδρων θεωντε, *the deeds of gods and men*, for his it is

Θεοισι τε ἠδ' Ανθρωποισι Αοιδη.

To mortals and immortals both to sing.

That Homer was of this profession, all historical testimony concurs in avouching: but it is more particularly declared in a Hymn to Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, whose feast was held at Delos, and was attended by a vast concourse of people from Ionia and the adjacent isles.

"HAIL, ye HEAVENLY POWERS," says the poet, "whose praises I delight to sing: let my name be remembered in the ages which are rolling on: and when the wearied traveller reclines in our porticos, and inquires, who is the sweetest among the singers of the flowing verse, who strikes the harp at your banquets, and whose song steals most pleasantly on your delighted ears? then do ye, inspiring powers, make answer for me, "*It is the blind man who dwells at Chios; his songs are sweeter than all that can be sung.*"

When the bard entered a house, he was greeted with welcome words by the host. In the words of Homer himself, he gladly received a bard divine *to cheer him with a song.* His wearied limbs were placed on a couch, where his thirst was allayed and food was bountifully provided. Next he bathed, and after he had drunk some Μελαθρα οινον, *heart-cheering wine*, he was called upon to contribute his mite towards the general entertainment. Then the bard pours a liberal libation to JUPITER HOSPITALIS, and sings to his generous entertainer.

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me drink and fill at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most*.

Next he attunes his harp; his voice is raised, and they feel that benignant influence which is powerful to banish grief, to assuage our angry passions, and to cast a pleasing oblivion over all those causes of discontent and distress, which scatter unkindly thorns over the rugged path of life. After suffering the wants of hunger, having been almost pressed down by fatigue, whilst he vainly strove to shelter his body from the pitiless blast, how joyful is it to experience a cordial reception, and find a lavish banquet!

———When miseries are past,
Pleasures abide the man, who many a step
Through toils and dangers took†.

The heart of the poet, alive to every impression, is warmed to enthusiasm. He opens his whole soul in strains of poetic inspiration. The boldest metaphors sparkle in every verse, and figures flash through his lines with a rapidity and splendour, that defy the grasp of criticism.

This is a delightful theme to a recluse like myself, whom untoward circumstances have driven to a solitary retirement, where I hold communion only with my own thoughts, or converse with the spirits of other ages. They inform and

* A fragment from Anacreon.
† Homer.

amuse. They are obedient to all my fickle humours, and are not offended when I dismiss them with a frigid coolness. One, with whom I delight to solace many a gloomy hour, supplies me with a passage which seems to sympathize with my present reflections:

But the most beautiful madness and amiable possession is, when *the love of the muses* seizes upon a soft and sensible mind: it is then that it exalts the soul, throws the votary into extacies, and bursts out into hymns and songs, or other strains of poesy, and at once celebrate the high atchievements of ancient times, and instruct the generations to come. This is so certain, that whoever he be that pretends to the favours of the muse, without partaking of this madness, from an opinion, perhaps, that art alone is sufficient to make a poet, he may assure himself that he will fail in his character: his work will be lame; and while the productions of the inspired poetic train are read and admired, his sober production will sink in oblivion*.

—

The olympic games were among the most important of the Grecian institutions. The preparatory discipline to which the youth were obliged to submit, who were ambitious to win the laurels, inured their bodies to hardship, and the generous rivalship that pervaded their competition expanded the soul.

The youth who strives the olympic prize to gain
All arts must try, and every toil sustain†.

By these means, a noble band of youth was trained to become the ornament and protection of their country. When the clarion of war resounded through the states, they were active and alert to display the boldest exertions of courage, or in the forum their commanding eloquence stilled the angry tumults of the multitude.

But these were not the only advantages which resulted from the olympic games. Greece was divided into many states, which differed in their internal policy, in their language and habits. When threatened with invasion, it was necessary that they should all unite in the common defence. As it was a religious festival, which every Grecian thought it a duty to attend, men from the most remote provinces were assembled; and the worship of a common divinity was of admirable effect in producing a harmony of disposition, and in moulding their dissimilar manners. Men of knowledge imparted to each other the result of their studies, and soldiers organized systems of defence against the hour of danger. The weak solicited and obtained the protection of the strong, and the emulation of the young was stimulated by the distinction of the eminent.

—

In the days of Socrates, married women in Greece were confined to be household drudges merely. Xenophon, in his *Memorabilia Socratis*, introduces Ischomachus, an Athenian of great riches and reputation, discoursing to Socrates about his family affairs. "He told his wife that his main object on marrying her was to have a person in whose discretion he could confide, who would take proper care of his servants, and expend his money with economy." The distressed husband proceeds to complain, that he one day observed her face painted, and that she wore high-heeled shoes; that he chid her severely for such follies, and asked whether she could imagine to pass such silly tricks on a husband? If she wanted to have a better complexion, why not weave at her loom standing upright, why not employ herself in baking and other family exercises, which would give her such a bloom as no paint could imitate? But when the Athen-

* Plato in Phædro.
† Horace.

an manners came to be more polished, greater indulgence was given to the ladies in dress and ornament. They consumed the whole morning at the toilette, employing paint, and every drug for cleaning and whitening the skin: they laid red upon their lips, and took great care of their teeth: their hair, made up in buckles with a hot iron, was perfumed and spread upon their shoulders: their dress was elegant, and artfully contrived to set off a fine shape. Such is the influence of appetite for dress: vanity could not be the *sole* motive, as married ladies were never seen in public.

I. E. H.

Note.—In the last number of the Adversaria (No. 15, p. 56), near the top of the page, transpose the words *vice* and *folly*. The writer meant to say that affectation is the *folly* of a weak mind, and prudery the *vice* of an impure one.

For the Literary Magazine.

TURKISH CHESS.

THE following anecdote was communicated by a gentleman who frequently played at chess with the interpreter of the Turkish ambassador.

He was informed by the interpreter (who spoke French), that soon after the last match on the 20th of June, the ambassador was desirous of playing at chess with Philidor, who accordingly attended, and played six games with him, every one of which Philidor lost, and the ambassador moreover told him he knew several chess players at Contsantinople who were able to beat himself (the ambassador), even giving him a rook.

It must be observed that the Turk could only play with his own men, which were very different from those used by us, and difficult to be distinguished, and that the queen had likewise the move of the knight, as in Russia.

The truth of this anecdote rests entirely on the interpreter, as the Turk knew no European language.

The Turk won three games very readily of the gentleman above-mentioned, who is a good player; though it is possible he might have lost them all, had he played with pieces to which he had not been accustomed.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE TEMPLARS, SUPPOSED FATHERS OF FREE MASONRY.

IT is well known that the free masons in Germany have been fond of deriving their origin from the templars; and this circumstance induced Nicolai to investigate the ground of the claim, the result of which was communicated to the public in *an Essay on the Secret of the Templars*, which gave rise to new hypotheses, and occasioned much controversy. The same subject also engaged a large share of attention among the French.

Moldenhawer, an eminent professor of Copenhagen, attempted a farther investigation, in hope that new light would be reflected on the matters in dispute. In the course of a journey undertaken for literary purposes, he made a diligent search for aditional records in the famous suit against the knights of the temple; and he was so fortunate as to discover, in the library of St. Germain-des-Pres, a manuscript register of the proceedings of the commission appointed by the pope to try the order, which continued to sit from August, 1309, to June, This report contains 231 inte tories, of which Dupuy had lished only a part.

Two years afterward, important document was d namely, a collection of th statutes of the order, and is presumed were in forc time of its abolition. It v in the Corsini library at

M. Munter, another Danish professor, and was written in the Provencal dialect. Both these manuscripts were translated into German, and published; and, furnished with this additional information, professor Munter composed a very curious dissertation on the principal accusations which had been preferred against the templars.

This order dates its origin from the year 1118, and it is well known that the object of its formation was the protection of the numerous pilgrims who visited the holy city. With the view of cementing their union, they adopted a religious rule, and made vows. In 1125, they were only nine in number. They took their name from the vicinity of the temple of Jerusalem, to the patriarch of which city they were subject.

In 1128, their order was confirmed by the council of Troyes, and they were from that time called templars. St. Bernard was their warm protector; indeed he may be considered as their founder, since it was he who supplied them with a rule which was similar to that of the benedictines.

The rise of the order to wealth and power was most rapid. As early as the year 1140, they were possessed of considerable establishments, and many fortresses. A little time later, they made many conquests from the Moors in Spain and Portugal; and their acquisitions were transferred to them by the kings of those countries. Before the year 1150, they established themselves at the temple at Paris. This district, which was then marsh land, wholly belonged to them; and a long period elapsed before it was included within the precincts of the city. Eugene III, who was pope about this time, was a great protector of the knights. Their exploits are celebrated in the histories of the crusades: but the same accounts are full of complaints preferred against them by the christian princes of the east, and by those of the west who transplanted themselves into Asia to wage war against the infidels; they appear also to have roused in a degree the jealousy of the other rival orders.

It was principally by the templars that Acre was defended, in 1291, when it was besieged and taken by the sultan of Cairo. When the templars, as well as all other christians, were driven from their possessions in Asia, they established themselves in Cyprus, and in other adjoining islands; a few years later, namely, in 1306, the grand master, with all the chiefs of the order, removed to Paris, established themselves at the temple, and brought with them thither its treasure and its archives. At the time even of this removal, it appears that Philip the fair was the secret enemy of the order; since, as early as 1305, he applied to his creature, pope Clement V, to abolish it; and from that period till the grand blow was struck, it appears that the pope and the king were concerting measures, though with the utmost secrecy, for that purpose.

On the 13th October, 1307, the knights at Paris, and throughout the whole extent of France, were arrested all at the same instant; a measure which was effected in the provinces by means of sealed orders, which were not to be opened till a given moment by those who were destined to carry them into execution. Letters were also addressed to all the princes of Europe, inviting them to exercise the same rigour; which in fact they all adopted, sooner or later. The trial commenced *instanter*. Guillaume, a dominican, confessor to the king, and inquisitor-general of the faith named by the pope, presided over it, either in person or by his delegates; and one hundred and forty knights were interrogated at Paris in the space of a month. These interrogatories are preserved; but of those taken in the provinces only eight remain.

The statutes discovered by Munter afford additional elucidation of the constitution of the brotherhood. In order to have been a knight of the

temple, a person must have descended from a father who either was a knight or who possessed the requisite qualifications. It was practice, though not law, for the candidate to pay, on admission, a certain sum of money. The term of the noviciate was regulated by the grand master at his pleasure. To the three vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, was added that of the defence of the holy land. Nothing is more certain than that the order indulged in every species of luxury. It was not till forty or fifty years after its foundation, that priests were admitted members; and they were allowed to share in its government, and to rise to dignities. Any interdict on a district by a prelate did not affect the order, nor the persons connected with it, who were very numerous.

In the order, *the master held the place of God:* but this, which was the usual phrase employed to describe his authority, was not strictly correct, since he was subject to the general chapters; though these assemblies were held in great secrecy, and were seldom called together. The council of the order, which was next in authority to the general chapter, consisted of the grand masters, the dignitaries, the provincial masters present, the assistant master, and the knights summoned by the master.

Pope Alexander III, in the year 1172, first exempted the knights from episcopal jurisdiction, and rendered them amenable only to the pope. He released them from all taxes, including even customs imposed on merchandise. The chiefs were prohibited to confer preferment on any member, at the request of any king, prince, or grandee.

On mere suspicion, and before a tittle of evidence was given against them, the knights received the treatment of convicts. Accustomed to all the indulgences which affluence procures, they were allowed only twelve-pence a day for subsistence: they were shamefully robbed by their gaolers; they were interdicted divine service, even at the hour of death; and they were refused burial in consecrated ground.

As to their confessions, which formed the chief evidence against them, at one moment promises of liberty, of impunity, and of great recompense, were employed in order to procure them; at another, the threat of perpetual imprisonment and of a cruel death; sometimes they were tormented by being forced to endure hunger, and at others their enemies held up to their view the example of those of their brethren who had died under the torture. At Caen Royal, letters containing offers of life, liberty, and rich pensions, if they would confess, were produced to them; and it was at the same time observed that their denial would be of no avail, because the order was already annihilated.

The secrecy which accompanied the admission of candidates into the order very much favoured the accusations of their foes; and the dominicans, who were the prosecutors on this occasion, were well versed, by their experience in the south of France, in the practice of preferring heretical charges. Most of those, which were alleged against the order, were the same with those that had been imputed to the heretics of that period: but that they had not adopted any of those heresies, the statutes are conclusive evidence. They knew how to wield the sword, but they brought with them no secret doctrines from the east; and this accusation was completely denied by the chief persons in the fraternity.

Several charges advanced against the knights were mere exaggerations of innocent usages observed by them, and none but monks, practised in forging heresies, could thus have misrepresented things the most harmless and simple, in order to increase the odium with which the accused were regarded. It was by combining the secrecy of their assemblies, the reports of their connections with the Saracens, the indiscreet discourse of some brethren, and the real disorders of many, that

they were able to fabricate those allegations which, in times so dark, and maintained by men so experienced, were sufficient to effect the ruin of this mighty brotherhood. What could resist the united force of the most subtile malignity and the most atrocious cruelty, favoured by the circumstances of the period? Who could visit the episcopacy, the religious orders, and the civil powers, all hostile to this potent and wealthy society?

The process against the devoted knights was instituted with the concurrence of the pope; and the adjudication of the affair was afterward claimed by his holiness: but he was throughout the creature of the king, and durst not act contrary to his wishes: the proceedings were entirely directed by the royal will.

The knights had given several causes of offence to the implacable Philip: the Sicilian vespers had recently taken place; they had afforded succours to the Arragonese, the authors of that revolution; they had also assisted in remitting money to Boniface VIII, during his disputes with the king; and they had been loud in censuring his majesty's depreciation of the coin. The wealth of the order also tempted him, and the vastness of its amount might well have done so. Some have made its annual revenue equivalent to seven millions of dollars; while that of the king yielded only what was equal to three or four hundred thousand. In the whole of Christendom, the knights had nine thousand manors. Their personal property was of still higher value; for the knights acted as bankers, and enriched themselves by gains which were then held to be usurious. It was not till ten years after the confiscation of their property, that the king transferred it to the knights of St. John; and during the interval, his commissaries received all the rents and profits. He seized the treasure deposited in the temple, which was enormous; as also their riches in the provinces, and their moveables; he moreover claimed all that was due to them, and cancelled a sum of 100,000 dollars, which he himself had borrowed from them.

This enterprize of Philip was an instance which powerfully affected the opinions of men on the nature of ecclesiastical property, and afforded a precedent for those seizures of it which were practised by several princes at the reformation, by the court of France in the case of the jesuits, and by its rulers during the late revolution.

The order possessed between ten and eleven thousand commanderies, its members and attendants could not be less than twenty thousand; while the amount of its subjects, vassals, and serfs must have been in proportion to that of the members, and probably exceeded half a million of persons.

The king's government was very feeble at this period; and contrast with this view of the order, that of the resources, prerogatives, and authority of a feodal king; reflect with what an eye a sovereign like Philip must have surveyed this superiority which constantly menaced him.

When we consider what the order of the temple could have effected at the commencement of the fourteenth century in the heart of France, where it had fixed its chief residence; the number of its knights, possessed of splendid establishments in the provinces; the far greater number of its subjects, its debtors, the numerous troops which it had at command; its resources in money to hire mercenaries; its soldiery, superior to the chivalry of Europe in bravery, discipline, tactics, and in all the arts of war; its numerous fortresses; its fleets in the east; its intelligence in every court; its connections with families of rank; the confidence of conscious power; the vigour of its internal regimen, and the active intrigues peculiar to monastic bodies; and when we suppose this formidable society in league with dissatisfied chieftains, such as, a few years later, formed confederacies against the court; we must conclude that a revolution might have been effected, fatal to

monarchical power or to the dynasty. Hence it should seem that state reasons, equally with avarice and vengence, dictated the fatal sentence inflicted on the templars.

The initiated members of the fraternity had formed the design of shaking off the authority of the king and the pope; and, within the order, a sect was formed to forward this design, which was connected with the heretics of the south of France, and which proposed to advance its purposes by their co-operation. The reiterated proofs given in the course of the process, of a departure from the faith, of an abjuration of christianity, of a renunciation of Jesus, and of outrages done to the cross, induce us to conjecture that a part of the knights of the temple conformed only outwardly to the catholic church, and professed a christianity freed from vulgar superstitions, and which perhaps veiled a pure deism: but that policy, the influence of the manners of the age, or some other cause, occasioned this philosophical religion to be connected with practices and forms that were gross and absurd. The charges of a sort of sanction to certain offensive moral irregularities must also be admitted.

Whether the free masons are successors of the templars, is a curious question.

On this subject, a memoir which lately appeared in Germany leaves nothing to be desired. It is certain that, before the year 1600, no embryo of the existence of free masons can be found. Some adepts, cabalists, theosophists, magicians, and people of the same kind, who held secret meetings, may be found in every period, but they were not free masons. The same researches make it clear that, in the seventeenth century, the free masons were separated from the Rosicrucians. It is very doubtful whether the latter could claim any connection with the templars. The tale of the supposed founder *Christian Rose-croix* is universally regarded as fabulous; the sect, it is supposed, deriving its name from the alchemical signs of the rose and the cross. The Rosicrucians were solely occupied by researches for discovering the philosopher's stone; and their existence was not of long duration. It is know that Descartes traversed Germany between 1620 and 1623, in search of these fanatical naturalists, and was unable to discover any traces of them.

For the Literary Magazine.

CURSORY REFLECTIONS ON THE CORRUPTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE BY THE PREVAILING MODE OF TRANSLATION.

IT has been frequently and very justly remarked, that the most prolific source of the corruption of a language is translation; and this is indubitably the case, even when men of talents, fully competent to the task, are engaged in it; for, notwithstanding the utmost care that can be taken, foreign idioms and foreign words insensibly force themselves on the translator, and find their way into his work.

Should these observations be just, as it is presumed they will be admitted, how completely must the flood-gates of corruption be opened, when, from motives of the most sordid parsimony, blockheads and dunces are employed in a task so far beyond their powers, merely because they will execute it at a lower price, and for a mere subsistence! For it is a melancholy truth, that there are unfortunate men, whose poverty forces them, however incompetent, to undertake the drudgery of literature in some of the European capitals, for less wages than a sturdy porter would earn. And it is equally true, that, among the booksellers, there are some devoid of that generous and liberal spirit which ought to be exercised towards those whose talents qualify them for such undertakings; and thus having disgusted and driven

far from them the men of genius, they are obliged to have recourse to the lowest order of scribblers.

Those who are conversant with recent translations from the French and German, can readily decide to what an alarming extent this miserable system prevails among the Curlls and Lintots of the present day. Many of these translations are executed in such a wretched, groveling style, as would disgrace a schoolboy. And thus works, distinguished for their elegance and taste in the original language, become disgusting and insipid when they have undergone the adulterating process of translation.

But the poverty and barrenness of the style, though a great nuisance, is by no means the worst consequence of the wretched system. The same ignorance and incapacity that disqualify many of those translators from clothing their ideas in decent dress, render them incapable, in many instances, of comprehending the meaning of the original, and thence they totally pervert the sense, and, in many instances, give one diametrically opposite to that of the author.

Among those who at present make a living by translating in London, there are many Frenchmen and some Germans, who undertake to translate their vernacular languages into English. This forms the climax of the folly of the management which I have reprobated. It may be laid down as a general rule, to which there are as few exceptions as to any other general rule whatever, that no man can be competent to translate his own language into a foreign one with purity, unless he has lived almost from his infancy in the country where that language is spoken. Otherwise, he will, it is true, if a Frenchman translating French into English, furnish his reader with English words, but the idiom will inevitably be French. The same observation will apply with equal force to an Englishman translating English into French or German.

I have been led to submit these observations to my fellow-citizens by the perusal of a translation of Michaux's Journey to the West of the Alleghany Mountains, published last year in London. It carries with it the strongest internal evidence of having been executed by a Frenchman, and one very little, indeed, conversant with the English language. There are numerous counter-senses, many passages wholly devoid of meaning, and hardly a page throughout the whole that does not abound with Gallicisms, quite foreign from the natural construction of the English language. Let not the reader believe, however, that this book stands alone, or is very materially different in its style and manner from a considerable proportion of the modern translations. By no means. Whoever will take the pains to examine, will find, in various other works, as many and as gross blemishes as are to be found in the book just mentioned.

To satisfy the public that these observations are not without proper foundation, I annex for examination a very few extracts from the original and the translation, cursorily collected, which, I trust, will convince every candid person, that the practice I have been censuring is a serious evil, and demands a speedy and a radical remedy.

"La fièvre jaune varie d'intensité chaque année; et l'observation n'a pas encore pu déterminer les signes caracteristiques auxquels on peut reconnoître qu'elle sera plus ou moins maligne dans l'été."—Page 4.

"The yellow fever varies every year according to the intenseness of the heat: at the same time the observation has not been forcible enough to point out the characteristic signs," &c.

This is very different from the idea in the original, and is groveling English. It ought to have been: The violence of the yellow fever varies yearly; *and* (or rather *but*) the observations [that have been made upon the subject] have not hi-

therto been able to determine the characteristic symptoms, whereby it may be ascertained whether it will be more or less malignant in the summer.

" Pendant le tiers de l'année toutes relations sont à-peu-près interrompues entre les campagnes et la ville; où l'on ne se rend que forcément, et en évitant même d'y coucher."—p. 5.

" During one-third of the year, all communications are cut off between the country and town, whither they go but very reluctantly, and seldom or ever sleep there."

This is a low and creeping style, and is hardly English. It ought to be

During one-third of the year, all intercourse is nearly suspended between the country and the city, whither people go only through necessity, and even avoid sleeping there. " *Seldom or ever*" is barbarous.

" Tout cela est remplacé par des pensions, où l'on est logé, nourri, eclairé." p. 9.

" All this is replaced by boarding houses, where every thing necessary is provided."

A schoolboy must perceive that, instead of *replaced*, it ought to have been *supplied*.

" New Yorck, situé au confluent des rivières de l'Est et du Nord, est beaucoup plus rapproché de la mer que Philadelphie."—p. 15.

" New York, situated at the confluence of *the rivers from the east and the north*, is much nearer the sea than Philadelphia."

I hardly need state, that *the rivers from the east and the north* ought to be *the East and North rivers*.

" Sa population, qu'on évalue à plus de cinquante mille ames."—p. 15.

" The town *consists of* more than 50,000 souls."

For *consists of* read *contains*.

" Pendant mon séjour à New Yorck, j'allai faire des excursions botaniques dans le New Jersey, le long de la rivière du Nord."—p. 16.

" During my stay in New York, I took a botanical excursion into New Jersey, by the river side towards the north."

This ought to have been :

During my stay in New York, I made botanical excursions into New Jersey, along the North river.

" Mille obstacles qui tiennent aux localités, et qu'il est impossible de prévoir et de prévenir."—p. 26.

" A thousand common-place observations, which is either impossible to foresee, or by any means prevent."

It is difficult to find a passage more barbarously or unfaithfully translated than this, although the idea in the original is sufficiently clear and distinct. It ought to have been:

A thousand obstacles, depending upon the situation [of the country], which it is impossible to foresee or prevent.

" Dans cet intervalle, les habitations sont presque toutes en vue les unes des autres. Chaque propriété a sa clôture." p. 26.

" Nearly the whole of the way, the houses are almost close together. Every proprietor to his enclosure."

The first part of this sentence is incorrectly translated; the other exhibits as complete an instance of blind ignorance and incapacity as can be conceived, and is downright nonsense. Two of the five words it contains are totally mistaken: *propriété* is mistaken for *propriétaire*, and the verb *a* for the preposition *à*. A correct translation would be:

In this space, the houses are almost all in sight of each other. Every estate has its enclosure, or every estate is enclosed.

" Trois cents arpens de bois."

" Three hundred acres of woody land."

Instead of

Three hundred acres of wood land.

" Ils se livroient à des excès si horribles, qu'on peut difficilement s'en faire une idée."

" They committed such horrible excesses, that is almost impossible to form the least idea of" p. 40.

This passage ought to be:

They committed such horrible excesses, that it is difficult to conceive an idea of them.

" La position de la Nouvelle Orléans, relativement aux Antilles, assure donc à cette ville des avantages bien marquées sur tous les ports de l'est des Etats Unis."—p. 44.

" The situation of New Orleans, relatively to the Antilles, gives this town the most signal advantages over all the ports eastward of the United States"—p. 41.

The conclusion of this sentence conveys an idea totally different from that of the author. He certainly meant " the eastern ports of the United States;" whereas the translator metamorphoses this idea so as to make it refer to ports not in the United States, but eastward of them.

" Nous nous arrêtâmes à la seconde maison, tenue par un nommé Chatlers, fort bien approvisionnée pour le pays.

The translator renders the latter part of this sentence by the words:

" Tolerably well supplied with provisions *for the country.*"

Passing over " *tolerably well*" instead of " *very well,*" I observe that the three last words of the sentence are literally translated, and do not convey the author's meaning; which is, that the house was very well supplied with provisions, considering the state of the country.

" Quatre grands lits, dont deux plus bas se coulent sous les deux autres, pendant le jour, et se tirent le soir au milieu de la chambre, recoivent toute la famille." p. 51.

" Four large beds, two of which are very low, are placed underneath the others in the day-time, and drawn out of an evening, into the middle of the room, receive the whole family."—p. 40.

This is perfectly unintelligible. As it stands, it appears that "*four large beds*" are the nominative case to " *are placed underneath,*" and that there are probably eight beds in the room, which is by no means the idea in the original. It ought to read thus:

Four large beds, of which two, very low, are placed underneath the others in the day time, and drawn out in the evening into the middle of the room, receive the whole family.

" Les docteurs y sont rares: et dans un cas urgent, il faut aller les chercher à vingt-cinq ou trente milles."—p. 54.

" There are but few medical men there: and, in cases of necessity, they have to go twenty or thirty miles to fetch them."—p. 51.

The chief objection here is to the vulgarity of the style. *To fetch them* is a phrase intolerable even in conversation, except among the lowest ranks of society. This sentence ought to be thus translated:

Doctors are scarce there, and, in urgent cases, it is necessary to go twenty-five or thirty miles in quest of them.

" Il arrive aussi qu'on vole les chevaux aux habitans; ce qui est d'autant plus facile, que les chevaux vivent une partie de l'année dans les forêts"—p 58.

" It also frequently happens, that they steal horses from the inhabitants; at the same time nothing is more easy, as the horses are, in one part of the year, turned out in the foresta."

At the same time is an interpolation, not only unnecessary, but diminishing the force of the original. It ought to be:

It also frequently occurs, that horses are stolen from the inhabitants; which is so much the more

easy, as the horses, during part of the year, remain in the forests.

" Il m'informa que son intention étoit de descendre l'Ohio."—p. 59.

" He informed me his intention was to go by the side of the Ohio."

It is difficult to conceive how the translator could have fallen into this error. The original is as clear and plain as language admits. " *Descendre l'Ohio*" is certainly by no means truly rendered by the words *to go by the side of the Ohio*, which a man may as well do *ascending* as *descending*.

" Deux imprimeries y publient chacune deux gazettes par semaine."—p. 62.

" Each publish a paper weekly."—p. 59.

To pass over the gross solecism *each publish*, instead of *each publishes*, the idea of the original is by no means rendered in the translation. It should undoubtedly have been:

Two printing-offices publish there each two gazettes weekly.

" L'Ohio, formé par la reunion des rivières Monongahela et Alléghany, paroît être plutôt une continuité de la première que de la seconde, qui n'arrive qu'obliquement au confluent."—p. 72

" The Ohio, formed by the union of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, appears to be rather a continuation of the former than the latter, which only happens obliquely at the conflux."—p. 68.

Because the verb *arriver* very frequently signifies *to happen*, the translator has so rendered it, without reflecting that it is does not convey any idea whatever here. The reader can merely guess what was intended as an antecedent to *which only happens*. The sense is explicit in the original. The Allegha y only *arrives at* or *joins* the Monongahela *obliquely* at the confluence of the two.

" La rapidité du courant de l'Ohio est extrême au printems: aussi, dans cette saison n'est-il pas nécessaire de ramer."—p. 75.

" The rapidity of the Ohio's current is extreme in the spring: at the same time in this season there is no necessity for rowing."

Passing over the elegance of the *Ohio's current*, it may be observed that *aussi* here has the force of *therefore*, and is miserably rendered by the words *at the same time*.

" Lexington, chef lieu du comté de la Fayette, est situé," &c.—p 131.

" Lexington, the manor-house of the county of Fayette, is situated," &c.—p. 122.

A reader unacquainted with the situation of *Lexington*, the *manor-house* of Fayette county, would certainly never conceive that this *manor-house* contains no less than between three and four hundred houses, and nearly 3000 inhabitants. It must be a prodigious *manor-house* to be capable of containing such a number of people and houses.

" Les marchands de Lexington font, presque tous, le commerce du Kentucky."

This sentence is probably incorrectly printed. As it stands, it is hardly intelligible. It must be rendered—The Lexington merchants, almost all, carry on the commerce of Kentucky. This is certainly defective. It was probably written—" Les marchands de Lexington font presque tout le commerce du Kentucky:" that is, the Lexington merchants carry on almost the whole of the commerce of Kentucky. This is plain and clear. But the translator renders it:

" The majority of the inhabitants of Lexington trade with Kentucky."—*Risum teneatis, amici?*

I fear I have tired the patience of the reader, by the detail of so many glaring proofs of the incom-

petence and incapacity of the translator, and of the injudiciousness of the bookseller who employed him. If the reader's patience is not exhausted, he has a larger stock than I have. I am weary of the task, and shall only add one more example out of hundreds that might be produced:

"La difficulté du transport fait que l'on recherche beaucoup les billets de la banque des Etats Unis: on les escompte contre des espèces monnoiés, avec une bénéfice de deux pour cent."

"The trouble of conveyance is so great that they give a preference to bank bills of the United States, which bear a discount" [yes, reader—do not stare—it is actually so translated] "of two per cent."—p. 155.

I need not point out the absolute counter-sense here. Bank bills have a preference over specie, and therefore bear [not a discount, but] an advance of *two per cent.*

Philadelphia, Aug. 28. W. Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE TATLER, SPECTATOR, &c.

IF it be generally true of books as of their authors, that "one generation passeth away and another cometh," the observation is particularly verified in those compositions which are aimed at the transient opinions and fashions of the day, and which must lose much of their value when the circumstances that occasioned them are no more. Such are the various works denominated *periodical essays.*

Though the essays of Addison and his coadjutors and successors might be beneficial in ridiculing the follies and correcting the manners of the age in which they appeared, and indebted as we may be to them for essentially contributing to the refinement of the national taste, we cannot read them with the interest which they excited in our ancestors, nor indeed in many instances feel the pungency of the wit which they contain.

When, therefore, the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, and Freeholder, are now taken from the shelf, it must usually be for the sake of particular papers, and not with the view of a complete perusal.

In the Tatlers, there is a great deal of absolute trifling, and the Spectators themselves, though the best of the several sets, are very unequally written. Since these papers were composed, we are grown more accurate in our definitions, more discriminating in our investigations, more pure in our diction, more fastidious in the ornaments of style; we possess standards of excellence of every kind to refer to, books multiply on our hands, and we willingly consign to oblivion a portion of the old, to make room for the increasing demands of the new.

The Tatler was undertaken by sir Richard Steele, under the fictitious name of Isaac Bickerstaff; which he assumed, as he tells us himself in the dedication to the first volume, in order to take advantage of the popularity the name had acquired from its having been made use of by Swift, in his humorous predictions relative to poor Partridge, the almanac-maker. The first number was published April 12, 1709.

This publication gave as it were the dawn and promise of its successor, the *Spectator;* and indeed there are papers in it equal in humour to any of the latter: as the account of the freezing of words in Nova Zembla, the court of honour, and some others: but, in general, the wit is local and temporary, the style negligent; and even the strain of the graver papers rather gives the idea of a wit who lashes the town, than an elegant moralist who instructs the world. The Tatler abounds in personalities; to some of these the clue cannot now be recovered, and of others the interest has long since been lost. Party spirit also, at the time these papers

were published, ran very high; the whigs and tories were so nearly balanced that they maintained for some time an equal struggle, which at length ended in the complete defeat of the whigs, the disgrace of the duke of Marlborough, and the forming that ministry which directed the four last years of queen Anne. Steele took a decided part in favour of the whigs, and introduced a paper against Harley, which lost him his place of gazetteer. Weary, perhaps, of the responsibility of a paper, of which he was now well known to be the editor, and of being personally threatened, as he often was, for the liberties he took with living characters, he suddenly dropped the work on January 2, 1710. It revived in two months time, under better auspices and with new associates, and bore the title of the *Spectator*.

To estimate the good which was done by this publication, we should consider the state of society at the time it was written. Party spirit was high and bitter, the manners of the wits and fashionable young men were still tinctured with the licentiousness of the court of Charles II, mixed with the propensity to disorderly outrages and savage frolics incident to a people who were still amused by the bear garden, and who had not yet been taught to bend under the yoke of a strict police. The stage was in its meridian of genius and fashion, but disgraced by rant and grossness, which offended the sober and excluded the strict. Men lived much in clubs, and of course drinking was common.—There was more separation than at present between the different classes of society; and each was more strongly marked with the peculiarities of his profession. There were learned and there were elegant women; but manners had not received a general polish, nor had women the advantage of a general cultivation. Genius had already attained its perfection, but the reign of taste may be said to have commenced with Addison. The coadjutors of Addison and Steele in this work were Eustace Budgell, Tickell, Hughes, author of the Siege of Damascus, Henry Martin, Pierce, bishop of Rochester, and Mr. Henry Grove, of Taunton; occasionally Mr. Byrom, Parnell, and Pope, whose Messiah was first published here, together with various correspondents, some known and others unknown. Of all these Addison was the head of gold. His merit is indeed so superior to that of his associates, that their labours probably live to this day only by being grafted on his fame Many of their papers are pleasing and instructive: yet, if by any accident they were destroyed, their loss would scarcely be felt amongst the various treasures of English literature; whereas the loss of Addison could not elsewhere be supplied, and would make a chasm not in the number only, but in the species of our fine writers.

The Spectator continued from 1710 to 1714; that is, during the last years of queen Anne to the beginning of the reign of George the first; and during a time when all the other periodical publications were party papers, and so bitter a spirit of animosity divided almost every company, it was no small advantage that one paper appeared every morning, the tendency of which was of an opposite nature, and that presented subjects for conversation which men might canvass without passion, and on which they might differ without resentment. Three thousand of them were sold daily soon after the commencement of the publication; afterwards, it is said, twenty thousand; and it may rebuke our rage for typographical luxury to be told, that the immortal productions of Addison were first given to the public on a half sheet of very coarse paper, and, before the imposition of a stamp, for the price of one penny.

The Guardians may be considered as a kind of sequel to the Spectators. They were in two volumes. The strain of them is somewhat less sprightly; but they contain many

excellent papers, and among them several by Pope. The Guardian was published in the year 1713, between the seventh and eighth volumes of the Spectator.

The Freeholder was a direct party paper, written by Addison alone, on the side of government, immediately after the rebellion in 1715, when perhaps half the nation were Jacobites in their hearts.

For the Literary Magazine.

CUMBERLANDIANA.

Continued from page 51.

Soame Jenyns.

A DISAGREEMENT about a name or a date will mar the best story that was ever put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds luckily could not hear an interruptor of this sort; Johnson would not hear, or, if he heard him, would not heed him; Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale, where he had left it, without any diminution of its humour, adding only a few more twists to his snuff-box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunners of the amenity, that was at the heels of them. He was the man, who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions, whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour in all the colours of the jay; his lace indeed had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram skirts; as nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protuberant wen just under his pole, he wore a wig, that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet their was room between one of these and his nose for another wen that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.

Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into. His pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonized with every thing; it was like the bread to our dinner: you did not perhaps make it the whole, or principal part, of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands.—Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did; his thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them: he wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician and a worse dancer; ill-nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips; those lines I have forgotten, though I believe I was the first person to whom he recited them; they were very bad, but he had been told that Johnson ridiculed his metaphysics, and some of us had just then been making extemporary epitaphs upon each other. Though his wit was harmless, yet the general cast of it was ironical; there was a terseness in his repartees that had a play of words as well as of thought, as when, speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said, "One was principal without interest, and the other interest without

principal." Certain it is he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push. It was rather to be lamented that his lady Mrs. Jenyns had so great a respect for his good sayings, and so imperfect a recollection of them, for though she always prefaced her recitals of them with—*as Mr. Jenyns says*—it was not always what Mr. Jenyns said, and never, I am apt to think, *as* Mr. Jenyns said; but she was an excellent old lady, and twirled her fan with as much mechanical address as her ingenious husband twirled his snuff-box.

—

Foote.

I made a visit with Garrick by his own proposal to Foote at Parson's Green. I have heard it said he was reserved and uneasy in his company; I never saw him more at ease and in a happier flow of spirits than on that occasion.

Where a loud-tongued talker was in company, Edmund Burke declined all claims upon attention, and Samuel Johnson, whose ears were not quick, seldom lent them to his conversation, though he loved the man, and admired his talents: I have seen a dull damping matter-of-fact man quell the effervescence even of Foote's unrivalled humour.

But I remember full well, when Garrick and I made him the visit above-mentioned, poor Foote had something worse than a dull man to struggle with, and matter of fact brought home to him in a way, that for a time entirely overthrew his spirits, and most completely *frighted him from his propriety.* We had taken him by surprise, and of course were with him some hours before dinner, to make sure of our own if we had missed of his. He seemed overjoyed to see us, engaged us to stay, walked with us in his garden, and read to us some scenes roughly sketched for his Maid of Bath. His dinner was quite good enough, and his wine superlative. Sir Robert Fletcher, who had served in the East Indies, dropt in before dinner, and made the fourth of our party. When we had passed about two hours in perfect harmony and hilarity, Garrick called for his tea, and sir Robert arose to depart: there was an unlucky screen in the room, that hid the door, and behind which sir Robert hid himself for some purpose, whether natural or artificial I know not; but Foote, supposing him gone, instantly began to play off his ridicule at the expence of his departed guest. I must confess it was (in the cant phrase) *a way that he had*, and just now a very unlucky way, for sir Robert, bolting from behind the screen, cried out—"I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now with your leave I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine."

A remonstrance of this sort was an electric shock that could not be parried. No wit could furnish an evasion, no explanation could suffice for an excuse. The offended gentleman was to the full as angry as a brave man ought to be with an unfortunate wit, who possessed very little of that quality, which he abounded in. This event, which deprived Foote of all presence of mind, gave occasion to Garrick to display his genius and good nature in their brightest lustre: I never saw him in a more amiable light; the infinite address and ingenuity that he exhibited, in softening the enraged guest, and reconciling to pass over an affront, as gross as could well be put upon a man, were at once the most comic and the most complete I ever witnessed. Why was not James Boswell present to have recorded the dialogue and the action of the scene? My stupid head only carried away the effect of it. It was as if Diomed (who, being the son of Tydeus, was I conclude a great hero in a small compass) had been shielding Thersites from the wrath of Ajax; and so wrathful was our Ajax,

that if I did not recollect there was a certain actor at Delhi, who in the height of the massacre charmed away the furious passions of Nadir Shaw, and saved a remnant of the city, I should say this was a victory without a parallel. I hope Foote was very grateful; but when a man has been completely humbled, he is not very fond of recollecting it.

—

Oliver Goldsmith.

At this time I did not know Oliver Goldsmith even by person; I think our first meeting chanced to be at the British coffee-house. When we came together, we very speedily coalesced, and I believe he forgave me for all the little fame I had got by the success of my West Indian, which had put him to some trouble, for it was not his nature to be unkind, and I had soon an oportunity of convincing him how incapable I was of harbouring resentment, and how zealously I took my share in what concerned his interest and reputation. That he was fantastically and whimsically vain, all the world knows, but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions, that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless to the fame, which he had powers to command. His table-talk was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable, for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near a kin the muse of poetry was to that art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied.

There is something in Goldsmith's prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first-rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit are all specimens, beautiful as such, but they are only bird's eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the ὁ ποιητης. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings, neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when, in his chamber in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh, such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's show-man would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster-row is not Parnassus. Even the mighty doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate

feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glass he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an alias. Now though necessity, or I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Oliver Goldsmith began at this time to write for the stage, and it is to be lamented that he did not begin at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic compositions, and much more to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarized to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was read and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved: under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden theatre, as could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the public, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audience did not quite keep pace with the expectations, that were grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort, however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in projection, that I first met him at the British coffee-house, as I have already related somewhat out of place. He dined with us as a visitor, introduced as I think by sir Joshua Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner, with a great deal of good humour. Somebody suggested *She Stoops to Conquer*, and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at his ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive that he credited me for my sincerity.—"You and I," said he, "have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame." I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connections in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenuous poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact he needed all that could be done for him, as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. Johnson at length stood forth in all his terrors as champion for the piece, and backed by us his clients and retainers demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric produc-

tions that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal.

We were not over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author: we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps: the poet took post silently by his side with the Burkes, sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British pre-determined applauders, under the banner of major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day, or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon in a manner, that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly fore-warned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sate in a front row of a side box, and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author. But, alas! it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-a-propos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own.

As the life of poor Oliver Goldsmith was now fast approaching to its period, I conclude my account of him with gratitude for the epitaph he bestowed on me in his poem called *Retaliation*. It was upon a proposal started by Edmund Burke, that a party of friends who had dined together at sir Joshua Reynolds's and my house, should meet at the St. James's coffee-house, which accordingly took place, and was occasionally repeated with much festivity and good fellowship. Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry, a very amiable and old friend of mine, Dr. Douglas, since bishop of Salisbury, Johnson, David Garrick, sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke, Hickey,

with two or three others, constituted our party. At one of these meetings an idea was suggested of extemporary epitaphs upon the parties present; pen and ink were called for, and Garrick off hand wrote an epitaph with a good deal of humour upon poor Goldsmith, who was the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that we committed to the grave. The dean also gave him an epitaph, and sir Joshua illuminated the dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink, inimitably caricatured. Neither Johnson, nor Burke wrote any thing, and when I perceived Oliver was rather sore, and seemed to watch me with that kind of attention, which indicated his expectation of something in the same kind of burlesque with their's, I thought it time to press the joke no further, and wrote a few couplets at a side-table, which, when I had finished, and was called upon by the company to exhibit, Goldsmith with much agitation besought me to spare him, and I was about to tear them, when Johnson wrested them out of my hand, and in a loud voice read them at the table. I have now lost all recollection of them, and in fact they were little worth remembering, but as they were serious and complimentary, the effect they had upon Goldsmith was the more pleasing for being so entirely unexpected. The concluding line, which is the only one I can call to mind, was—

"All mourn the poet, I lament the man."

This I recollect, because he repeated it several times, and seemed much gratified by it. At our next meeting he produced his epitaphs as they stand in the little posthumous poem above mentioned, and this was the last time he ever enjoyed the company of his friends.

As he had served up the company under the similitude of various sorts of meat, I had in the mean time figured them under that of liquors, which little poem I rather think was printed, but of this I am not sure. Goldsmith sickened and died, and we had one concluding meeting at my house, when it was decided to publish his Retaliation, and Johnson at the same time undertook to write an epitaph for our lamented friend, to whom we proposed to erect a monument by subscription in Westminster-Abbey. This epitaph Johnson executed; but in the criticism, that was attempted against it, and in the round-robin signed at Mr. Beauclerc's house, I had no part. I had no acquaintance with that gentleman, and was never in his house in my life.

Thus died Oliver Goldsmith, in his chambers in the Temple, at a period of life when his genius was yet in its vigour, and fortune seemed disposed to smile upon him. I have heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstance of his rescuing him from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchase-money of his Vicar of Wakefield, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady for board and lodging of some few pounds, and was at his wit's-end how to wipe off the score, and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate, he was found by Johnson, in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of The Vicar of Wakefield, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it: when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above-mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a

time. In the event, he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces. Goldsmith had the joy of finding his ingenious work succeed beyond his hopes, and from that time began to place a confidence in the resources of his talents, which thenceforward enabled him to keep his station in society, and cultivate the friendship of many eminent persons, who, whilst they smiled at his eccentricities, esteemed him for his genius and good qualities.

—

Johnson.

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have laid down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table-cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osbourne for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and wherever he sate down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death. But of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something more, especially of poetry, which under favour, I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his Rasselas at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire, and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator he must have been; not improbably a parliamentarian, and, if such, certainly an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would indubitably have been no member of the Whig Club, no partizan of Wilkes, no friend of Hume, no believer in Macpherson. He would have put up prayers for early rising, and laid in bed all day, and, with the most active resolutions possible, been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius, we are now to enquire what he was by compulsion.

Johnson's first style was naturally energetic, his middle style was turgid to a fault, his latter style was softened down and harmonized into periods, more tuneful and more intelligible. His execution was rapid, yet his mind was not easily provoked into exertion; the variety we find in his writings was not the variety of choice arising from the impulse of his proper genius, but tasks imposed upon him by the dealers in ink, and contracts on his part submitted to in satifaction of the pressing calls of hungry want. For, painful as it is to relate, I have heard that illustrious scholar assert (and he never varied from the truth of fact), that he subsisted himself for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of four-pence halfpenny per day. How melancholy to reflect, that his vast trunk and stimulating appetite were to be supported by what will barely feed the weaned infant! Less, much less, than master Betty has earned in one night, would have cheered the mighty mind, and maintained the athletic body of Samuel Johnson in comfort and abundance for a twelvemonth. Alas! I am not fit to paint his character; nor is there any need of it; *Etiam mortuus loquitur:* every man who can buy a book, has bought a *Boswell;* Johnson is known to all the reading world. I also knew him well, respected him highly, loved him sincerely. It was never my chance to see him in those moments of moroseness and ill-humour, which are imputed to him, perhaps with truth, for who would slander him?

But I am not warranted by any experience of those humours to speak of him otherwise than of a friend, who always met me with kindness, and from whom I never separated without regret. When I sought his company he had no capricious excuses for withholding it, but lent himself to every invitation with cordiality, and brought good humour with him, that gave life to the circle he was in. He presented himself always in his fashion of apparel; a brown coat with metal buttons, black waistcoat and worsted stockings, with a flowing bob wig, was the style of his wardrobe, but they were in perfectly good trim, and with the ladies, which he generally met, he had nothing of the slovenly philosopher about him. He fed heartily, but not voraciously, and was extremely courteous in his commendations of any dish that pleased his palate; he suffered his next neighbour to squeeze the China oranges into his wine glass after dinner, which else perchance had gone aside, and trickled into his shoes, for the good man had neither straight sight nor steady nerves.

At the tea table he had considerable demands upon his favourite beverage, and I remember when sir Joshua Reynolds at my house reminded him that he had drank eleven cups, he replied, "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number up my cups of tea?" And then laughing in perfect good humour, he added—"Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number." When he saw the readiness and complacency, with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said, "Madam, I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did awhile ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done on yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose but to make a Zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge of her; for I swallowed five and twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words." I can only say, my wife would have made tea for him as long as the New River could have supplied her with water.

It was on such occasions he was to be seen in his happiest moments: when animated by the cheering attention of friends whom he liked, he would give full scope to those talents for narration, in which I verily think he was unrivalled, both in the brilliancy of his wit, the flow of his humour, and the energy of his language. Anecdotes of times past, scenes of his own life, and characters of humourists, enthusiasts, crackbrained projectors, and a variety of strange beings, that he had chanced upon, when detailed by him at length, and garnished with those episodical remarks, sometimes comic, sometimes grave, which he would throw in with infinite fertility of fancy, were a treat, which though not always to be purchased by five and twenty cups of tea, I have often had the happiness to enjoy for less than half the number. He was easily led into topics; it was not easy to turn him from them; but who would wish it? If a man wanted to show himself off by getting up and riding upon him, he was sure to run restive and kick him off: you might as safely have backed Bucephalus, before Alexander had lunged him. Neither did he like to be overfondled; when a certain gentleman out-acted his part in this way, he is said to have demanded of him: "What provokes your risibility, sir? Have I said any thing that you understand?—Then I ask pardon of the rest of the company."—But this is Henderson's anecdote of him, and I will not swear he did not make it himself. The following apology, however, I myself drew from him: when speaking of his tour I observed to him upon some

passages, as rather too sharp upon a country and people who had entertained him so handsomely. "Do you think so, Cumbey?" he replied; "then I give you leave to say, and you may quote me for it, that there are more gentlemen in Scotland than there are shoes."

But I do not relish these sayings, and I am to blame for retailing them; we can no more judge of men by these droppings from their lips, than we can guess at the contents of the river Nile by a pitcher of its water. If we were to estimate the wise men of Greece by Laertius's scraps of their sayings, what a parcel of old women should we account them to have been!

The expanse of matter, which Johnson had found room for in his intellectual storehouse, the correctness with which he had assorted it, and the readiness with which he could turn to any article that he wanted to make present use of, were the properties in him, which I contemplated with the most admiration. Some have called him a savage; they were only so far right in the resemblance, as that, like the savage, he never came into suspicious company without his spear in his hand, and his bow and quiver at his back. In quickness of intellect few ever equalled him, in profundity of erudition many have surpassed him. I do not think he had a pure and classical taste, nor was apt to be best pleased with the best authors, but as a general scholar he ranks very high. When I would have consulted him upon certain points of literature, whilst I was making my collections from the Greek dramatists for my essays in The Observer, he candidly acknowledged that his studies had not lain amongst them; and certain it is there is very little show of literature in his Ramblers, and in the passage, where he quotes Aristotle, he has not correctly given the meaning of the original. But this was merely the result of haste and inattention; neither is he so to be measured, for he had so many parts and properties of scholarship about him, that you can only fairly review him as a man of general knowledge. As a poet, his translations of Juvenal gave him a name in the world, and gained him the applause of Pope. He was a writer of tragedy, but his Irene gives him no conspicuous rank in that department. As an essayist he merits more consideration; his Ramblers are in every body's hands; about them opinions vary, and I rather believe the style of these essays is not now considered as a good model; this he corrected in his more advanced age, as may be seen in his Lives of the Poets, where his diction, though occasionally elaborate and highly metaphorical, is not nearly so inflated and ponderous, as in the Ramblers. He was an acute and able critic; the enthusiastic admirers of Milton and the friends of Gray will have something to complain of, but criticism is a task, which no man executes to all men's satisfaction. His selection of a certain passage in the Mourning Bride of Congreve, which he extols so rapturously, is certainly a most unfortunate sample; but unless the oversights of a critic are less pardonable than those of other men, we may pass this over, in a work of merit, which abounds in beauties far more prominent than its defects, and much more pleasing to contemplate. In works professedly of fancy he is not very copious; yet in his Rasselas we have much to admire, and enough to make us wish for more. It is the work of an illuminated mind, and offers many wise and deep reflections, clothed in beautiful and harmonious diction. We are not indeed familiar with such personages as Johnson has imagined for the characters of his fable, but if we are not exceedingly interested in their story, we are infinitely gratified with their conversation and remarks. In conclusion, Johnson's æra was not wanting in men to be distinguished for their talents, yet, if one was to be selected out as

the first great literary character of the time, I believe all voices would concur in naming him.

—

La Tiranna, a Spanish Actress.

At Madrid there was but one theatre for plays, no opera, and a most unsocial gloomy style of living seemed to characterise the whole body of the nobles and grandees. I was not often tempted to the theatre, which was small, dark, ill-furnished, and ill-attended, yet when the celebrated tragic actress, known by the title of the Tiranna, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the outcast race of gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to give her. My friend, count Pietra Santa, who had honourable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her at the same time that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country: in consequence of this intimation she sent me word that I should have notice from her, when she wished me to come to the theatre, till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill, for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons; I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour for her tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of tragedy, for in the course of the plot she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage lying on each side of her, whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description), presented such a high-wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy, *laughing wild amidst severest woe*, as placed her in my judgment at the very summit of her art; in fact I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher, and such was the effect upon the audience, that whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too strong for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermillion round the edges of the lids, her fine arms bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a Sybil, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impressive, that my blood chilled as she approached me not to ask but to claim my applause, demanding of me if I had ever seen any actress, that could be compared with her in

my own, or any other country. "I was determined," she said, "to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason."

The allowances, which the Spanish theatre could afford to make to its performers, were so very moderate, that I should doubt if the whole year's salary of the Tiranna would have more than paid for the magnificent dress in which she then appeared; but this, and all other charges appertaining to her establishment, were defrayed from the coffers of the duke of Osuna, a grandee of the first class, and commander of the Spanish guards. This noble person found it indispensably necessary for his honour to have the finest woman in Spain upon his pension, but by no means necessary to be acquainted with her; and at the very time of which I am now speaking, Pietra Santa seriously assured me, that his excellency had indeed paid large sums to her order, but had never once visited, or even seen her. He told me, at the same time, that he had very lately taken upon himself to remonstrate upon this want of curiosity, and having suggested to his excellency how possible it was for him to order his equipage to the door, and permit him to introduce him to this fair creature, whom he knew only by report, and the bills she had drawn upon his treasurer, the duke graciously consented to my friend's proposal, and actually set out with him for the gallant purpose of taking a cup of chocolate with his hitherto invisible mistress, who had notice given her of the intended visit. The distance from the house of the grandee to the apartments of the gipsey was not great, but the lulling motion of the huge state-coach, and the softness of the velvet cushions, had rocked his excellency into so sound a nap, that when his equipage stopped at the lady's door, there was not one of his retinue bold enough to undertake the invidious task of troubling his repose. The consequence was, that after a proper time was passed upon the halt for this brave commander to have waked, had nature so ordained it, the coach wheeled round, and his excellency having slept away his curiosity, had not, at the time when I left Madrid, ever cast his eyes upon the incomparable Tiranna. I take for granted my friend Pietra Santa drank the chocolate, and his excellency enjoyed the nap. I will only add, in confirmation of my anecdote, that the good abbe Curtis, who had the honour of having educated this illustrious sleeper, verified the fact.

Sketch of a Journey in Spain.

Madrid, which may be considered as the capital of Spain, though it is not a city, disappoints you if you expect to find suburbs, or villas, or even gardens when you have passed the gates, being almost as closely environed with a desart as Palmyra is in its present state of ruin. The Spaniards themselves have no great taste for cultivation, and the attachment to the chace, which seems to be the reigning passion of the Spanish sovereigns, conspires with the indolence of the people in suffering every royal residence to be surrounded by a savage and unseemly wilderness. The lands which should contribute to supply the markets, being thus delivered over to waste and barrenness, are considered only as *fireserves* for game of various sorts, which includes every thing the gun can slay, and these are as much *res sacræ* as the altars or the monks who serve them. This *solitudo ante ostium* did not contribute to support our spirits, neither did the incessant jingling of the mules' bells relieve the tedium of the road to Guadarama.

The next day we passed the mountains of Guadarama by a magnificent causeway, and entered Old Castile. Here the country began to change for the better; the town of

Villa Castin presents a very agreeable spectacle, being new and flourishing, with a handsome house belonging to the marchioness of Torre-Manzanares, who is in part proprietor of the town. This illustrious lady was just now under a temporary cloud for having been party in a frolic with the young and animated duchess of Alva, who had ventured to exhibit her fair person on the public parade in the character of postillion to her own equipage, whilst Torre-Manzanares mounted the box as coachman, and other gallant spirits took their stations behind as footmen, all habited in the splendid blue and silver liveries of the house of Alva. In some countries a whim like this would have passed off with eclat, in many with impunity, but in Spain, under the government of a moral and decorous monarch, it was regarded in so grave a light, that, although the great lady postillion escaped with a reprimand, the lady coachman was sent to her castle at a distance from the capital, and doomed to do penance in solitude and obscurity.

We were now in the country for the Spanish wool, and this place being a considerable mart for that valuable article, is furnished with a very large and commodious shearing-house. We slept at a poor little village called San Chidrian, and being obliged to change our quarters on account of other travellers, who had been before-hand with us, we were fain to put up with the wretched accommodations of a very wretched posada.

The third day's journey presented to us a fine champaign country, abounding in corn and well peopled. Leaving to town of Arebalo, which made a respectable appearance, on our right, we proceeded to Almedo, a very remarkable place, being surrounded with a Moorish wall and towers in very tolerable preservation; Almedo also has a fine convent and a handsome church.

The fourth day's journey still led us through a fair country, rich in corn and wine. The river Adaga runs through a grove of pines, in a deep channel, very romantic, wandering through a vast tract of vineyards without fences. The weather was serene and fresh, and gave us spirits to enjoy the scenery, which was new and striking. We dined at Valdestillas, a mean little town, and in the evening reached Valladolid, where bigotry may be said to have established its head quarters. The gate of the city, which is of modern construction, consists of three arches of equal span, and that very narrow; the centre of these is elevated with a tribune, and upon that is placed a pedestrian statue of Carlos III. This gate delivers you into a spacious square, surrounded by convents and churches, and passing this, which offers nothing attractive to delay you, you enter the old gate of the city, newly painted in bad fresco, and ornamented with an equestrian statue of the reigning king, with a Latin inscription, very just to his virtues, but very little to the honour of the writer of it. You now find yourself in one of the most gloomy, desolate, and dirty towns, that can be conceived, the great square much resembling that of the Plaza-mayor in Madrid, the houses painted in grotesque fresco, despicably executed, and the whole in miserable condition. I was informed that the convents amount to between thirty and forty. There is both an English and a Scottish college; the former under the government of Dr. Shepherd, a man of very agreeable, cheerful, natural manners: I became acquainted with him at Madrid, through the introduction of my friend doctor Geddes, late principal of the latter college, but since bishop of Mancecos, missionary and vicar-general at Aberdeen. I had an introductory letter to the intendant, but my stay was too short to avail myself of it; and I visited no church but the great cathedral of the benedictines, where mass was celebrating, and the altars and whole edifice were arrayed in all their splendour. The fathers were extremely polite, and allowed me to enter the sacristy, where I

saw some valuable old paintings of the early Spanish masters, some of a later date, and a series of benedictine stains, who, if they are not the most rigid, are indisputable the richest order of religious in Spain.

Our next day's journey advanced us only six short leagues, and set us down in the ruinous town of Duenas, which like Olmedo is surrounded by a Moorish fortification, the gate of which is entire. The calasseros, obstinate as their mules, accord to you in nothing, but in admitting indiscriminately a load of baggage, that would almost revolt a waggon, and this is indispensible, as you must carry beds, provisions, cooking vessels, and every article for rest and sustenance, not excepting bread, for in this country an inn means a hovel, in which you may light a fire, if you can defend your right to it, and find a dunghill called a bed, if you can submit to lie down in it.

Our sixth day's stage brought us to the banks of the Douro, which we skirted and kept in sight during the whole day, from Duenas through Torrequemara to Villa Rodrigo. The stone bridge at Torrequemara is a noble edifice of eight and twenty arches. The windings of this beautiful river and its rocky banks, of which one side is always very steep, are romantic, and present fine shapes of nature, to which nothing is wanting but trees, and they not always. The vale, through which it flows, inclosed within these rocky cliffs, is luxuriant in corn and wine; the soil in general of a fine loam mixed with gravel, and the fallows remarkably clean; they deposit their wine in caves hollowed out of the rocks. In the mean time it is to the bounty of nature rather than to the care and industry of man, that the inhabitant, squalid and loathsome in his person, is beholden for that produce, which invites exertions that he never makes, and points to comforts that he never tastes. In the midst of all these scenes of plenty you encounter human misery in its worst attire, and ruined villages amongst luxuriant vineyards: such a bountiful provider is God, and so improvident a steward is his vicegerent in this realm.

It should seem that in this valley, on the banks of the fertilizing Douro, would be the proper scite for the capital of Spain; whereas Madrid is seated on a barren soil, beside a meagre stream, which scarce suffices to supply the washer-women, who make their troughs in the shallow current, which only has the appearance of a river when the snow melts upon the mountains, and turns the petty Manzanares, that just trickles though the sand, into a roaring and impetuous torrent. The climate north of the Guadaramas is of a much superior and more salubrious quality, being not so subject to the dangerous extremes of heat and cold, and much oftener refreshed with showers, the great desideratum for which the monks of Madrid so frequently importune their poor helpless saint Isidore, and make him feel their vengeance, whilst for months together the unrelenting clouds will not credit him with a single drop of rain.

Upon our road this day we purchased three lambs at the price of two pisettes (shillings) a-piece, and, little as it was, we hardly could be said to have had value for our money. Our worthy Marchetti, being an excellent engineer, roasted them whole, with surprising expedition and address, in a kitchen and at a fire that would have puzzled all the resources of a French cook, and which no English scullion would have approached in her very worst apparel. A crew of Catalonian carriers at Torrequemara disputed our exclusive title to the fire, and with their *arroz a la Valenciana* would soon have ruined our roast, if our gallant provedor had not put aside his capa, and displayed his two epaulets, to which military insignia the sturdy interlopers instantly deferred.

There is excellent morality to be learnt in a journey of this sort. A supper at Villa Rodrigo is a better corrective for fastidiousness and

false delicacy, than all that Seneca and Epictetus can administer; and if a traveller in Spain will carry justice and fortitude about him, the calasseros will teach him patience, and the posadas will enure him to temperance: having these four cardinal virtues in possession, he has the whole; all Tully's Offices cannot find a fifth.

On the seventh day of our travel we kept the pleasant Douro still in sight. Surely this river plays his natural sovereign a slippery trick; rises in Galicia, is nourished and maintained in his course through Spain, and, as soon as he is become mature in depth and size for trade and navigation, deserts, and throws himself into the service of Portugal. This is the case with the Tagus also; this river affords the catholic king a little angling for small fry at at Aranjuez, and at Lisbon becomes a magnificent harbour, to give wealth and splendour to a kingdom. The Oporto wines, that grow upon the banks of the Douro in its renegado course, find a ready and most profitable vent in England, whilst the vineyards of Castile languish from want of a purchaser, and in some years are absolutely cast away, as not paying for the labour of making them into wine.

The city and castle of Burgos are well situated on the banks of the river Relancon. Two fine stone bridges are thrown over that stream, and several plantations of young trees line the roads as you approach it. The country is well watered, and the heights furnish excellent pasture for sheep, being of a light downy soil. The cathedral church of Burgos deserves the notice and admiration of every traveller, and it was with sincere regret I found myself at leisure to devote no more than one hour to an edifice that requires a day to examine it within side and without. It is of that order of gothic which is most profusely ornamented and enriched; the towers are crowned with spires of pierced stone-work, raised upon arches, and laced all through with open work like filigree; the windows and doors are embellished with innumerable figures, admirably carved in stone, and in perfect preservation; the dome over the nave is superb, and behind the grand altar there is a spacious and beautiful chapel, erected by a duke of Frejas, who lies entombed with his duchess with a stately monument recumbent, with their heads resting upon cushions, in their robes and coronets, well sculptured in most exquisite marble of the purest white. The bas-relievos at the back of the grand altar, representing passages in the life and actions of our Saviour, are wonderful samples of sculpture, and the carrying of the cross, in particular, is expressed with all the delicacy of Raphael's famous Pasma de Sicilia. The stalls of the choir, in brown oak, are finely executed, and exhibit an innumerable groupe of figures, whilst the seats are ludicrously inlaid with grotesque representations of fauns and satyrs, unaccountably contrasted with the sacred history of the carved work that encloses them. The altars, chapels, sacristy, and cloisters are equally to be admired, nor are there wanting some fine paintings, though not profusely bestowed. The priests conducted me through every part of the cathedral with the kindest attention and politeness, though mass was then in high celebration.

When I was on my departure, and my carriages were in waiting, a parcel of British seamen, who had been prisoners of war, most importunately besought me, that I would ask their liberation of the bishop of Burgos, and allow them to make their way out of the country under my protection. This good bishop, in his zeal for making converts, had taken these fellows upon their word into his list of pensioners, as true proselytes, and allowed them to establish themselves in various occupations and callings, which they now professed themselves most heartily disposed to abandon, and doubted not but I should find him as willing to release them, as they

were to be set free. Though I gave little credit to their assertions, I did not refuse to make the experiment, and wrote to the bishop in their behalf, promising to obtain the release of the like number of Spanish prisoners, if he would allow me to take these men away with me. To my great surprise, I instantly received his free consent and permit, under his hand and seal, to dispose of them as I saw fit. This I accordingly did, and, by occasional reliefs upon the braces of my carriages, marched my party of renegadoes entire into Bayonne, where I got leave, upon certain conditions, to embark them on board a neutral ship bound to Lisbon, and consigned them to commodore Johnstone, or the commanding officer for the time being, to be put on board, and exchanged for the like number of Spanish prisoners, which accordingly was done, with the exception of one or two, who turned aside by the way. I have reason to believe the good bishop was thoroughly sick of his converts, and I encountered no opposition from the ladies, whom two or three of them had taken to wife.

We pursued our eighth day's journey over a deep rich soil, with mountains in sight covered with snow, which had fallen two days before. There was now a scene of more wood, and the face of the country much resembled parts of England. We advanced but seven leagues, the river Relancon accompanying us for the last three, where our road was cut out of the side of a steep cliff, very narrow, and so ill defended, that in many places the precipice, considering the mode in which the Spanish Calesseros drive, was seriously alarming. The wild woman of San Andero, who nursed my infant, during this day's journey was at high words with the witches, who twice pulled off her redecilla, and otherwise annoyed her in a very provoking manner, till we arrived at Breviesca, a tolerable good Spanish town, where they allowed her to repose, and we heard no more of them.

From Breviesca we travelled through a fine picturesque country, of a rich soil, to Pancorvo, at the foot of a steep range of rocky mountains, and passing through a most romantic fissure in the rock, a work of great art and labour, we reached the river Ebro, which forms the boundary of Old Castile. Upon this river stands the town of Miranda, which is approached over a new bridge of seven stone arches, and we lodged ourselves for the night in the posada at the foot of it: a house of the worst reception we had met in Spain, which is giving it as ill a name as I can well bestow upon any house whatever.

A short stage brought us from Breviesca to the town of Vittoria, the capital of Alaba, which is one portion of the delightful province of Biscay. We were now for the first time lodged with some degree of comfort. We showed our passport at the custom-house, and the administrator at the post-office having desired to have immediate notice of our arrival, I requested my friend Marchetti to go to him, and, in the mean time, poor Smith passed a very anxious interval of suspense, fearing that he might be stopped by order of government in this place (a suspicion, I confess, not out of the range of probabilities), but it proved to be only a punctilio of the sub-minister, Campo, who had written to this gentleman to be particular in his attentions to us, inclosing his card, as if in person present to take leave; this mark of politeness on his part produced a present from the administrator of some fine asparagus, and excellent sweetmeats, the produce of the country, with the further favour of a visit from the donor, a gentleman of great good manners, and much respectability.

The marquis Legarda, governor of Vittoria, to whom I had a letter from count D'Yranda, the marquis D'Allamada, and other gentlemen of the place, did us the honour to visit us, and were extremely polite. We were invited by the dominicans to their convent, and saw some ve-

ry exquisite paintings of Ribeira and Murillo. At noon we took our departure for Mondragone, passing through a country of undescribable beauty. The scale is vast, the heights are lofty without being tremendous; the cultivation is of various sorts, and to be traced in every spot where the hand of industry can reach: a profusion of fruit trees in blossom coloured the landscape with such vivid and luxuriant tints, that we had new charms to admire upon every shift and winding of the road. The people are laboricus, and the fields being full of men and women at their work (for here both sexes make common task), nothing could be more animated than the scenery; 'twas not in human nature to present a stronger contrast to the gloomy character and squalid indolence of the Castilians. And what is it which constitutes this marked distinction between such near neighbours, subjects of the same king, and separated from each other only by a narrow stream? It is because the regal power, which in Castile is arbitrary, is limited by local laws in Catalonia, and gives passage for one ray of liberty to visit that happier and more enlightened country.

From Mondragone we went to Villa Franca, where we dined, and finished our twelfth day's journey at Tolosa. The country still presented a succession of the most enchanting scenery, but I was now become insensible to its beauties, being so extremely ill that it was not without much difficulty, so excruciating were my pains, that I reached Tolosa. Here I staid three days, and when I found my fever would not yield to James's powder, I resolved to attempt getting to Bayonne, where I might hope to find medical assistance, and better accommodation.

On the seventeenth day, after suffering tortures from the roughness of the roads, I reached Bayonne, and immediately put myself under the care of doctor Vidal, a huguenot physician. Here I passed three miserable weeks, and though in a state of almost continual delirium throughout the whole of this time, I can yet recollect that under Providence it is only owing to the unwearied care and tender attentions of my ever-watchful wife, assisted by her faithful servant, Mary Samson, that I was kept alive; from her hands I consented to receive sustenance and medicine, and to her alone, in the disorder of my senses, I was uniformly obedient.

It was at this period of time that the aggravating news arrived of my bills being stopped, and my person subjected to arrest. I was not sensible to the extent of my danger, for death hung over me, and threatened to supersede all arrests but of a lifeless corpse: the kind heart, however, of Marchetti had compassion for my disconsolate condition, and he found means to supply me with five hundred pounds, as I have already related. It pleased God to preserve my life, and this seasonable act of friendship preserved my liberty. The early fruits of the season, and the balmy temperature of the air in that delicious climate, aided the exertions of my physician, and I was at length enabled to resume my journey, taking a day's rest in the magnificent town of Bourdeaux, from whence, through Tours, Blois, and Orleans, I proceeded to Paris, which however I entered in a state as yet but doubtfully convalescent, emaciated to a skeleton, the bones of my back and elbows still bare, and staring through my skin.

To be continued.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY FATHER.

WHO from each flow'r and verdant stalk
Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,
And fill'd the long, delightful walk?
My father.

Not on an insect would he tread,
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead,
Who taught at once my heart and head,
My father.

Who wrote upon that heart the line
Paidia grav'd on Virtue's shrine,
To make the human face divine?
My father.

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's fame,
And taught the high, heroic theme
That nightly flash'd upon my dream?
My father.

Who with Ulysses saw me roam,
High on the raft, amidst the foam,
His head still rais'd to look for home?
My father.

What made a barren rock so dear?
My boy, he had a country there.
And who then dropt a *prescient* tear?
My father.

Who, now, in pale and placid light
Of Mem'ry gleams upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulchre of night?
My father.

O, teach me still thy christian plan,
For practice with thy precept ran,
Nor yet desert me, now a man,
My father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice
With charm of thy angelic voice,
Still prompt the motive and the choice,
My father.

For yet remains a little space
'Till I shall meet thee face to face,
And not, as now, in vain embrace,
My father.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE COLUBRIAD.

By Cowper.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door, nail'd fast,
Three kittens sat. Each kitten look'd aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye;
Not much concern'd to know what they did there,
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caus'd me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this?"
When, lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who having never seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent, as a mouse.
Only, projecting with attention due
Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him, "Who are you?"
On to the hall went I with pace, not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe;
With which, well arm'd, I hasten'd to the spot,
To find the viper. But I found him not,
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only, that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipt between the door and the door's sill;
And if I make dispatch and follow hard,

No doubt, but I shall find him in the yard :"
For long ere now it should have been rehears'd,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
E'en there I found him. There the full-grown cat
His head with velvet paw did gently pat,
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only eat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him *never to come there no more.*

For the Literary Magazine.

THE INVOCATION.

HYGEIA! rosy dimpled maid,
Come—I claim thy healing aid
Bring thy mild enchanting smile,
Quickly come! our grief beguile:
Lo! on the bed of fell disease,
A maiden, form'd all souls to please,
Is rack'd by vile and vexing pains
Oh come! I woo thee in my strains.
Restore her eyes their brilliant blue,
Give to her cheek their wonted hue;
Reanimate her form divine,
And let her smiles with lustre shine;
Revive again her cheerful voice,
And those that mourn shall soon rejoice.
Oh hasten, nymph! and with thee bring
All those joys that from thee spring.
So here I linger by this stream,
Musing o'er hope's delusive dream;
Here I waste the mournful days,
While around the soft breeze plays.
I strive to soothe my troubled mind,
But, alas! no peace I find.
Here the maiden oft did stray,
By the moonlight's pallid ray:
And we did mark the setting beam.
Playing on the placid stream.
Here did I my love disclose,
And here we sung our mutual woes.
But now no more I love the scene,
For there no more the maid is seen;
In vain I seek the well known shade,
And hopeless wander through the glade
Then give us, nymph, thy healing power,
To cheer disease's gloomy hour,
My boon thou'lt surely not refuse,
When courted by a youthful muse.
A votive wreath of flow'rs I bring;
I strike to thee the plausive string:
Through ev'ry clime, o'er ev'ry main
Thy name shall echo in my strain.
Then come, Hygeia! dimpled maid,
Come and bring thy healing aid.
Haste, oh nymph! and with thee bring
All those joys that from thee spring.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

We extract the following lines from a weekly print we have just met with.

LINES TO HER WHO MAY UNDERSTAND THEM.

HOW light I liv'd, how free from care,
Before I saw the lovely fair;
No anxious thoughts disturb'd my breast,
And all my mind repos'd at rest.

Jocund pass'd my happy days,
At ease I sang my sportive lays:
For love had never fir'd my brain,
And I had never tasted pain.

But Fate had doom'd a sudden change,
And stopp'd my gay excursive range;
No more to riot in wild Fancy's beams,
She mixt my sleep with Cupid's dreams.

Mary she plac'd before my sight,
Mary, the care of many a sprite;
Mary, the pride of village maids,
Whose praises fill the lowly glades.

Now all the night and all the day,
'Tis she inspires the mournful lay.
While grace and truth to men are dear,
And loveliness has nought to fear,
Mary shall prompt the plausive strain—
Oh! may I, nymph, not sing in vain.

SCYDOR.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 36. SEPTEMBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

CONTENTS.

	page
On the bank paper money of Great Britain	163
Account of Thomas Dermody	167
Account of the country on the Red River	173
A lesson for jurors	174
Description of Wilmington	176
Henderson, the actor	177
The Observer	179
The Jew	180
Romney	ibid.
The young Roscius	181
Boswell	183
Rogers	ibid.
Lord G. Germaine	184
Arundel and Henry	185
Juniis	187
Turkish anecdotes	ibid.
State of the Turkish empire	188
New sect in Arabia	189
Commercial state of the north of Europe	192
The total eclipse	196
The pursuit of happiness	198
Diaper	202
Adversaria, No. XVII	203
Description of Faneuil Hall	205
Swift's Tale of a Tub	206
Account of the Orkney islands	207
Whether France has gained or lost by the revolution	216
Anacreon Moore *versus* America	219
The Reflector, No. XI	222
Decline of wit in France	224
Geographical systems	ibid.
Improvements in Paris since the revolution	225
Literary and philosophical intelligence	228
POETRY.	
Vers adressés à madame Moreau	239
Lines on J. H. Payne	ibid.
Philadelphia, an elegy	ibid.
Stanzas on the death of a young lady	240

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1806.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 36. SEPTEMBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON THE BANK PAPER MONEY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(*From a Letter.*)

I KNOW not how you are affected by the facts your letter communicates, but, I confess, they dispose me to a good deal of serious reflection. You, who are on the spot, are better qualified to judge of causes and effects, within the sphere of the United States, than I who am three thousand miles off; but if similar causes produce similar effects, I shrewdly suspect that our country is either actually involved, or is hastening to become so, in the numerous evils which the rage for banking has undoubtedly produced in this kingdom (*Great Britain*). The banking capital and the bank paper money in the United States cannot, I should imagine, be in a much smaller proportion to the whole circulating medium than with us here, if your statements be correct; consequently, appearances, on this head, must be pretty much alike in both countries. If they be not, in fact, similar, it must be from some difference in the causes that you have not mentioned. Be more particular, in your next, as to your actual situation. Indulge me, meanwhile, in some random speculations on this subject.

Before the discovery of the western hemisphere by the Spaniards, it is well known that gold and silver were so extremely scarce in Europe, that a small piece of either represented a considerable quantity of the necessaries of life; six and eightpence, for instance, was thought an equivalent to a fat ox, a shilling to a sheep. In England, three of the latter stood in the place of a quarter of corn, and thirty paid a year's rent for a house in Cheapside. When the company of wax chandlers dined in gala at their hall, on lord mayor's day, 1478, the luxury and extravagance of the age were wondered at, as soon as it was known that the expences of the day amounted to the enormous sum of seven shillings, or less than two dollars! In those frugal times seven shillings was thought a full and ample representative of a city company's feast!

In later periods, as specie became more plenty, and from that circum-

stance decreased in value, the dinner bill of the worthy company above-mentioned rose from seven shillings to seven pounds; and this sum, small as it may appear to the traders of the present age, was sufficient, about two centuries back, to gratify the appetites and exhilarate the hearts of perhaps seventy citizens.

In those days, we read that when a knight or squire was compelled to represent his county or borough in parliament, the said county or borough thought they made him a handsome provision, in allowing him twenty or thirty pounds to bear his expences: with this vast stipend he came reluctantly to town, and perhaps still more reluctantly was obliged, for the sake of domestic tranquillity, to bring his wife and daughter, once in their lives, to see the metropolis. After a winter spent in the gaieties of London, the consequence of their excursion generally was, that they returned to their ancient mansion fifty or sixty pounds poorer than when they left it; whether the wisdom they acquired answered the vast expence of the pursuit, is a question which, not having any connection with the object of my present speculation, I shall not waste my time in canvassing.

Taking it for granted, then, that seven pounds, or thirty-two dollars, was equal to the entertainment of a city company, and sixty, at most, or two hundred and seventy dollars, was sufficient to support the family of a senator through the dissipation of a session in town, at the beginning of the last century, the rise of these two articles will perhaps astonish you as much as it has me; and you will doubtless consider them as the strongest instances I could produce to show the influx of wealth, and the rapid increase of specie, or the representative of specie, down to the present time: inquire now from what cause this increase proceeded.

The torrent of wealth which flowed from newly discovered America to Spain, did what the riches of the east had done formerly to Rome; it brought with it its concomitant luxury, and enervated the people. When the golden showers first fell upon the former nation, they rendered other showers useless to the uncultured earth; the great embracing their real, and the poor their ideal trans-atlantic possessions, left their native country to chance; the spade and the plough were abandoned; the vineyard neglected; the arts sickened; and, *strange as it may seem*, even the sails of commerce flagged, except those employed to transport their beloved metal from the new to the old world. From this dream they were awakened by hunger; in a short time their visionary accumulations vanished, and they found, like the cock in the fable, that a grain of corn, in the house of famine, was of more value than a diamond; that gold was not *good to eat*. The result was that from their fertile but neglected country, an indolent and avaricious people were obliged to part with their riches to purchase bread; this threw trade into a new channel; the other European nations, glad of a ready money custom, poured their commodities into Spain; supplied her with every necessary and luxury of life; the gold and silver of Peru and Potosi became by this means dispersed over the world, and the Iberian possessors of it were contented to act as factors or bankers to the rest of Europe. Before this great revolution in commerce, the landed interest had in most countries been predominant, and the rise or fall of that kind of property in its value, was the criterion of the prosperity or decline of the state.

Falstaff, in reply to the prince's remarks upon the disorders likely to arise in the "times of civil bustetting," observes that "land may be bought as cheap as stinking mackerel." In our days he would have said, "consols will be done at fifty;" or, in other words, that money, or its representative, credit, is in its plenty or stability the index that points the passions of the people to what they think their greatest blessing: on the contrary, the scarcity of

specie, or the depression of paper, hangs like a weight upon their mind, and involves the nation in gloom, terror, and discontent.

Since the value set on the happiness annexed to riches is so great, can we wonder that the desire of procuring them rose among men much faster than the mines of Mexico could supply them? To attract gold to this kingdom, can we wonder that every method ingenuity could devise was up in practice; or that the artist, the manufacturer, the merchant, joined their efforts, and that the world was explored for articles of luxury to allure this favourite metal to these shores? But though it was poured upon them in great abundance; though to the product of the American mines was added the immense influx of Asiatic wealth, which has during the last fifty years centered in this kingdom; yet it is to be doubted, whether England has become intrinsically richer; for though her wealth, or rather appearance of wealth, has increased, the means of dissipation have increased likewise, and even the necessaries of life have risen in a still greater proportion. In this situation, the current specie, though multiplied a hundred fold in the period above-mentioned, has been found an insufficient representative for the gratification of luxury, the bargains of trade, the schemes of speculation, and the purposes of corruption: hence arose, and much honour is due to the ingenuity of the first inventor, the practice of giving a nominal value to a small slip of paper, making it the portrait of so many pounds, and sending it over the world for commercial, and sometimes, perhaps, less laudable purposes.

In the scarcity of money to which former ages were subject, a small quantity of it represented so large a portion of goods, that even the richest merchant found but little inconvenience in keeping in his strong box sufficient for all the demands of his trade; his superfluous cash was vested in estates; the exchange conducted by the Jews and Lombards was literally the coin of one country for that of another: but when the mode of supplying the exigences of the state was changed from aids, benevolences, and fifteenths, to loans, and these loans were funded, a new species of property arose; a bank was established, and become the hotbed from whence the immense harvests of paper-credit have sprung up.

The ease and convenience with which pecuniary affairs were conducted by bills and notes, and the honour, regularity, and facility, with which the business of the bank was managed, while it prejudiced people in favour of funded property, was found equally advantageous to commerce in general; and the success of the discount and circulation part of it induced men of great fortunes to form houses on the same plan, but more adapted to the multifarious concerns of merchandize.

Had the business of banking stopt here, no doubt it would have continued to be a national benefit; and a considerable paper circulation should have not only been allowed, but encouraged. But as the best things may be perverted to the worst use, so the ease and convenience with which drafts and notes were negociated, has given rise to, and of late most enormously increased, a set of people emphatically denominated hedge bankers, whose only stock is effrontery and paper; coiners and circulators of paper guineas who, within these last twenty years, for I believe few can give a more ancient date to their establishments, have like locusts covered the face of the country. In these flourishing happy times, we have village, market-town, city, and county banks; and nothing can give a stronger, or more glaring picture of the opulence of the nation, than the wonder with which a traveller beholds, in some large towns, a bank in almost every street!

With respect to many of them, they take their rise in the following manner; Truck, a shopkeeper, in a

place consisting perhaps of twenty houses, charmed with the profits and gentility annexed to the profession of a banker, resolves to establish a house. He meets his friends, Selvage, the draper, and Hobnail, the ironmonger, at the club. While they smoke their pipes, they lament the burden and inconvenience which arises to his majesty's subjects from being obliged to carry money in their pocket to market or fair; and observe of how much more consequence a man appears, whose name stamps a value upon a bit of paper. "Pay the sum of thirty-five shillings and sixpence three farthings to Peter Pullet, or order. *Paul Ploughshare.*" What elegance in the sound! with what ease, to those that can write, is property transferred by this means! in short, they deem a bank a necessary appendage to the village, and immediately create a firm. In a few days the soap and candles are removed from the windows of the shop of the head partner; the gilt sugar loaves taken down; the house new painted; and

THE QUAGMIRE BANK,
TRUCK, SELVAGE, HOBNAIL,
and Co.

in capitals emblazoned on the front.

Under so respectable a sanction, they begin to collect the guineas of the neighbourhood, and issue their paper, adorned with a view of the shop at one corner; they connect themselves with the bank in the market-town, who are connected with the bank in the city, who are connected with the county bank, who are agents to a house in London; and thus we see, from so small a beginning, an immense diffusion of paper drags the cash out of the pockets of the provincial inhabitants of this nation, and ultimately brings it to the capital, which must be considered as the reservoir into which the lesser streams empty themselves.

A gentleman who is in the receipt of a very large estate informs me, that the proportion of specie to paper in the payments made to him, is about five pounds in the hundred; which I suppose to be nearly the average of the real and ideal property; or, to speak plainly, that every five pounds of cash possessed by country banks in general, is represented by nineteen five pound notes: these finding their way into circulation, become the vehicles of commerce. Therefore, if we suppose a bank with a capital of even ten thousand pounds specie dispersing paper to the amount of a hundred thousand, which is too frequently the case, and which, as long as their credit lasts, supplies the place of current coin among the lower orders of tradesmen and manufacturers, you may easily figure to yourself the distress and confusion it must create in a small town or village, if such a house happens to stop payment; and that they do so very often, every day's experience convinces us.

You may perhaps tell me that I have only adverted to the danger, and not stated the convenience that accrues from keeping an account at one of those houses. But this is because there seems to me no great convenience in it.

When a farmer or trader goes to market, either to buy or sell, the receiving or payment of a sum of money is attended with little more trouble than the writing of a draft. When our ancestors disposed of their commodities, they were, like the nothern nations at present, frequently paid in silver and even copper; the bulk of the cash received was consequently great; yet weighty as it was, they generally contrived to bear the burden cheerfully home with them. In those ages, paper and its concomitants, swindling and forgery, were unknown.

In our days, when the transfer of a large sum is required, and money thought a cumbersome and awkward medium, there are few towns, however remote from the metropolis, in which notes of the bank of England are not to be procured, either of the receivers of the revenue or London agents; though it must be confessed, they were much oftener seen before the general introduction of country

banks. You may say, they are to be procured, it is true; but whether you want to turn a note into cash, or cash into a note, the officer expects a premium. This I allow, and surely the security of the transaction and credit of the paper, where paper is necessary, are well worth the small expence attending the exchange.

A circulation of notes and bills has been thought advantageous to commerce, as it enables men of small capitals, and great enterprize, to extend their dealings to a degree unknown in former ages.

Think me not too sceptical, if I doubt whether unlimited traffic and boundless manufacture, especially when not firmly supported, are ultimately of any great benefit to a nation: these sources of wealth may, by a hundred accidents, be stopped; every port may be filled with the sails of our merchants; every country in time overloaded with the productions of our artificers; the schemes of speculation must in the end be exhausted; and while the produce of the forge and the loom are hawked about the world, perhaps in vain, the plenty and wealth to be derived from agriculture are overlooked.

It has been remarked of Spain, that the bulk of the people became in reality poorer, as the national riches increased, and their dominions extended; and in this country, the folly of pursuing commerce and cultivation to the south pole, and at the same time leaving vast tracts of land at home in its original wildness, is too obvious not to strike every observer. But to return to the subject from which I have in some degree wandered.

When I supposed the country bankers in possession of the tenth or twentieth part of the property for which they had bills in circulation, some instances have proved that I erred exceedingly in their favour; as from the melancholy detail of their circumstances, it has been found that not one in ten, or perhaps twenty, were masters of any real property at all. When the chain of connection has been broken; when one of the principal links has given way, and the crush of a London, Bristol, or Manchester house has been followed by those of all their country dependants; when the wide extended ruin has involved thousands of credulous individuals, it has frequently been discovered, that every fabric in the whole range has been erected on the most unsubstantial foundation; that perhaps not one of them were ever in possession of a thousand pounds they could really and truly call their own, though their notes to the amount of several hundred thousands may have found a ready circulation through the manufacturing counties, not only to the injury of trade in general, but of the national credit, and the bank of England in particular.

If you think the lower orders of society are by poverty exempt from the evils of paper circulation, you will, if you take the trouble to inquire into the conduct of great manufacturers, find yourself mistaken. You will learn at Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, and other towns, where great numbers of journeymen are employed, that notes to a large amount are weekly passed among them; that their master's notes, which they take in lieu of wages, are negociable with the butcher, baker, shopkeeper, publican, or may be turned into money by application to the clerks of the factory, *at a discount*.

In the weaving and wool counties, this traffic is carried still further, and the great masters become keepers of stores, from which the workpeople are obliged to purchase the necessaries of life at any price they please to put upon them.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THOMAS DERMODY.

IT is lamentable to think how little the treament of persons who

labour under the complicated diseases of poverty, poetry, and want of principle, is yet understood. The common method has hitherto been, to encourage the immorality by indulgence, to repress the poetry by extravagant applause, and to exasperate the symptoms of poverty by thoughtless and unmeasured profusion, succeeded by desertion and neglect. The case of Thomas Dermody appears indeed to have been very desperate; and it is but just to say, that many of his patrons appear to have followed a very rational system of cure: it failed however entirely, partly through the originally bad constitution of the subject, and partly through the mismanagement of some of his romantic admirers. The life and works of this literary prodigy have lately been published, and contain a curious and instructive story. The symptoms are common enough in forward and ill educated youth; but they are so unusually violent in this particular case, as to render it an object of interest.

Thomas Dermody was the son of a tippling schoolmaster in the west of Ireland; and copied all his father's accomplishments with so premature an alacrity, that, before he was ten years of age, he was an excellent classical scholar, and a confirmed drunkard. At this early age, he composed a monody on the death of a brother, which certainly indicates an astonishing prematurity in the arts of composition and versification, though, in substance, it is little more than a cento from the Lycidas and other minor poems of Milton.

Before he had completed his eleventh year, this youthful minstrel determined to break from the bondage of his father's house, to seek adventures and fame in the metropolis; and set out accordingly, with one shirt and two shillings in his pocket.

He meets with a funeral, a merry parish clerk, and a carrier, on this expedition; and, by the good offices of the latter, is safely deposited in the heart of the city of Dublin. There he is picked up by two stall booksellers, the one of whom wants to make him a sort of tutor to his son, and the other attempts to employ him as a shop-boy; but his irritability and love of drinking render him unfit for either situation; and he fortunately attracts the notice of Dr. Houlton, who takes him into his house, furnishes him with books, and exhibits him to his friends as a prodigy of learning and ingenuity. He takes it violently amiss, however, that the good doctor objects to his reading in bed, and matters something heroic as to the horrors of dependence. The doctor being forced to go to a different part of the kingdom, gives him much good advice, and a handsome sum of money, and leaves him again to his own discretion.

This money, though still under twelve years of age, he immediately spends in low debauchery, and then takes shelter with a painter whom he had seen at Dr. Houlton's house, and condescends to act as his errand-boy, and to wash the brushes and heat the size-pots of his master, when he was employed in painting some scenes at the playhouse. In this situation, he produced a poem on the performers, which excited great attention in the green-room, and procured him the patronage of Mr. Owenson, who charitably took him home to his own house, and exerted all his influence to procure him some permanent establishment.

Dr. Young, professor of natural philosophy in the college, undertook to superintend his studies; but he soon deserted his instructor, and went about idling, while he induced his benevolent patron to believe that he was diligent in his attendance. The detection of this duplicity soon followed; and Mr. Owenson was glad to transfer his wayward pupil to the Rev. G. Austin, who now kindly undertook to board and instruct him. By this gentleman's interest, a subscription was set on foot for publishing a collection of his poems, before he was fourteen years of age: a considerable sum was col-

lected, and the infant poet was introduced, like the Young Roscius of his day, into all the literary and fashionable circles of the metropolis. His inherent profligacy, however, was, if possible, still more wonderful than his early acquirements; and, neither the example of his benefactors, nor the dread of their displeasure, could, even at this early age, overcome his attachment to low company, and the most gross and brutal debauchery. To these strange and disgusting excesses, he seems to have added the practice of habitual falsehood. He was detected in a very barefaced imposition of this nature, and degraded for it by his patron from the parlour to the kitchen, where he wrote some libellous and ungrateful verses against him, which excited the resentment of that gentleman so excessively, that he returned all the subscriptions he had collected for him, burned his poems, and turned him out of doors. He then made various applications for money, to those who had honoured him with their subscriptions, and, by the good offices of his friend Mr. Owenson, was taken into the protection of the dowager countess of Moira.

This lady, who seems to have been the most intelligent of all his patrons, removed him immediately from the metropolis, and placed him in the family of the Reverend Mr. Boyd, at Killeagh, where, for two years, she supported him in the most liberal manner, and endeavoured to reclaim him by the most earnest advice. Even in this retreat, he speedily gave way to his inherent propensities to intemperance and low company, and spent the greater part of his time carousing in the alehouse with the parish clerk, the village taylor, and all the dissipated rustics in the neighbourhood. The restraint under which he was held by his reverend tutor disgusted him with the tranquil and secure life which he now lived; and, with the native restlessness of a vagrant, he began to hanker after the tumult and adventure of that precarious and mendicant existence, from which he had just been rescued. He proceeded, accordingly, not only to scandalize his benefactress by new excesses, but to fatigue and insult her by clamorous lamentations over the bondage in which he was held, and demands for the independence to which he had been taught to look forward. Here follows the answer which this excellent and benevolent person returned to these turbulent effusions.

"Lady Moira informs Thomas Dermody, that Mr. Berwick (who is in the country) has transmitted to her a letter which Dermody had written to him, and that she has also received that which Dermody has written to her; both letters intimating his desire and design to withdraw himself from lady Moira's direction, and consequent protection. Lady Moira makes not the least objection to that determination; and has enclosed to Mr. Boyd ten guineas, that he may enter upon his future schemes, and follow his own pursuits, not totally in a destitute condition.

"Lady Moira had hoped, that from his residence with the Rev. Mr. Boyd, he would not only have acquired literary information, but also, in the course of two years, from the influence of mature reason, have attained to the prudent reflection of how incumbent it was for him to practise an exact conduct, to efface the prejudices his former behaviour had impressed. What attainments he has made in literature, it is not in her power to decide: she is persuaded that it could only arise from his own negligence, if he has not profited from Mr. Boyd's instructions. That he has not received any benefit from reflection the style of impropriety which runs through his letters plainly evinces. Lady Moira warns him, that the waywardness of his nature, and the ill-founded degree of self-conceit he indulges himself in respecting his genius, will prevent his ever having friends, or

arriving at success, through the course of his future life, unless he alters his conduct and his sentiments.

"As Dermody has thought proper to withdraw himself from her direction and protection in a manner equally ungracious and absurd, lady Moira informs him, that the donation which accompanies this note, is the last attention or favour that he is ever to expect from lady Moira, or any of her family."

On receiving this note, the infatuated boy grasped the money with eagerness, indited a farewell ode to his friends at the alehouse, and rushed again into the miseries and profligacy of the metropolis. Here he was soon reduced to beggary, and begged: however, by the assistance of Mr. Owenson, he printed a volume of poems, and was patronized by Mr. Grattan, Mr. Flood, Mr. Monk Mason, and various other persons of notoriety; but his incurable propensities alienated all his protectors in succession, and indeed made all pecuniary assistance unavailing. Though he had written a foolish revolutionary pamphlet, the late lord Kilwarden, then attorney-general, was pleased to interest himself in his behalf; and though, on the first visit, he was carried dead drunk from the table, carried his munificence so far as to engage apartments for him in the college, and make offer of defraying the whole of his expences, besides allowing him 30l. a year for pocket-money. This most liberal and generous offer he had the unpardonable folly to refuse, for no other reason that appears, but that he entertained an abhorrence of all regular application, sobriety, or polished society. The attorney-general, of course, withdrew his patronage from so perverse a profligate, and he had recourse again to beggary and occasional poetry.

He had not yet wearied out Irish indulgence. Mr. Smith and Mr. Emerson now undertook to provide for him: but because they ventured sometimes to remonstrate with him on his irregularities, he suddenly withdrew himself from their notice, and abandoned himself to the most depraved society. Deserted at last even by those base associates, he wandered about many weeks without any habitation, or any means of subsistence, but the casual donations which his wretched appearance extorted from the humanity of those to whom he presented mean petitions. In this situation he meditated a visit to London, and wrote some abusive and scurrilous verses on that country which had so long tolerated and supported his vices by its liberal and long-suffering munificence. In his drunken fits he was twice enlisted by a crimping serjeant, and twice set at liberty by his friends; but, on falling into this scrape a third time, it was judged proper by lord Moira and his other patrons, that he should be allowed to remain, for some time at least, in the ranks, to try whether military discipline might not effect that reformation which had proved impracticable by any other method.

For a considerable time there seemed to be ground for hoping that this experiment would prove successful; he was promoted to be a serjeant for good behaviour, and at last, on the sailing of the English army for Flanders, was appointed by Lord Moira second lieutenant to a waggon corps, and served abroad with no discredit or remarkable irregularity, for the long period of four years. On the reduction of this army he was put on half-pay, which secured him a regular annuity of 32l.

The beneficence of the earl of Moira now induced him to provide for his accommodation, and put him in the way of literary advancement; but he squandered the liberal supplies of his protector, and returning to the pursuits of low debauchery, was very soon reduced to prison, from which he was only released by the kindness of his patron. He was no sooner at liberty, than all thoughts of reformation vanished; he mortgaged his half-pay, boarded himself with a drunken Irish cobbler in

Westminster, and spent his days and nights in the most offensive intemperance with him and his associates. Lord Moira, though he never deserted him entirely, was now forced to abandon the scheme of bringing him forward to public notice.

In 1800 he published a collection of his poems; but he was now twenty-five years of age; and the public, that had clapped and shouted the infant poet, did not find any subject for rapturous admiration in the production of the man. He was soon naked and destitute again, and then applied to sir James Bland Burges. Sir James gave him a draught on his banker for ten pounds; and as soon as he had got home, Dermody wrote a letter, stating that he had lost the draught by the way, and requesting to have another of equal value. On sending to the banker, sir James found that the first draught had been presented and paid to the poet, who makes a most awkward apology for the imposition, and is again received into favour. By the intercession of this new patron, he was now reccommended to the consideration of the Literary Fund; and received a supply of money and clothes, that seemed to put him, for a time at least, beyond the reach of absolute want.

As he was now well drest, apparently relieved from his embarrassments, and with favourable prospects opening to him, his friends entertained a hope that he would have discretion enough to make a good use of his prosperity. But this expectation was very short lived. Within a week after he had appeared in his new clothes, as sir James Burges was sitting in the evening in his library, he heard a loud noise and a violent altercation in his hall. On going out to inquire the cause, he found Dermody struggling with two of his servants, who endeavoured to prevent him from forcing his way into the house. And, indeed, his appearance was such as completely to justify them; for he was literally in rags, was covered with mud, in which it appeared that he had been just rolled, had a black eye, and a fresh wound on his head, from which the blood trickled down his breast; and, to crown the whole, was so drunk as to be hardly able to stand or speak. As soon as sir James could recognize him, he released him from his servants; and, conducting him to his library, inquired the reason of his appearing in such a condition. Dermody accounted for his being so ill drest, by saying that he had pawned his new clothes. As for his dirt and wounds, he said he had been arrested and carried to a spunging house, where he had been drinking with the bailiffs, and writing a poem which he wished to take to sir James, but they would not let him; so that he had watched his opportunity, and slipped off; but had been overtaken by them, and obliged to fight his way.

The compassion of sir James withstood this exhibition; and he persisted in his attention to this devoted bacchanal, till his repeated misconduct and shameless solicitations at last wearied out his benevolence, and shut his ears to his entreaties.

At one time he might be seen in his garret in company with his hosts the cobler and his wife, and some attic lodger of equal consequence, regaling on a goose which his industry had roasted by a string in his own apartment: while the pallet-bed, which stood in a corner, was strewed with various vegetables; the fire-side decorated with numerous foaming pots of porter; and the cobler's work-stool, boot-leg, lap-stone, &c. were commodiously placed as seats. On another occasion, in some neighbouring alehouse, entertaining the same personages with the various rarities which these resorts generally afford; where, as the astonished guests, enveloped in clouds of smoke, sat listening with rapture to the eloquence of Dermody, the host was to be discovered in the back ground applauding with one hand, while his other dex

terously scored an additional item to the bill.

At another time, a friend having occasion to call for him, on entering the house his ears were assailed by violent plaudits and huzzas, which appeared to issue from the attic story. Having little curiosity to inquire into the cause of these extraordinary rejoicings, he only requested to see Dermody. The good woman of the house quickly dispatched a messenger to give the proper information; and the visitant was soon ushered into a room, at the top of which sat Dermody in a new suit of clothes, surrounded by half a score of the landlord's smoking acquaintances; the table strewed with tobacco, pipes, and a plentiful flow of wine and spirits; and the side-board loaded with bottles, the late contents of which had left the members of this elevated society in a state of equal jollity and confusion.

One day, Dermody had dined in Piccadilly; when his friend, perceiving his shoes and stockings to be in a very bad condition, sent and purchased a pair of each, which Dermody put into his pocket, with the intention of wearing them the following morning. The next evening, however, he made his appearance without either shoes, stockings, hat, neckcloth, or waistcoat, and in a state of intoxication not to be endured. He had pledged the shoes and stockings, got drunk with the money, and, in a fray in the streets, had lost his other necessaries. He entered the house in this state, told his tale, threw on the floor the duplicate of the articles he had pledged, demanded other apparel, was refused, swore a few oaths, threatened to destroy a sideboard of glass, alarmed the whole family, was turned out of doors, and, during the remainder of the night, took shelter in a shed fitted up for some cattle in one of the fields leading from Westminster to Chelsea.

His last patron was lord Sidmouth, who enabled him to bring out another volume of poetry in 1802, and contributed liberally to his comfort and relief. But no admonitions could withhold Dermody many hours from the pot-house, and no money could keep him many days from the jail. His constitution at last gave way under so many irregularities; he ran from his creditors and benefactors to a miserable cottage in the village of Sydenham, where he expired, in July, 1802, at the age of 27.

Such is the history of Thomas Dermody Every one must look with some degree of disapprobation on the patronage and indulgence which was lavished on such a wretch as Dermody.

His talents were of an inferior order. He has considerable sweetness of versification, and a copious and easy flow of expression; but we find little original in his conceptions: he is a great copyist: and, where he does not give way to a vein of puerile parody, or vulgar mock heroick, seems generally contented with amplifying, in loose and declamatory language, the ideas which he borrows from popular authors. After all, it is by no means so difficult to write tolerable poetry as the world appears to imagine; nor is the merit of this kind of labour so great as to atone for the want of common decency, or to monopolize the charity on which virtuous misfortune has so much stronger a claim. There are quantities of poetry as good as most of Dermody's, which pass quietly to oblivion every six months, without ever being missed by the world.

It is more indeed to national vanity, and a taste for monsters of all descriptions, than to any tender sympathies for the suffering of genius, that we must ascribe the profuse and unmerited bounty which was poured into the purse of this prodigy of verse and debauchery. It would have been quite as well for the world, and much better for himself, had he been allowed to pursue his natural progress, from the house of correction to the gallows; or, at any rate, if he had been left under the wholesome discipline of the sergeants and drummers in the ranks of a regiment of foot.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY AND PRODUCTIONS NEAR THE RED RIVER, IN LOUISIANA. IN A LETTER FROM DR. JOHN SIBLEY, TO DR. CALVIN, OF RALEIGH.

THE district of Natchitoches contains about 3000 inhabitants, strung mostly along the river, occupying its banks for about sixty miles, in which, till a short time ago, was a Spanish garrison, and now an American one.

The inhabitants immediately on the banks of the Mississippi are less sickly than on the large rivers in the Carolinas and Georgia, probably owing to the immense depth and purity of the river water, which is always cool, and never emits putrid miasma. On the Red River it is much the same, with the difference only of the brackishness of its water, from the great number of salt springs, lakes, and creeks, with which the country through which it passes abounds: the water of the Red River is so salt, that wherever it is stagnant, large cockles, clams, shrimps, &c., resembling those on the sea-coast, are found in plenty. At Natchitoches, lime made of cockle shells is plenty, and used altogether, though limestone exists in abundance. Lime made of shells is sold at twenty-five cents a bushel, and a common labourer's wages is seventy-five cents a day. I have never seen on Red River any fever of the putrid bilious infectious kind, none worse than an intermittent, or remittent, that six or eight doses of bark a day, for three or four days, after proper evacuations, would cure; though I have found often such a degree of debility, that blistering, and the diffusive stimulus, was necessary. Pneumonic complaints carried off a number of persons last winter; they were most fatal among the old people. At Natchitoches there are several instances of longevity. There is a German that has been here fifty years, who is now ninety-five years old, in good health, labours constantly, and can walk thirty miles a day, several who were born here of between eighty and eighty-five, and upwards of twenty above seventy.

I have kept this summer an account of the degree of heat by Fahrenheit's thermometer, hung in a house surrounded with a piazza, against a plank partition that divides a common hall from a chamber. The 5th of June, at 3 P. M., it was 94; no other day has been more than 92, and but a few days more than from 84 to 86. Our nights are always cool. The latitude of Natchitoches I believe to be 32° 10′. Sugar cane grows pretty well here, and sour oranges. I have taken the liberty of enclosing you some samples of colours, which I have made of a wood found on Red River in great plenty; it is sometimes called saphors; but more commonly in French bois d'arc, or bow-wood: it is used by the Indians for their bows to throw their arrows, and by the French for axe helves and handles for other tools. It grows two or three feet in diameter, resembles in colour most exactly the patent yellow, takes a beautiful polish, and I think would be highly esteemed by turners and cabinet makers, particularly for inlaying and fineering; but probably more valuable as a dye wood. The colours marked 1, 2, and 3, are made by a simple decoction of the wood, only of different degrees of strength, and is the colour of the wood. Other colours I made from the same decoction of logwood, blue vitriol, salt of tartar, copperas, or alum; these colours will not wash out nor fade by being washed in strong soap suds. As the quantity of it on Red River cannot, by exportation, be exhausted, and every particle of it may be used by either turner, cabinet maker, or dyer, I have no doubt but in some future time it may be a valuable article of exportation.

There is between Natchitoches and the sea shore, at a small creek near the Quesqueshee lake, the skeleton of an animal, which, from

the description I have had of it, is the skeleton of a mammoth. If it is so, it contradicts an opinion that has existed, that these animals have not been in a latitude so far south.

Should the western limits of Louisiana extend to the river Brave or Grand (Great River), the mouth of which is in latitude 26, the United States will be able to make their own coffee and chocolate, both of which articles grow well in that latitude, and will include a country, particularly at and about Saint Antoine, that in point of beauty and fertility is superior to any part in Europe or America; the surface of the country is neither level nor too hilly, is in perpetual verdure, of the most luxuriant grass; the pastures in summer and winter are equally rich; great proportion of it rich prairies, through which flow the most beautifully limpid streams, meandering over gravel and pebble bottoms.

The city of Saint Antoine is about one hundred and forty years old, is about five hundred miles south-westerly of Natchitoches, and contains about five hundred houses, mostly built of white free stone, situated on a river called St. Marchus, or Saint Antoine river, and about one hundred and eighty miles from its mouth, in which it is said there is a good port about one hundred miles below St. Antoine On the same river is the town of Laberdee, which was first settled, in 1662, by Mons. de Salles, a Frenchman. Some of his descendants now live there, and there are French cannon now there which they brought, with the engravings of Louis XIV on them.

For the Literary Magazine.

A LESSON FOR JURORS.

To the Editor, &c.

THE following lesson for jurors, which cannot be too generally known and circulated, appears to be well calculated for a place in your instructing magazine:

A judge, who lately travelled the north-west circuit of Ireland, came to the trial of a cause in which most of the local consequences of certain demagogues in the neighbourhood were concerned: it was the case of a landlord's prosecution against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor, by the defendant, in the preservation of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from ravishment.

When the poor man was brought into court, and put to the bar, the prosecutor appeared, and swore most manfully to every article in the indictment He was cross-examined by the jurors, who were composed of honest tradesmen and farmers.

The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story; he pleaded his own cause, and he pleaded, not to the fancy, but to the heart. The jury found him *not guilty*.

The court was enraged; but the surrounding spectators, gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause. The judge told the jury they must go back to their jury-room and re-consider the matter; adding, "he was surprised they could presume to return so infamous a verdict." The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench: "My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury-room; but as we found no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we return it in the same words as before—*not guilty*. We heard your lordship's extraordinary language of reproof, but we do not accept it as properly or warrantably applying to us. It is true, my lord, that we ourselves, individually considered in our private capacities, may be poor insignificant men, therefore, in that light, we claim nothing out of this box above the common regards of our humble but honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a *jury*, we cannot be insensible to the great

and constitutional importance of the department we now fill; we feel, my lord, that we are appointed, as *you* are, by the law and the constitution, not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but we act in a situation of still greater confidence; for we form, as a jury, the barrier of the people against the possible influence, prejudice, passion, or corruption of the bench.

"To you, my lord, meeting you within these walls, I, for my own part, might possibly measure my respect by your private virtues; but the moment I am enclosed in this place, your private character is invisible; for it is, in my eyes, veiled in your official one, and to open conduct in that only can we look.

"This jury, my lord, does not, in this business, presume to offer to that bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult; we pay it the respect one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honour of both. This jury, my lord, did not arraign that bench with partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet with influence, passion, corruption, oppression, or tyranny; no, we looked to it as the mercy-seat of royalty, as the sanctuary of truth and justice. Still, my lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our school-books, nor erase the early inscriptions written on our intellects and memories. Hence we must be mindful that monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, that tyrants have sat on thrones, and that the mercy-seat of royalty, and the sanctuary of justice, have been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scraggs, and a Jeffries. [*Here was a frown from the bench.*]

"Nay, my lord, I am a poor man, but I am a free born subject of the kingdom of Ireland, a member of the constitution; nay, I am now higher, for I am the representative thereof. I therefore claim for myself and fellow-jurors, the liberty of speech; and, if I am refused it here, I shall assume it before the people at the door of this court-house, and tell them why I deliver my mind there, instead of delivering it at this place. [*Here the bench re-assumed complacency.*]

"I say, my lord, we have nothing to do with your private character; we know you here only in that of judge; and as such we would respect you: you know nothing of us but as a jury; and in that situation we should look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high his titles or his rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant the presumption of an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal in whom the people have vested the dearest and most valuable privilege they possess. I before said, my lord, that we are here met, not individually, nor do we assume pre-eminence; but, in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to the constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our opinions, on the evidence before us. We have, in our own minds, acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are answerable, not to your lordship, nor to that bench, nor to the king who placed you there, but to a higher power, the KING OF KINGS!"

The bench was dumb, the bar silent; but approbation was murmured throughout the crowd; and the poor man was discharged.

To illustrate the extraordinary virtues and independence displayed by the above jury would require more than ordinary talents; suffice it to say that it ought to be instilled into the mind, and the lesson engraven on the heart of every man, that he may be prepared for that exalted station.

J. W. P.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BOROUGH OF WILMINGTON, IN THE STATE OF DELAWARE, AND THE COUNTRY AROUND IT.

WILMINGTON is a town of between 4 and 5000 inhabitants, in a high, healthy, and agreeable situation. Its southern side is washed by the Christiana river, navigable to the town by vessels drawing fifteen feet, and ten miles further by those of nine feet. From this water the land rises gradually to the N. E., presenting a fine swelling hill of 109 feet high, on the S. E. and S. W. side of which the town, consisting principally of brick houses, is erected. The apex of this hill is at half a mile distance from the Christiana; thence it declines (on all sides except the north) for half a mile. At the foot of it, on the N. E. side, the Brandywine mills are about fifty or sixty snug brick, stone, and frame houses The Brandywine is about 40 miles in length; a permanent, beautiful stream, bordered with high rocky grounds, and navigable to the mills, where the water is six to eight feet deep at the height of the tide. The main post road passes over this stream and through the town of Wilmington, and mails are delivered every day from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Three land stages and one water stage leave the town every day for the first, and two land stages for the latter place.

The streams of Christiana and Brandywine form a junction one mile S. E. of the town of Wilmington, and discharge their waters into the Delaware, which is in full view for several miles, and at a distance of two and a half miles. To this point the view is quite open to the eastern shore of the Delaware, but is bounded in the east and south points by rising grounds and woods. The lands on the south side of the Christiana are rich and gently waved, but are not reckoned healthy, from some cause not well ascertained. From the western point round the north, the country rises into hills of varied soils, yielding good crops, with careful cultivation, and, in almost all places, excellent water is found. Brandywine hundred, or the tract of country on the N. E. side of that creek, is high, rocky, and abounding with springs. The soil is pretty generally a stiff clay, not carefully cultivated, but supposed capable of producing large crops of timothy and some other grasses. This country is noted for its rapid production of timber, and the great supply of this necessary article which it has continued to yield for a long period of years.

The price of land varies much, as must be expected, in proportion to their quality and vicinity to marshes. On the south side of the Christiana they are under value, owing to the objection before stated, and to the want of a better means of passing the creek to Wilmington than a ferry half a mile below the town. They may be reckoned at an average value of 22 to 24 dollars per acre. From the west round to the north point, great variety and beauty of situation present; the prices accordingly vary from 150 to 12 dollars per acre within the space we have under view. So also are the variations of price in Brandywine hundred, except that they do not rise so high but go still lower. The improvements within this space, exclusive of those of the town and of Brandywine, for grinding grain (where there are thirteen mills), are six or eight flour mills, four powder mills, one tilt hammer wheel, and one mill for sawing marble, one forge and two paper mills, one snuff mill, besides several saw mills, making in the whole probably thirty-five water wheels for various machinery.

The town of Wilmington, as well as the neighbourhood, is settled with persons of various religious sects, who live in great harmony, and have houses for public worship, viz.

two belonging to the batoinist*, two for those of the methodist persuasion, one episcopalian, one for the baptist, and one belonging to the society of friends. There are at present about twenty schools in Wilmington, in one of which the Greek and Latin languages are taught; a public library of about 600 volumes is also open six days in the week, for the use of members of the company or persons who chuse to hire books.

What appears to render Wilmington peculiarly fitted for the establishment of manufactures is not only the facility with which it communicates by water navigation with all parts of the continent, but particularly the facility by which a superabundance of water fall might be obtained for the erection of machinery, provided the capital embarked in the business was a large one, and the establishment intended to be extensive.

The Brandywine, in the last four miles of its course above the town, has a fall more than equal to the height of the hill upon which the buildings are erected; hence the possibility of gaining power sufficient for the employment of four times the machinery at present turned by the body of the stream at the Brandywine mills, or 48 wheels, as there are no natural obstructions to overcome but such as are common in works of a like kind.

It is true that as there are many valuable works erected on the stream within the distance spoken of, it would be necessary to agree with the owners for the privilege of carrying the water by them to a situation which would be more convenient for their purposes, provided their mills were not already established.

It may be objected to Wilmington, "that the yellow fever has prevailed and proved very destructive to it in the years 1798 and 1802; but on the other hand it must be taken into view, that peculiar causes operated in those years to facilitate its introduction, and that there now remains no doubt of its having been introduced by persons from places previously affected, and that even in the most destructive times it was endemical, or confined to the lower parts of the town.

Of the general healthiness of the place, an idea may be formed by recurring to Carey's Geography, under the article Wilmington, as some pains were taken in the year mentioned there to procure accurate knowledge of the matter communicated. The population at that day was not equal to what it is at present is a fair presumption, yet there were found upwards of 160 persons within the borough, the youngest of whom had lived 60 years.

* This name requires explanation.

For the Literary Magazine.

CUMBERLANDIANA.

Concluded from page 158.

Henderson, the Actor.

HE was an actor of uncommon powers, and a man of the brightest intellect, formed to be the delight of society, and few indeed are those men of distinguished talents, who have been more prematurely lost to the world, or more lastingly regretted. What he was on the stage, those who recollect his Falstaff, Shylock, sir Giles Overreach, and many other parts of the strong cast, can fully testify; what he was at his own fire-side and in his social hours, all, who were within the circle of his intimates, will not easily forget. He had an unceasing flow of spirits, and a bou dless fund of humour, irresistibly amusing: he also had wit, properly so distinguished, and from the specimens which I have seen of his sallies in verse, levelled at a certain editor of a public print, who had annoyed him with his paragraphs, I am satisfied he had talents at his command to have established a very high reputation as a poet. I was with him one morning, when he was

indisposed, and his physician, sir John Elliot, paid him a visit. The doctor, as is well known, was a merry little being, who talked pretty much at random, and oftentimes with no great reverence for the subjects which he talked upon; upon the present occasion, however, he came professionally to inquire how his medicines had succeeded, and in his northern accent demanded of his patient—"Had he taken the *palls* that he sent him."—"He had."—"Well! and how did they agree? What had they done?"—"Wonders," replied Henderson; "I survived them."—"To be sure you did," said the doctor, "and you must take more of 'em, and live for ever: I make all my patients immortal."—"That is exactly what I am afraid of, doctor," rejoined the patient. "I met a lady of my acquaintance yesterday; you know her very well: she was in bitter affliction, crying and bewailing herself in a most piteous fashion: I asked what had happened. A melancholy event; her dearest friend was at death's door."—"What is her disease?" cried the doctor.—"That is the very question I asked," replied Henderson; "but she was in no danger from her disease; 'twas very slight; a mere excuse for calling in a physician."—"Why, what the devil are you talking about," rejoined the doctor; "if she had called in a physician, and there was no danger in the disease, how could she be said to be at death's door?"—"Because," said Henderson, "she had called in you: every body calls you in; you dispatch a world of business, and, if you come but once to each, your practice must have made you very rich."—"Nay, nay," quoth sir John, "I am not rich in this world; I lay up my treasure in heaven."—"Then you may take leave of it for ever," rejoined the other, "for you have laid it up where you will never find it."

Henderson's memory was so prodigious, that I dare not risk the instance which I could give of it, not thinking myself entitled to demand more credit than I should probably be disposed to give. In his private character many good and amiable qualities might be traced, particularly in his conduct towards an aged mother, to whom he bore a truly filial attachment; and in laying up a provision for his wife and daughter he was at least sufficiently careful and economical. He was concerned with the elder Sheridan in a course of public readings: there could not be a higher treat than to hear his recitations from parts and passages in Tristram Shandy: let him broil his dish of sprats, seasoned with the sauce of his pleasantry, and succeeded by a dessert of Trim and my Uncle Toby, it was an entertainment worthy to be enrolled amongst the *noctes cænasque divûm*. I once heard him read part of a tragedy and but once; it was in his own parlour, he was conscious how ill he did it, and he ranted most outrageously; and laid it aside before he had finished it. It was clear he had not studied that most excellent property of pitching his voice to the size of the room he was in; an art, which so few readers have, but which lord Mansfield was allowed to possess in perfection. He was an admirable mimic, and in his sallies of this sort he invented speeches and dialogues, so perfectly appropriate to the characters he was displaying, that I don't doubt but many good sayings have been given to the persons he made free with, which, being fastened on them by him in a frolic, have stuck to them ever since, and perhaps gone down to posterity amongst their memorabilia. If there was any body now qualified to draw a parallel between the characters of Foote and Henderson, I don't pretend to say how the men of wit and humour might divide the laurel between them, but in this all men would agree, that poor Foote attached to himself very few true friends, and Henderson very many, and those highly respectable, men virtuous in their lives, and enlightened in their understandings. Foote, vain, extravagant, embarrassed, led a wild and thoughtless course of life; yet

when death approached him, he shrunk back into himself, saw and confessed his errors, and I have reason to believe was truly penitent. Henderson's conduct through life was uniformly decorous, and in the concluding stage of it exemplarily devout.

—

The Observer.

Though I continued to amuse my fancy with dramatic composition, my chief attention was bestowed upon that body of original essays, which compose the volumes of *The Observer*. I first printed two octavos experimentally at our press in Tunbridge Wells: the execution was so incorrect, that I stopped the impression as soon as I engaged my friend Mr. Charles Dilly to undertake the reprinting of it. He gave it a form and shape fit to meet the public eye, and the sale was encouraging. I added to the collection very largely, and it appeared in a new edition of five volumes: when these were out of print, I made a fresh arrangement of the essays, and incorporating my entire translation of *The Clouds*, we edited the work thus modelled in six volumes, and these being now attached to the great edition of the British Essayists, I consider the Observer as fairly enrolled amongst the standard classics of our native language, This work therefore has obtained for itself an inheritance; it is fairly off my hands, and what I have to say about it will be confined to a few simple facts. I had no acknowledgments to make in my concluding essay, for I had received no aid or assistance from any man living. Every page and paragraph, except what is avowed quotation, I am singly responsible for. My much esteemed friend, Richard Sharp, Esq., now of Mark-lane, had the kindness, during my absence from town, to correct the sheets as they came from the press. Had that judicious friend corrected them before they went to the press, they would have been profited by the reform of many more than typographical errors; but the approbation he was pleased to bestow upon that portion of the work which passed under his inspection, was a very sensible support to me in the prosecution of it; for though I was aware what allowances I had to make for his candid disposition to commend, I had too much confidence in his sincerity to suppose him capable of complimenting me against his judgment or his conscience.

I think it cannot be supposed but that the composition of those essays must have been a work of time and labour; I trust there is internal evidence of that, particularly in that portion of it which professes to review the literary age of Greece, and gives a history of the Athenian stage. That series of papers will, I hope, remain as a monument of my industry in collecting materials, and of my correctness in disposing them: and when I lay to my heart the consolation I derive from the honours now bestowed upon me at the close of my career by one, who is only in the first outset of his, what have I not to augur for myself, when he who starts with such auspicious promise has been pleased to take my fame in hand, and link it to his own? If any of my readers are yet to seek for the author, to whom I allude, the *Comicorum Graecorum fragmenta quaedam* will lead *them* to his name, and *him* to their respect.

My publisher informs me that inquiries are made of him, if I have it in design to translate more comedies of Aristophanes, and that these inquiries are accompanied by wishes for my undertaking it. I am flattered by the honour, which these gentlemen confer upon me, but the version of *The Clouds* cost me much time and trouble; I have no right to reckon upon much more time for any thing, and it is very greatly my wish to collect and revise the whole of my unpublished,

and above all of my unacted dramas, which are very numerous; I have also a work far advanced, though put aside during the writing of these Memoirs, which, if life is granted to me, I shall be anxious to complete. I must further observe that there is but one more comedy in our volume of Aristophanes, viz. *The Plutus*, which I could be tempted to translate.

—

The Jew.

I take credit to myself for the character of Abraham Abrahams; I wrote it upon principle, thinking it high time that something should be done for a persecuted race: I seconded my appeal to the charity of mankind by the character of Sheva, which I copied from this of Abrahams. The public prints gave the Jews credit for their sensibility in acknowledging my well-intended services; my friends gave me joy of honorary presents, and some even accused me of ingratitude for not making public my thanks for their munificence. I will speak plainly on this point: I do most heartily wish they had flattered me with some token, however small, of which I might have said, *this is a tribute to my philanthrophy*, and delivered it down to my children, as my beloved father did to me his badge of favour from the citizens of Dublin: but not a word from the lips, not a line did I ever receive from the pen of any Jew, though I have found myself in company with many of their nation; and in this perhaps the gentlemen are quite right, whilst I had formed expectations that were quite wrong; for if I have said for them only what they deserve, why should I be thanked for it? But if I have said more, much more, than they deserve, can they do a wiser thing than hold their tongues?

It is reported of me, and very generally believed, that I compose with great rapidity. I must own the mass of my writings (of which the world has not seen more than half), might seem to warrant that report; but it is only true in some particular instances, not in the general; if it were, I should not be disinclined to avail myself of so good an apology for my many errors and inaccuracies, or of so good a proof of the fertility and vivacity of my fancy. The fact is, that every hour in the day is my hour for study, and that a minute rarely passes, in which I am absolutely idle; in short, I never do nothing. Nature has given me the hereditary blessing of a constitutional and habitual temperance, that revolts against excess of any sort, and never suffers appetite to load the frame; I am accordingly as fit to resume my book or my pen the instant after my meal, as I was in the freshest hours of the morning. I never have been accustomed to retire to my study for silence and meditation; in fact my book-room at Tunbridge Wells was occupied as a bed-room, and what books I had occasion to consult I brought down to the common sitting-room, where, in company with my wife and family (neither interrupting them, nor interrupted by them), I wrote *The Observer*, or whatever else I had in hand.

—

Romney.

Romney, in the mean time, shy, private, studious, and contemplative; conscious of all the disadvantages and privations of a very stinted education; of a habit naturally hypochondriac, with aspen nerves, that every breath could ruffle, was at once in art the rival, and in nature the very contrast of sir Joshua. A man of few wants, strict economy, and with no dislike to money, he had opportunities enough to enrich him even to satiety; but he was at once so eager to begin, and so slow in finishing his portraits, that he was for ever disappointed of receiving payment for them by the casualties and revolutions in the fa-

milies they were designed for; for so many of his sitters were *killed off*, so many favourite ladies were dismissed, so many fond wives divorced, before he would bestow half an hour's pains upon their petticoats, that his unsaleable stock was immense, whilst, with a little more regularity and decision, he would have more than doubled his fortune, and escaped an infinitude of petty troubles that disturbed his temper. At length, exhausted rather by the languor than by the labour of his mind, this admirable artist retired to his native country in the north of England, and there, after hovering between life and death, neither wholly deprived of the one, nor completely rescued by the other, he continued to decline, till at last he sunk into a distant and inglorious grave, fortunate alone in this, that his fame is consigned to the protection of Mr. Hayley, from whom the world expects his history; there, if he says no more of him than that he was, at least, as good a painter as Mr. Cowper was a poet, he will say enough; and if his readers see the parallel in the light that I do, they will not think that he shall have said too much.

When I first knew Romney, he was poorly lodged in Newport-street, and painted at the small price of eight guineas for a three-quarters portrait. I sate to him, and was the first who encouraged him to advance his terms, by paying him ten guineas for his performance. I brought Garrick to see his pictures, hoping to interest him in his favour. A large family piece unluckily arrested his attention: a gentleman in a close-buckled bob-wig, and a scarlet waistcoat laced with gold, with his wife and children (some sitting, some standing), had taken possession of some yards of canvas, very much, as it appeared, to their own satisfaction, for they were perfectly amused in a contented abstinence from all thought or action. Upon this unfortunate groupe when Garrick had fixed his lynx's eyes, he began to put himself into the attitude of the gentleman, and turning to Mr. Romney, "Upon my word, sir," said he, "this is a very regular, well-ordered family, and that is a very bright, well-rubbed mahogany table, at which that motherly good lady is sitting; and this worthy gentleman in the scarlet waistcoat is doubtless a very excellent subject to the state I mean (if all these are his children), but not for your art, Mr. Romney, if you mean to pursue it with that success, which I hope will attend you." The modest artist took the hint, as it was meant, in good part, and turned his family with their faces to the wall. When Romney produced my portrait, not yet finished—"It was very well," Garrick observed: "that is very like my friend, and that blue coat with a red cape is very like the coat he has on, but you must give him something to do; put a pen in his hand, a paper on his table, and make him a poet; if you can once set him down well to his writing, who knows but in time he may write something in your praise." These words were not absolutely unprophetical: I maintained a friendship for Romney to his death; he was uniformly kind and affectionate to me, and certainly I was zealous in my services to him. After his death I wrote a short account of him, which was published in a magazine. I did my best, but must confess I should not have undertaken it but at the desire of my excellent friend, Mr. Green, of Bedford-square; and being further urged to it by the wishes of two other valuable friends, Mr. Long, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Mr. Daniel Braythwaite, whom I sincerely esteem, it was not for me to hesitate, especially as I was not then informed of Mr. Hayley's purpose to take that work upon himself.

—

The Young Roscius.

My tragedy of *The Carmelite* was acted at Drury-lane, and most ably supported by Mrs. Siddons, who

took the part of the lady of Saint Valori, and also spoke the epilogue. She played inimitably, and in those days, when only men and women trode the stage, the public were contented with what was perfect in nature, and of course admired and applauded Mrs. Siddons; they could then also see merit in Mr. Kemble, who was in the commencement of his career, and appeared in the character of the youthful Montgomeri: the audiences of that time did not think the worse of him because he had reached the age of manhood, and appeared before them in the full stature and complete maturity of one of the finest forms, that probably was ever exhibited upon a public stage. A revolution since then has taken place, a caprice, as ridiculous as it is extraordinary, and a general act of superannuation has gone forth against every male performer that has a beard. How I am to style this young child of fortune, this adopted favourite of the public, I don't rightly know; the bills of Covent-garden announce him as master Betty, those of Drury-lane as the Young Roscius. Roscius, as I believe upon the authority of Shakespeare, *was an actor in Rome*, and Cicero, who admired him, made a speech in his praise: all this of course is very right on both sides, and exactly as it should be. Mr. Harris announces him to the old women in the galleries in a phrase, that is familiar to them; whilst Mr. Sheridan, presenting him to the senators in the boxes by the style and title of Roscius, fails perhaps in his little representative of the great Roman actor, but perfectly succeeds in his own similitude to the eloquent Roman orator. In the mean time my friend Smith of Bury, with all that zeal for merit, which is natural to him, marries him to Melpomene with the ring of Garrick, and strewing roses of Parnassus on the nuptial couch, crowns happy master Betty, alias young Roscius, with a never-fading chaplet of immortal verse—

And now when death dissolves his mortal frame,
His soul shall mount to heav'n from whence it came;
Earth keep his ashes, verse preserve his fame.

How delicious to be praised and panegyriaed in such a style! to be caressed by dukes, and (which is better) by the daughters of dukes, flattered by wits, feasted by aldermen, stuck up in the windows of the printshops, and set astride (as these eyes have seen him) upon the cutwater of a privateer, like the tutelary genius of the British flag!

What encouragements doth this great enlightened nation hold forth to merit! What a consolatory reflection must it be to the superannuated yellow admirals of the stage, that when they shall arrive at second *childhood*, they may still have a chance to arrive at honours second only to these! I declare I saw with surprise a man, who led about a bear to dance for the edification of the public, lose all his popularity in the street, where this exquisite gentleman has his lodging; the people ran to see him at the window, and left the bear and the bear-leader in a solitude. I saw this exquisite young gentleman, whilst I paced the streets on foot, waited to his morning's rehearsal in a vehicle, that to my vulgar optics seemed to wear upon its polished doors the ensign of a ducal crown; I looked to see if haply John Kemble were on the braces, or Cooke perchance behind the coach; I saw the lacquies at their post, but Glenalvon was not there: I found John Kemble sick at home; I said within myself,

Oh! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

We shall have a second influx of the pigmies; they will pour upon us in multitudes innumerable as a shoal of sprats, and when at last we have nothing else but such small fry to

feed on, an epidemic nausea will take place.

There are intervals in fevers; there are lucid moments in madness; even folly cannot keep possession of the mind for ever. It is very natural to encourage rising genius, it is highly commendable to foster its first shoots; we admire and caress a clever school-boy, but we should do very ill to turn his master out of his office and put him into it. If the theatres persist in their puerilities, they will find themselves very shortly in the predicament of an ingenious mechanic, whom I remember in my younger days, and whose story I will briefly relate, in hopes it may be a warning to them.

This very ingenious artist, when Mr. Rich the Harlequin was the great dramatic author of his time, and wrote successfully for the stage, contrived and executed a most delicious serpent for one of those inimitable productions, in which Mr. Rich, justly disdaining the weak aid of language, had selected the classical fable (if I rightly recollect it) of Orpheus and Eurydice, and having conceived a very capital part for the serpent, was justly anxious to provide himself with a performer, who could support a character of that consequence with credit to himself and to his author. The event answered his most ardent hopes; nothing could be more perfect in his entrances and exits, nothing ever crawled across the stage with more accomplished sinuosity than this enchanting serpent; every soul was charmed with its performance; it twirled, and twisted, and wriggled itself about in so divine a manner, the whole world was ravished with the lovely snake: nobles and non-nobles, rich and poor, old and young, reps and demi-reps flocked to see it, and admire it. The artist, who had been the master of the movement, was intoxicated with his success; he turned his hands and head to nothing else but serpents: he made them of all sizes; they crawled about his shop as if he had been the chief snake catcher to the furies: the public curiosity was satisfied with one serpent, and he had nests of them yet unsold; his stock lay dead upon his hands, his trade was lost, and the man was ruined, bankrupt, and undone.

—

Boswell.

Under Mr. Dilly's roof the biographer of Johnson, and the pleasant tourist to Corsica and the Hebrides, passed many jovial, joyous hours; here he has located some of the liveliest scenes and most brilliant passages in his entertaining anecdotes of his friend Samuel Johnson, who yet lives and speaks in him. The book of Boswell is, ever as the year comes round, my winter evening's entertainment. I loved the man; he had great convivial powers, and an inexhaustible fund of good humour in society. Nobody could detail the spirit of a conversation in the true style and character of the parties more happily than my friend James Boswell, especially when his vivacity was excited, and his heart exhilirated by the circulation of the glass, and the grateful odour of a well-broiled lobster.

—

Rogers.

I can visit the justly admired author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, and find myself with a friend, who, together with the brightest genius, possesses elegance of manners, and excellence of heart. He tells me he remembers the day of our first meeting at Mr. Dilly's: I also remember it, and, though his modest unassuming nature held back and shrunk from all appearances of ostentation and display of talents, yet even then I take credit for discovering a promise of good things to come, and suspected him of holding secret commerce with the muse before the proof appeared in shape of one of the most beautiful and harmonious poems in our language. I do

not say that he has not ornamented the age he lives in, though he were to stop where he is, but I hope he will not so totally deliver himself over to the Arts as to neglect the Muses; and I now publicly call upon Samuel Rogers to answer to his name, and stand forth in the title page of some future work that shall be in substance greater, in dignity of subject more sublime, and in purity of versification not less charming than his poem above-mentioned.

—

Lord G. Germaine.

The constitution of lord Sackville, long harassed by the painful visitation of that dreadful malady the stone, was decidedly giving way. There was in him so generous a repugnance against troubling his friends with any complaints, that it was from external evidence only, never from confession, that his sufferings could be guessed at. Attacks, that would have confined most people to their beds, never moved him from his habitual punctuality. It was curious, and probably in some men's eyes would from its extreme precision have appeared ridiculously minute and formal, yet in the movements of a domestic establishment so large as his, it had its uses and comforts, which his guests and family could not fail to partake of. As sure as the hand of the clock pointed to the half-hour after nine, neither a minute before nor a minute after, so sure did the good lord of the castle step into his breakfast room, accoutred at all points according to his own invariable costuma, with a complacent countenance, that prefaced his good-morning to each person there assembled; and now, whilst I recal these scenes to my remembrance, I feel gratified by the reflection, that I never passed a night beneath his roof, but that his morning's salutation met me at my post. He allowed an hour and a half for breakfast, and regularly at eleven took his morning's circuit on horseback at a foot's-pace, for his infirmity would not admit of any strong gestation; he had an old groom, who had grown grey in his service, that was his constant pilot upon these excursions, and his general custom was to make the tour of his cottages to reconnoitre the condition they were in, whether their roofs were in repair, their windows whole, and the gardens well cropped and neatly kept; all this it was their interest to be attentive to, for he bought the produce of their fruit-trees, and I have heard him say with great satisfaction that he has paid thirty shillings in a season for strawberries only to a poor cottager, who paid him one shilling annual rent for his tenement and garden; this was the constant rate, at which he let them to his labourers, and he made them pay it to his steward at his yearly audit, that they might feel themselves in the class of regular tenants, and sit down at table to the good cheer provided for them on the audit day. He never rode out without preparing himself with a store of six-pences in his waistcoat pocket for the children of the poor, who opened gates and drew out sliding bars for him in his passing through the enclosures: these barriers were well watched, and there was rarely any employment for a servant; but these six-pences were not indiscriminately bestowed, for as he kept a charity school upon his own endowment, he knew to whom he gave them, and generally held a short parley with the gate opener as he paid his toll for passing. Upon the very first report of illness or accident relief was instantly sent, and they were put upon the sick list, regularly visited, and constantly supplied with the best medicines administered upon the best advice. If the poor man lost his cow, or his pig, or his poultry, the loss was never made up in money, but in stock. It was his custom to buy the cast-off liveries of his own servants as constantly as the day of clothing came about, and these he distributed to the old and worn-out labourers, who turned out daily on the lawn and

paddock in the Sackville livery to pick up boughs and sweep up leaves, and in short do just as much work as served to keep them wholesome and alive.

To his religious duties this good man was not only regularly but respectfully attentive: on the Sunday morning he appeared in gala, as if he was dressed for a drawing-room; he marched out his whole family in grand cavalcade to his parish church, leaving only a centinel to watch the fires at home, and mount guard upon the spits. His deportment in the house of prayer was exemplary, and more in character of times past than of time present; he had a way of standing up in sermon-time for the purpose of reviewing the congregation, and awing the idlers into decorum, that never failed to remind me of sir Roger de Coverley, at church: sometimes, when he has been struck with passages in the discourse, which he wished to point out to the audience as rules for moral practice worthy to be noticed, he would mark his approbation of them with such cheering nods and signals of assent to the preacher, as were often more than my muscles could withstand; but when, to the total overthrow of all gravity, in his zeal to encourage the efforts of a very young declaimer in the pulpit, I heard him cry out to the Reverend Mr. Henry Eatoff in the middle of his sermon—"Well done, Harry!" it was irresistible; suppression was out of my power: what made it more intolerably comic was, the unmoved sincerity of his manner, and his surprise to find that any thing had passed, that could provoke a laugh so out of time and place. He had nursed up with no small care and cost in each of his parish churches a corps of rustic psalm-singers, to whose performances he paid the greatest attention, rising up, and with his eyes directed to the singing gallery, marking time, which was not always rigidly adhered to; and once, when his ear, which was very correct, had been tortured by a tone more glaringly discordant, he set his mark upon the culprit by calling out to him by name, and loudly saying, "Out of tune, Tom Baker!"—Now this faulty musician Tom Baker happened to be his lordship's butcher, but then, in order to set names and trades upon a par, Tom Butcher was his lordship's baker: which I observed to him was much such a reconcilement of cross partners as my illustrious friend George Faulkner hit upon, when in his Dublin Journal he printed—"Erratum in our last: For his grace the duchess of Dorset *read* her grace the duke of Dorset."

—

"*Arundel*" *and* "*Henry*."

My novel of *Arundel* in two volumes, was hastily put together whilst I was passing a few idle weeks at Brighthelmstone, where I had no books but such as a circulating novel-shop afforded. I dispatched that work so rapidly, sending it to the press by parcels, of which my first copy was the only one, that I really do not remember what moved me to the undertaking, nor how it came to pass that the *cacoethes scribendi nugas* first got hold of me. Be this as it may, I am not about to affect a modesty which I do not feel, or to seek a shelter from the sin of writing ill, by acknowledging the folly of writing rapidly, for I believe that *Arundel* has entertained as many readers, and gained as good a character in the world as most heroes of his description, not excepting the immaculate sir Charles Grandison, in whose company I have never found myself without being puzzled to decide, whether I am most edified by his morality, or disgusted by his pedantry. Arundel perhaps, of all the children which my brain has given birth to, had the least care and pains bestowed upon his education, yet he is a gentleman, and has been received as such in the first circles; for though he takes the wrong side of the question in his argument with Mortlake upon duel-

ling, yet there is hardly one to be found, who thinks with Mortlake, but would be shamed out of society, if he did not act with Arundel. In the character of the countess of G., I confess I have set virtue upon ice; she slips, but does not fall; and if I have endowed the young ladies with a degree of sensibility, that might have exposed them to danger, I flatter myself I have taken the proper means of rescuing them from it by marrying them respectively to the men of their hearts.

The success, however, which by this novel I obtained without labour, determined me to write a second, on which I was resolved to bestow my utmost care and diligence. In this temper of mind I began to form to myself in idea what I conceived should be the model of a perfect novel; having, after much deliberation, settled and adjusted this to the best of my judgment, I decided for the novel in detail; rejecting the epistolary process, which I had pursued in Arundel, and also that in which the hero speaks throughout, and is his own biographer; though, in putting both these processes aside, I felt much more hesitation in the last-mentioned case than in the first.

Having taken Fielding's admirable novel of Tom Jones as my pattern in point of detail, I resolved to copy it also in its distribution into chapters and books, and to prefix prefatory numbers to the latter, to the composition of which I addressed my best attention. In some of these I have taken occasion to submit those rules for the construction of a novel, which I flattered myself might be of use to future writers in that line, less experienced than myself. How far I have succeeded is not for me to say, but if I have failed, I am without excuse, for I had this work in hand two full years, and gave more polish and correction to the style, than ever I bestowed upon any of my published works before. The following few rules which I laid down for my own guidance, and strictly observed, I still persuade myself are such as ought to be observed by others.

I would have the story carried on in a regular, uninterrupted progression of events, without those dull recitals, that call the attention off from what is going on, and compel it to look back, perhaps in the very crisis of curiosity, to circumstances antecedent to, and not always materially connected with, the history in hand. I am decidedly adverse to episodes and stories within stories, like that of the Man of the Hill in Tom Jones; and in general all expedients of procrastination, which come under the description of mere tricks to torture curiosity, are in my opinion to be very sparingly resorted to, if not totally avoided. Casualties and broken bones, and faintings and high fevers, with ramblings of delirium and rhapsodies of nonsense, are perfectly contemptible. I think descriptive writing, properly so distinguished, is very apt to describe nothing, and that landscapes upon paper leave no picture in the mind, and only load the page with daubings, that in the author's fancy may be sketches after nature, but to the reader's eye offer nothing but confusion. A novel, professing itself to be the delineation of men and women as they are in nature, should in general confine itself to the relation of things probable, and though in skilful hands it may be made to touch upon things barely possible, the seldomer it risques those experiments, the better opinion I should form of the contriver's conduct: I do not think quotations ornament it, and poetry must be extremely good before I can allow it is of any use to it. In short there should be authorities in nature for every thing that is introduced, and the only case I can recollect in which the creator of the fictitious man may and ought to differ from the biographer of the real man is, that the former is bound to deal out his rewards to the virtuous and punishments to the vicious, whilst the latter has no choice but to ad-

here to the truth of facts, and leave his hero neither worse nor better than he found him.

Monsters of cruelty and crime, Monks and Zelucos, horrors and thunderings and ghosts, are creatures of another region, tools appropriated to another trade, and are only to be handled by dealers in old castles and manufacturers of romances.

As the tragic drama may be not improperly described as *an epic poem of compressed action*, so I think we may call the novel *a dilated comedy*; though Henry Fielding, who was pre-eminently happy in the one, was not equally so in the other: *non omnia possumus omnes*. If the readers of *Henry* have agreed with me in the principles laid down in those prefatory chapters, and here again briefly touched upon, I flatter myself they found a novel conducted throughout on those very principles, and which in no one instance does a violence to nature, or resorts to forced and improbable expedients to excite surprise; I flatter myself they found a story regularly progressive, without any of those retrogradations or countermarches, which break the line, and discompose the arrangement of the fable: I hope they found me duly careful to keep the principal characters in sight, and above all, if I devoted myself *con amore* to the delineation of *Zachary Cawdle*, and in a more particular manner to the best services I could perform for the good *Ezekiel Daw*, I warmly hope they did not think my partiality quite misapplied, or my *labour of love* entirely thrown away.

If, in my zeal to exhibit virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements, I have painted those allurements in too vivid colours, I am sorry, and ask pardon of all those who thought the moral did not heal the mischief.

—

Junius.

I consider Tristram Shandy as the most eccentric work of my time, and Junius the most acrimonious. We have heard much of his style; I have just been reading him over with attention, and I confess I can see but little to admire. The thing to wonder at is, that a secret, to which several must have been privy, has been so strictly kept; if sir William Draper, who baffled him in some of his assertions, had kept his name out of sight, I am inclined to think he might have held up the cause of candour with success. The publisher of Junius I am told was deeply guaranteed; of course, although he might not know his author, he must have known whereabouts to look for him. I never heard that my friend lord G. Germaine was amongst the suspected authors, till by way of jest he told me so not many days before his death: I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occcasion to disprove an absolute impossibility. The man who wrote it had a savage heart, for some of his attacks are execrable; he was a hypocrite, for he disavows private motives, and makes pretensions to a patriotic spirit. I can perfectly call to mind the general effect of his letters, and am of opinion that his malice overshot its mark. Let the anonymous defamer be as successful as he may, it is but an unenviable triumph, a mean and cowardly gratification, which his dread of a discovery forbids him to avow.

—

For the Literary Magazine.

TURKISH ANECDOTES.

IN the funeral of a mussulman, one part of the ceremony is singular enough. As soon as the grave is filled up, each friend plants a sprig of cypress on the right, and another on the left hand of the deceased. It is understood, it seems, that should the sprigs on the right hand grow, the deceased will enjoy the happiness promised by Mahomet to all true believers; but should those on the

opposite side flourish, he will for ever be excluded from tasting bliss in the arms of the *houris*. If both succeed he will be greatly favoured in the next world; and if both fail he will be tormented by black angels, till he shall be rescued from them by the mediation of the prophet. These opinions of the Turkish rustics are not those which generally prevailed amongst mussulmen, but merely show, that vulgar and local prejudices are not confined to the ignorant and superstitious of any particular country. Similar effects have been produced in all, by the fears, apprehensions, and confused notions which have been entertained of a future life.

Several officers of state were lately convened at Constantinople, to examine a beautiful manuscript copy of the Koran, which general Morrison had brought from India to present to the sultan. After the most enthusiastic encomiums had been bestowed upon the manuscript, an old emir clasped his hands in a sort of agony, and exclaimed, "Alas! alas! how unfortunate! This magnificent copy of the never-to-be-sufficiently admired law of our sacred prophet is not orthodox—it is the work of a secretary of Ali!" This unlucky discovery filled the whole assembly with regret and consternation.

For the Literary Magazine.

STATE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

THE Turkish empire at present exhibits a singular appearance. At a distance, it may seem a mighty and even solid structure; but, when closely examined, it only excites astonishment by not falling immediately to pieces.

In the mahometan system of policy, we may trace three æras. The *first* was of that kind usually denominated a theocracy, continued during the life of the prophet himself, who, like Moses and Joshua, appeared in the double character of a military chief and an inspired legislator; the *second* lasted while the Saracen caliphs held in their hands both the spiritual and temporal authority; and the *third* is marked by the separation of these, since the concerns of religion have been trusted to the ulemah, of whom the mufti is the chief. Another revolution has taken place, scarcely less important, in the military system, and especially in the character of the janissaries. In two great points the present emperor stands in a different position from the ancient sultans, even with respect to his own capital. *First*, he can issue no edict contrary to the Koran; and the ulemah, now the sole interpreters of that book, must sanction every law by the authority of their *fetrah*, before it can bind the people. The sultan is even compelled to submit to the inspection of their leading men, not only all his negotiations with other courts, but all the secrets of his cabinet. His sole defence against the encroachments of this body, consists in his remaining right to depose the mufti: but, though he can thus intimidate their chief, and gain over some of their leaders by promises of promotion, the *esprit du corps* acts frequently and successfully in opposition to his will. His own ministers take advantage of this, and often coalesce with the ulemah, in order to defeat the cabals continually carrying on against them in the seraglio. There, every favourite has a party, and every minister a protector. But the sultan is kept in awe by the ulemah; nor dares he rashly to chuse men for his counsellors, who are not agreeable to them. Hence his power is really limited; hence, too, he naturally endeavours to throw the chief responsibility on his ministers, and is more easily induced to remain inactive himself. The consequences of this may be clearly seen in a country, where the

public voice is nothing; where each individual grasps at power and wealth, without any other consideration; and where pride, prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry abhor every improvement. *Secondly*, The debasement of the janizaries, by the introduction of the vilest vagabonds of the community into their bands, and by their long cessation from warlike enterprizes, has diminished considerably the power of the sultan, as the sovereign of a vast empire; though it has, perhaps, contributed to his own personal security, by effectually damping that spirit of revolt which had proved fatal to so many of his predecessors.

The Turkish provinces are some of the fairest, and have been some of the happiest and most enlightened regions of the earth. Greece, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Arabia, recal a thousand pleasing recollections, which can no longer be associated with them in their present state of barbarism, slavery, and degradation.

The Turkish empire has been compared with Europe in the feudal times, and the bashawlicks likened to those great fiefs which were held by feudal tenures. Some resemblance may exist; but there are essential differences. The bashaws of Bagdad, Damascus, Aleppo, Albania, and the Morea, admit the nominal sovereignty of the sultan as the lords of Guienne and Burgundy paid homage to their liege the king of France. But the kings of France knew well, that by a prudent policy these provinces might revert to the crown; intermarriages might be made; wars between the great barons might be fomented, by which they would be mutually weakened; and, finally, the extinction of families promised sooner or later to give real or pretended rights to the sovereign to asume dominion over the estates of his vassals.

In Turkey, the governor is generally the most powerful man of the province, who reigns in the name of the sultan, without asking his leave. If it be worth while, he sends presents to the porte, and readily swears allegiance to a master, the shadow of whose authority he may sometimes think it convenient to acknowledge. Even this submission is made rather from the prejudices of religion, than from any other motive; and Selim continues to be respected as caliph, where he has long ceased to be feared as sultan.

According to the law of Turkey, the wealth of every individual ought, at his death, to revert to the sultan. It would be useless to expatiate on the folly and injustice of such a law. That artifices should be employed to elude it, can be a subject of no surprise; and that they should succeed, can be a subject of no regret, except to the despot and his creatures, who require so unjust a sacrifice. The usual means of evading the claims of the sultan are sufficiently indicative of the hypocrisy and the bigotry of the Turks. All donations for pious purposes, such as the maintenance of mosques and hospitals, are considered as sacred. When the father of a family wishes to provide for his children after his demise, he makes over the bulk of his fortune to some religious or charitable establishment. A person is nominated to receive the appropriated sum, and another to account with the receiver for its application. But the donor has the right to appoint both these persons, and he of course takes care that they shall be the very individuals to whom he wishes to leave his estates. The ulemah probably receive a sufficient profit to induce them to wink at the deceit, which, by being very general, necessarily enriches them.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF A NEW SECT IN ARABIA.

IT is now more than half a century, since Abdul Wahab began to promulgate a new creed in Arabia.

His first doctrines probably extended no farther than to his own peculiar interpretations of the Koran; and his disciples were confined for several years to a few tribes of the desert. By degrees, however, his opinions became more widely spread; his heresies were easily adopted by the illiterate robbers, whom they encouraged with the hopes of conquest and of pillage; and as he found new followers continually flocking to his standard, his enthusiasm grew more enterprizing, and his ambition more daring. The design of reforming the old religion of his country seems to have given place in his mind to that of establishing a new one; while the plunder of pilgrims and caravans, of mosques and cities, fed at once the zeal and the avarice of his disciples. There was, however, for his own purposes at least, no want either of genius or of knowledge in Abdul. Of the first he had enough to plan with wisdom, and to execute with firmness, his schemes for changing the religion of his country; and of the second he possessed a portion fully adequate to convince the Arabs that he best could explain the ordinances of Heaven.

But though the doctrines of the new sect had infected some of the principal hordes, and had many secret partizans throughout Arabia, yet it is only within a few years that the Wahabees appeared in arms against the standard of Mahomet, and the authority of the sultan. When, at last, Abdul found his influence so extensive, and his followers so numerous, as to secure to him the attachment of the greater number of the tribes of the desert, he boldly proclaimed himself the reformer of those baneful innovations, which, he pretended, had destroyed the true and genuine character of Islamism. In the year 1803 he advanced with a numerous army against Mecca, took possession of that city, plundered the mosques, and massacred the inhabitants. The Ottoman armies were unable to resist his progress; and he was already advancing to Medina, when the plague and the small-pox broke out in his army, and forced him to retreat with his booty into the desert. It was during his stay at Mecca that he wrote a letter to the sultan, reminding him, that the dignity of caliph only remained to him while the holy city was protected by him; and that its conquerors now required him to renounce the title of commander of the faithful, which devolved by right upon him to whom God had given the victory.

The success of the Wahabees occasioned the utmost consternation at Constantinople, especially among the ulemah; for the full extent of the danger was carefully concealed from the people. No devout Turk could, indeed, be expected to hear without horror of the profanation of that most sacred place which gave birth to the prophet, and which is sanctified in the belief of every true mussulman. It was besides a subject of great alarm to the government, that the authority of the sultan as caliph might be questioned, since he can retain that awful name only while he is master of Mecca and Medina. Nor was this alarm lessened, when the Turkish ministers began to make more exact inquiries into the nature and progress of the evil. Almost all Arabia had openly adopted the religion of Abdel; it had many secret proselytes in Syria and Anatolia, at Damascus, Aleppo, and Smyrna; and on the borders of the empire, the bashaw of Bagdad trembled more at the real power of the Wahabees, than at the menaces of the sultan. Peremptory orders were issued to the bashaws of Asia to unite their forces against the rebels. Some of these governors were displaced, to make room for others more zealous in their attachment to the porte; but even these required to be instigated by promises of yet greater rewards, before they could be induced to act with vigour in a cause which involved the existence of their religion, and the honour of their sovereign. The Turkish army advanced by slow marches to Mecca, where Abdul

had left a garrison of five hundred men. The recapture of the holy city was soon accomplished; the triumph of the faithful was celebrated at Constantinople; and the Turkish government recalled its troops, and sunk back into its accustomed tranquillity.

The immediate followers of Abdul were chiefly robbers, who were inured to hardship, and who fled for refuge to the desert, whenever they were defeated in their predatory excursions. The greater part of that numerous army which he led against Mecca had been collected from the various hordes that wander with their flocks and camels over Arabia. He had never been at the head of any regular force. The *banditti*, who flocked to his standard, were attracted by the hopes of plunder; and though impelled by religious enthusiasm, they were easily dispersed by the first appearance of disaster. But they knew they could enjoy their spoils without fear of punishment at home; and when the same inducements tempted them to renew their depredations, even the sluggish divan itself might have foreseen the consequences.

The timid, but cruel, policy of the Turks has never been exhibited in more striking colours than in their late conduct towards the Wahabees, with whom they concluded what was known, perhaps, on both sides, to be a treacherous peace. Instead of establishing a sufficient force for the protection of Mecca and Medina, they employed a fanatic to assassinate the aged Abdul. His death, it is said, has been lately avenged by the recapture of Mecca, and the pillage of Medina; and his place has been supplied by his son, a man still in the prime of life, as active, powerful, and ambitious as his father.

The Wahabees assert, it is said, the unity of the Deity; they hold him to be immaterial, eternal, and omnipotent; and in their addresses to the Supreme Being, they are fervent and devout. According to them, God has never dictated any written code of laws to men; nor has he made any particular revelation of himself. His existence, they think, is sufficiently manifested in his works. His will cannot be mistaken, since he has implanted the distinct perception of right and wrong in the human mind, together with the conviction that virtue alone can be agreeable to the Author of Nature. They do not deny, however, that Providence has occasionally interfered in the concerns of mortals in an extraordinary manner; and that it has chosen its instruments to promote the cause of truth, to reward the good, and to punish the guilty.

Some men, they pretend, such as Mahomet and Abdul, have been distinguished by the peculiar favour of Heaven. During their lives, the laws and ordinances of these men ought to be obeyed, and their persons venerated. Their authority, however, should cease with their lives; for the plans of Providence will then be furthered by other means, and with other instruments.

It is easy to see that ambition, not less than enthusiasm, dictated his religious creed to the crafty Abdul. As far as his theism goes, it is, perhaps, more sublime than could have been expected from an Arab of the desert; but his pretentions to govern the minds and actions of his countrymen, under the special authority of Heaven, betrayed the impostor in the teacher, and the rebel in the reformer. In limiting those pretensions to the period of his life, he probably lost nothing for which he cared; while he assailed the Mahometan faith without endangering his own immediate power. Unfortunately for the cause of humanity, Abdul appears to have had as little tolerance as Mahomet. His sword was stained with the blood of innumerable victims, and whole cities and districts have been desolated by his persecutions.

It has been said that some of the ulemah undertook, with more zeal than prudence, to reclaim the apostates by argument. How their discussions were carried on, it would be difficult to guess.

The moslem, it may be supposed, would insist on the direct evidence which the witnesses of the life and actions of Mahomet possessed of his divine commission, and on the firm establishment and wide diffusion of the faith, in spite of the mighty and numerous obstacles which the prophet and his immediate followers had to encounter.

The Wahabees would probably assert their better right to be heard, as direct witnesses of the frequent interpositions of Heaven in favour of Abdul, who had introduced the new doctrines under difficulties and dangers unprecedented in the religious revolutions of the east. The religion of Mahomet, they might say, is a partial religion, which was not intended for us. How can we perform ablutions, when we have no water? How can we give alms, when we have no riches? Or what occasion can there be to fast during the month of Ramadan, when we fast all the year? The result of these disputes was such as might be expected. Intolerant bigotry on one side, and fanatical enthusiasm on the other, would shut the ears of both parties to reason; and no appeal would lye from the prejudices of either, but to the sabre and the musket. The appeal to arms has indeed been made. The throne of the sultan is already shaken in Europe. Who can doubt that the propagation of the new faith will rapidly accelerate the dissolution of his power in Asia?

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE PRESENT COMMERCIAL STATE OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE progress which Russia is destined to make among the nations cannot fail to interest the philosophical observer; and there is something extremely grand in the prospective view of her commercial and political advancement. If Russia only attains one third of the population commonly possessed by countries equally well situated, she will still reckon a hundred and twenty-five millions of inhabitants; and there is reason to think that this multiplication is going on with considerable rapidity. Tooke estimates the whole population of the empire at thirty-six millions; but it may now be carried, without exaggeration, to forty millions.

The growing prosperity of this empire is materially assisted by the systematic efforts of the government to facilitate commercial intercourse between all its parts. Canals are made, from time to time, to connect the numerous rivers which fall into the seas at its extremities. Thus the Beresinsky and Oginsky canals open an easy communication between the ports of the Baltic and those of the Euxine; and the canal of Vishney Volotoshok connects the Gulf of Finland with the distant harbours of the Caspian.

Some notion of the increasing industry of Russia may be formed, by comparing the number of vessels of all kinds that passed through this famous canal, which joins the Neva and Wolga, in the years 1787 and 1797. In the former, the number was 2914 barks, 357 half barks, 178 boats, and 1984 floats, paying 24,689 rubles of toll or duty; in the latter, 3958 barks, 382 half barks, 248 boats, and 1676 floats, paying 34,192 rubles.

The exports consist chiefly of iron, wood, hemp, and flax, both raw and manufactured, tallow, and grain. The exportation of wood was some years ago prohibited, on account of the great waste in the forests; but it has again been permitted, under certain restrictions. By adopting proper regulations for the management of the forests, this article might be rendered one of the most productive and permanent staples of Russian commerce. Hemp and flax, and their products, constitute, at present, the most important part of the annual exports. The value of these exported in 1802 amount-

ed to 21,176,432 rubles. Agriculture is rapidly advancing; for, in 1793, the value of grain exported was only 3,121,597 rubles; whereas, in 1802, it had increased to 11,496,245.

Archangel was the chief place of trade, till Peter the great created a new city, which produced a complete revolution in the commerce of the north. Three parts of the whole trade of the empire is now carried on in the Baltic. Petersburgh, or Cronstadt and Riga, are the principal ports in this sea; but there are several others which share the benefits of that commercial spirit so assiduously encouraged by the government. In the Black Sea, Odessa has, by the unremitted exertions of the government, become a place of considerable importance, and bids fair to rival, in time, the most flourishing marts of the Baltic. The trade of the Baltic is destined to undergo, at no distant period, a revolution similar to that which took place in the trade of the White Sea after the building of Petersburg. At present, however, the foreign trade of Russia in this sea is nearly confined to the provinces of the Turkish empire, from which considerable importations are annually made.

Immense advantages are derived from her intercourse with Britain, her sales to which are nearly equal to all her other sales put together. Notwithstanding all this, there is a strong jealousy entertained by that power, of British naval superiority, and a manifest desire on her part to undervate the value of the connexion. Hence it follows, that the government is much in the dark regarding the true interests of the country; for it cannot be doubted that her commerce is nourished and upheld by the preponderance of the British navy. What else is it that brings the peculiar articles of Russian produce into demand? What would become of the trade in these articles, and of the industry that ministers to it, were the maritime power of Britain reduced to a level with that of other states?

The possessions of Prussia extend nearly four hundred miles along the southern coasts of the Baltic, embracing several fine rivers and convenient harbours. It is partly through these that the British manufactures and colonial productions are now conveyed to the interior of the continent. The rivers communicating with Koningsberg open a safe inland navigation, even to the Black Sea. Through this channel the British Turkey trade may be safely carried on, and at a cheaper rate, than by the Mediterranean. Riga, however, in the dominions of Russia, possesses greater facilities for this branch of trade; for the goods shipped there get much sooner into the current of the Dnieper, which conveys them straight to Odessa. Stettin on the Oder affords another wide channel for British commerce with the continent. This fine river runs through a great part of the north of Germany, and there are several canals which connect it with the Elbe and other rivers. While the trade by the Elbe and Weser is interrupted, Stettin is one of the most convenient and extensive inlets for British merchandize.

Dantzic is the chief grain market of the north. A late traveller (Mr. Carr) estimates the amount of all the grain exported from this place, in the year 1803, at 34,149 lasts, each containing eighty-four Winchester bushels. But in a later traveller's tables (Mr. Oddy's) for the same year, the amount is stated at 68,278 lasts, each rated at eighty-six bushels. This wide variation serves to show with what caution such statements ought always to be received.

All kind of grain conveyed to Dantzic, but particularly that from a great distance, is brought down in vessels, or rather floats, clumsily put together, of different dimensions and descriptions, according to the rivers or places they are first sent

from; and, what will appear very extraordinary, without any covering whatever. In this state, uncovered, and unprotected, it is brought from the most remote parts, exposed to all sorts of weather, sometimes six, seven, eight, nine, or even ten weeks on its passage. If the season happens to be wet, the grain is piled in the vessel or float, with a ridge to shoot off the wet, which, continuing some time, the surface becomes one coat of vegetative matter, like a green grass-plat, floating down the current, and which partly prevents the rain penetrating farther than a few inches. The waste and loss, however, must be incredible in wet seasons, and even otherwise; for the feathered tribe, as the float proceeds along, are their constant customers, even into the very city of Dantzic. Strange as this may appear, these people have never yet been prevailed on to have tarpaulings, or any covering, which would, in a wet season, doubly repay them for the first cost.

The warehouses are on an excellent plan, situated on an island formed by the river Mottlau, running close by the city on one side, and another branch by what is called the Forestadt on the other. There are three bridges on each side of the island, at the end of streets over it from the city to the Forestadt. In the night all the bridges are drawn up, excepting the two at the end of the main street, across the centre of the island, communicating betwixt the old city and the Forestadt. To guard those warehouses are from twenty to thirty ferocious dogs of a large size, amongst which are bloodhounds, let loose at eleven o'clock at night. To command, and to keep the dogs within their districts, as well as the passengers from harm, at the end of each of the streets leading to the main one are large high gates run across: no light is allowed, nor any person suffered to live on this island. The dogs prowl about the whole night, and create great terror.

Prussia, by the extensive range of coast she has acquired, has certainly the means of obtaining a large share of the Baltic trade. But she has not yet learned the rudiments of that science on which commercial prosperity depends. The narrow notions of Frederic, whose genius, splendid as it was in negotiation and war, never embraced any of the great principles of commercial policy, are still cherished at Berlin.

The dutchy of Mecklenburg, on account of its high cultivation, and the quantity of grain it exports, may be called the Egypt of the north. The imperial city of Lubec is situated in this dutchy; and as it has an easy communication with the North Sea by means of the Holstein canal, and with the Elbe by that of Stecknitz, it is, at present, a place of great commercial importance.

Sweden has made slow progress in the career of improvement. One great cause of her backward state is the unfavourableness of the climate for the growth of grain. This is so great, that there are scarcely three ripe crops in the space of ten years. She has, however, considerable resources in wood and iron, and in the fisheries. The Swedish iron is well known to be excellent; there are at present about five hundred foonderies in employment, and the annual produce is about 53,330 English tons. Britain, every where the great encourager of industry, takes more than half of the whole quantity exported

It has long been a favourite project with the Swedish monarchs to open a passage through that country, between the North Sea and the Baltic. This plan, worthy of Rome in the plenitude of her power, was originally conceived by Gustavus Vasa. Considerable progress has been made in it; and though there are still great obstacles in the way, they are far from insurmountable. The completion of this grand undertaking would contribute much to the internal improvement of Sweden, and, through her, afford the other

nations of Europe a good passage into the Baltic, besides the Sound and the Belts.

Tonningen, which was scarcely known beyond the Danish dominions, till the policy of Bonaparte had driven commerce from its natural channels, is now become the focus of commercial intercourse between England and the continent. It maintains a great trade with different places on the Elbe, and particularly with Hamburgh, having become the port of that city since its blockade. Denmark has, in several respects, been a gainer by the wars in which the other nations of Europe are or have been lately engaged. In times of peace she is computed to gain nearly four millions of rix-dollars by the carrying trade; but the war has given her an almost exclusive possession of that branch of industry, besides enabling her to prosecute the fishing trade without competition. Exclusive of the home consumption, and the transport by land from Norway to Sweden, there was exported, in 1802, no less than 411 cargoes, containing about 26,500 tons of fish. The exportation had increased from 256 cargoes to this amount between 1799 and 1802.

The progress of Denmark has not nearly kept pace with the advantages of her situation. Her people are slow to invent, and as slow to imitate, and have not yet acquired that true commercial spirit which generates universal activity and emulation, and carries nations forward by rapid movements in the career of wealth and power. In the commerce of the Baltic, the share of Great Britain amounts, exclusive of grain, to at least two-thirds of the whole: a strong proof of the interest all these nations have in the permanent prosperity of that country. As the articles sold consist entirely of native productions, the trade is certainly most advantageous to them.

The Ems, being under the protection of Prussia, is still open to Britain; and short as its course is, the British goods which come into it find their way, through every intervening obstacle, even to Italy. It is curious to find that, by this channel, some of the indigo exported from England goes even to France, to dye cloth for the armies of the great enemy of British industry. So indispensable is British commerce!

It is matter of no small astonishment that Great Britain, so celebrated for political wisdom and commercial prudence, which has risen to power and consequence in the world chiefly by maritime strength, should have neglected procuring within herself a great part of her naval stores, the very sinews of her power, particularly after the many salutary admonitions at an early period*, and the attempt at monopoly by foreign powers, the armed neutrality in 1780, and the confederacy of the north in 1800. Britain makes herself dependent on these nations for the very articles on which her existence depends, and neglects all her own resources.

No scheme for the extension of British fisheries will be effectual that does not enable poor people to enter into that trade. Bounties are of no use; for they do not enable any one, who has not the means otherwise, to undertake fishing. Boats and tackle should be provided at the fishing stations, and hired out for a sum just sufficient to pay interest, tear, and wear, under the direction of the ministers and elders in the Scots parishes, and by the superintendants of the poor in England.

Britain above all things should attend to the cultivation of timber at home, and even compulsory measures for that purpose should be used. Meantime the timber trade might be advantageously tranferred to their North American plantations. The forests there contain

* The Swedes, in 1703, refused to let England have pitch and tar, unless received in their own ships, at their own price.

abundance of excellent timber, which can be brought to England a great deal cheaper than from the Baltic, with the additional national benefit of employing double the number of seamen, and double the tonnage of shipping.

Great advantages would accrue to the British empire at large, but particularly to Ireland, from a more extended cultivation of hemp and flax. The peasantry of Ireland are in a worse situation than the peasantry of any country in Europe; and this in the midst of greater resources than most of them enjoy. By affording every possible encouragement to this species of culture, for which the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted, the condition of this misguided people might be materially improved. With regard to the bounty, it would be a more effective if paid, not when the flax or hemp is brought to a marketable state, but when the ground is sown; for in this way the cultivator would be remunerated, though his crop should not succeed.

The vast importations the British are obliged to make, while they neglect so many millions of acres susceptible of cultivation in their own island, is a circumstance altogether unaccountable. It is much easier, however, to unfold the extent of this evil, than to indicate a remedy. As to the corn bounties, it is easy to prove that they are altogether nugatory and impolitic. A conviction of the inutility of these paltry expedients may, in time, lead to measures of greater efficacy in this important branch of economical administration. Meantime, some scheme for making England an *entrepôt* for grain merits the attention of those whose duty it is to strengthen that empire, by such seasonable and politic expedients as are suggested by the circumstances of the times.

Nature has formed this island an impregnable emporium, where all the world, but particularly those who are driven from the trade of Holland and Hamburgh, would readily fly, if they could be sure of a courteous reception. Situated as it is between the Baltic and the southern parts of Europe, and likewise for the trade between Europe and America, Britain should become the magazine of the universe.

All foreign grain should be allowed importation, at all times, under the king's lock, on the principle of an *entrepôt*, where it might wait the pleasure of the owner for a market. England is better situated for it than Holland was; if any demand should be made from the southern markets, ships can get out of their ports at all seasons of the year, which is not the case in Holland.

Were such a principle adopted, the corn dealers in the north of Europe, and those who have long been in the trade in other quarters, would cheerfully avail themselves of it. Considerable supplies of grain would be sent to such an *entrepôt* from America. Great numbers of American merchants, and they are mostly bold and enterprising, would at once send their produce here for a market, and take manufactures in return.

From foreign grain being stored in this manner would arise a certain advantage. If, while the waste lands of Britain are getting into cultivation, any failure of crops should take place, the stock in hand might be brought into the market by the regulations of some judicious act. Monopoly would not exist in the face of a large unknown stock; and if the price advanced under these circumstances, it would rise from an actual deficiency in the country, to supply which there would then always be a stock in store: for want of such a stock, prices frequently rapidly advance, and the advance is anticipated abroad; so that it costs enormous prices unnecessarily created.

For the Literary Magazine.

TOTAL ECLIPSE.

THE following interesting account of the late total eclipse, with its ef-

fects upon the imagination of the Indians, is taken from a letter, published in an eastern gazette, from Mr. Griswald, of Detroit, to Mr. Gardiner, of Walpole, New Hampshire.

For several months, this anticipated phenomenon was a subject of inquiry with the Indians, as many stories had been told them, partly by ignorant and partly by designing persons, of terrible things which would accompany that event. The troubled aspect of our national affairs with foreign powers at that period facilitated the propagation of visionary and awful predictions. Hundreds came to me to consult on the subject of the eclipse, and its threatened accompaniments and consequences: some large parties came in from a distance on purpose to inquire on this subject. They knew that white people could foretel eclipses, and supposed we must be able too to predict the attendant circumstances of wind and weather, and every effect upon the earth. Most of them believe this faculty is given to white people by the Great Spirit, which he has thought proper to deny to Indians, and appear to have little notion that it depends upon calculations upon natural principles.

It has long (perhaps always) been a general sentiment of Indians, that an eclipse, particularly of the sun, is an expression, or rather token, of the anger of the Great Spirit, and the degree of his anger is indicated by the magnitude of the eclipse. The expectation of a *total eclipse*, therefore, was sufficient to prepare them for the reception of every extravagant tale and direful prognostication. Among other ideas, that of *war*, *bloody war*, naturally occurred, and was easily fomented, in conjunction with their existing circumstances. It was not difficult for a designing person of influence among them to point out to their satisfaction *how* and *where* this calamity was to take place, and *whose* blood must be shed. It is said, the Indians defeated general Harmer on the day of an eclipse, and have since entertained a persuasion that such a phenomenon is peculiarly unfortunate for *Americans*, and sufficient to ensure success to *Indians*, if they strike on that day; and it was generally reported, a short time previous to the late eclipse, that an attack under its auspices was agreed to be made upon this and other American posts in this quarter.

Besides that of *war*, the minds of the Indians were filled with other terrific anticipations. Some whole villages appeared impressed, that the darkness would be equal to that of the darkest night, and would continue for months, and many imagined it would be a *dark year*. They expected the sun would be put out for that space of time, that vegetables and animals would perish, together with most Indians who lived on the casual produce of the chace. But the more general expectation was, that it would be only a dark day, or, as they expressed it, a night day. And they supposed the day would be productive of the most dreadful storms of wind, hail, and other elementary concussions beyond the power of man to describe. I found but one Indian, out of some hundreds that came in from the wilderness, who appeared to possess any just conceptions of the expected phenomenon. It was the son of an intelligent chief, now dead, who declared that he had no fears, for he believed he had seen such a thing, when a boy, and his father taught him it was caused by the *night-sun* (their term for the moon) getting over the *day-sun*, and thus stopping its light for a short time.

Seeing the general attention of the Indians thus excited, and wishing to allay their painful apprehensions, as well as prevent any possible consequences of a serious nature, I thought it my duty to instruct them as far as they were capable of understanding into the cause and nature of an eclipse, told them the day and precise time of day it would happen, its duration, appearance, &c., and as to the dreadful accompaniments of storm and wind, I discountenanced such an expectation, though something of the kind might

take place as on other days, but assured them they would survive it, and expressed my hope of seeing a clear sky on that day, that I might behold the phenomenon in all its grandeur, and the stars in their glory surrounding it. They were thankful for these assurances, and some took encouragement, while others remained fearful and perplexed.

The eclipse made its appearance under every favourable circumstance that could be wished, and agreeable to all I had told the Indians. The day was remarkably fine, without a cloud or a gust of wind. It commenced here about an hour earlier than the calculations at New York and Albany. The disk of the sun was completely covered for the space of three minutes, the stars appeared very brilliant within the compass of the eclipse's shadow on every side of the sun's place, the greatest obscuration was equal to that of the clearest star-light evening, the brutes and the fowls gave signs that they thought it night, and were retiring to repose, when they were recalled by the bursting forth of the light. Its effects upon the Indians were different; those whom I saw during the greatest darkness, appeared thoughtful, but held their courage. Others, I was told, ran up and down with agitation. Some fell on their knees and prayed; while a few wrapped themselves in their blankets, and lay down to die. After it was seen to pass off without harm, and the day proceed as usual, all took courage, and became very social. By the evening many were ready to be drunk. A general muster of the militia had been ordered on that day, which was well attended, and had a good effect. Governor Hull had arrived in season to take the field.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE pursuit of happiness has engaged the meditations of philosophers, and the ardent wishes of all mankind. Every country, age, and sex has professed to seek happiness. So many have thought upon this subject; so many have proposed rules to govern the pursuit; so many have sought, and so few will acknowledge that they have attained happiness, that it might appear vain and useless to continue the inquiry, or to attempt to aid the exertion. Happiness, however, remains as important, and, to many, as unfixed, as ever. It still continues to be the wish of every heart, the object of every mind.

Wherefore, it may be asked, is our attention now drawn anew to this exhausted subject, this uncertain object? Why are we again led to meditate on human happiness; to form which there is no sure *recipe*; to attain which there is no certain mode; to secure and preserve which there is no effectual method, no certain plan?

There are few subjects on which we do not approach nearer to the right issue by a comparison with those which are in any degree similar, by a calm observation of circumstances, and a cheerful use of our unbiassed understandings. Let us make an experiment of the efficacy of these means in our present inquiry after happiness. They always assist us in other pursuits.

In the prime of our lives, in the high noon of our days, when we endeavour to obtain some interesting single object; such as a comfortable dwelling, the means of family expences, or a valuable connection, we remember that our continuance here is, on a medium, a little more than thirty years*, and that it is extended, in many cases, to fifty, sixty, eighty, ninety, and a hundred years. We therefore consider it as an unsatisfactory tenure, if we cannot possess our habitation, our income, or our connection *beyond the passing year*. We strenuously and indeed wisely exert ourselves to secure those comforts and blessings *for life*,

* Thirty-three years are said to be the medium of human life.

for the whole period through which we can possess and enjoy them. Happiness, Duty, and Prudence are all consulted in such exertions. *And here we find a light to open on the road of man towards genuine, and substantial, and permanent happiness.* In order to attain and secure it, we must be duly aware of the all-important and certain truth, that our lives are not confined to the medium of thirty-three years; nor yet to fifty, nor to a hundred years, but that they are extended through an endless series of innumerable ages, in the scene beyond the tomb. We must not, therefore, confine our attention to necessaries, comforts, and blessings for a single year, nor for this little portion of terrestrial existence, even at the longest term: but we must take good care to provide those necessaries, those comforts, and those blessings, that will wear beyond time, and endure with eternity. Let not the gay inquirer for the road to happiness fly from this as gloomy, or even as too grave, or as serious overmuch, for it is surely a cause to rejoice, and be glad at heart, that we can extend our happiness far beyond this little span of human life; and that whatever may be our difficulties, our evils, and our sorrows here, we can have true and abundant joys hereafter. If it be reasonable and prudent to provide comforts and pleasures for the current year, and for the course and evening of this life, it must certainly appear to be perfectly irrational, and imprudent in the extreme, entirely to neglect all thought, all provision for the innumerable ages of the next great stage of our existence. It would be little short of phrenzy for one, who had only arrived at manhood, to spend a good estate in a single day, and thus to cast away all thoughts, to omit all provision for the rest of this life, short and transient as it is. So is it surely far more than insanity to devote all our time, all our cares, and all our talents and exertions, to a bare provision for our short terrestrial existence (which is less than a day compared with the life to come), and entirely to neglect preparation for the countless ages of our future continuance in being. On our sure and certain arrival on the farther margin of the river of life, we ought not to be found without house or home, or stock of any thing to carry us on through those eternal centuries, whose number is without end.

It follows, then, with a plainness and certainty which a child must perceive, and the runner cannot fail to read, that a constant and daily care cheerfully and abundantly to provide for the world to come should mix itself with all our concerns, should engage a portion of all our days, and should always have a place in our hearts and minds. The effect of such a course of feeling, reflection, and conduct would heighten the sweets of all our pleasures, lessen our greatest difficulties, and allay our deepest sorrows here below. It would dissipate all our little vexations, and would banish despair, by the great and alluring prospect beyond the grave.

As the subject before us has naturally expanded itself into a plan of happiness for *the whole term of the existence of man*, embracing his life in the two worlds, it may be well that we should now consider the duties of the earlier and terrestrial stage of our being.

Well governed attachments to himself, to his family, to his neighbours, to his country, and to all mankind (mixed ever and in all places with a reverential sense of duty to the Author of his being), should manifest themselves in a constant attention to those temporal objects of his bounden duties and proper regards. He ever may, with candour and moderation, he ever should attend to the just rights and interests of himself and of the family which Providence has committed to his most faithful, tenderest care, and this will absolutely include a regular and patient attention to some useful calling in life, by which an honest subsistence, the comforts of

his old age, and the education and establishment of his dependent family, may be most effectually and completely secured. If he has, from whatever cause, heretofore neglected this duty, *particularly imposed on him by Divine Providence*, let him hasten to resume and perform it well, if he expects comfort, and esteem, and peace here, or happiness hereafter. No rational, no possible plan of human happiness admits of neglected obligations of so high a grade. All power, human and divine, in proportion as it is good, and wise, and great, must frown upon the comfortless violator of his household duties.

But though the indispensible necessity of a correct deportment in these important temporal concerns may be safely declared, yet it should be, at the same time, well remembered, that the duties which prepare us for both worlds *imperiously* demand our thorough and constant attention.

At the opening of this deeply interesting portion of our subject, two inestimable preparatives for a state and course of true happiness present themselves to our minds: the frank and thorough reparation of all injuries, which we may have done or occasioned to others through life, and the cordial forgiveness of the injuries we may have ourselves sustained. No man who has in any way violated or neglected justice can fail to derive comfort from the reflection, that he has rendered back the things which belonged to others, with a full allowance for use or interest; nor can a worthy mind, capable of the inseparable happiness of the two worlds, know any comfort under a sense of uncompensated wrongs, of whatever nature or degree, from himself to a fellow creature. He cannot feel convinced that he merits the comfort of the just here, nor those of *the just made perfect*, in the scene beyond the grave; nor can he be of a constitution to enjoy a state of happiness so uncongenial with himself. He must feel always the uncomfortable impression, that he has not done to others what he desires them to do to him. He has set at nought that sound and beautiful injunction of *the most perfect religion the world has ever known*. Let us then hasten, on the road to happiness, to the precious chamber of *self-examination*. Let us there look very strictly into our conscientious knowledge of secret, as well as known wrongs, of every name and kind, done to our neighbours. Let us estimate them and the just compensation with interest, and damages, and costs, and charges, in full measure. Let us restore the whole amount, with a free hand and willing heart. Let us atone for every form of injury, insult, and wrong done. We shall then enjoy *the sweet luxury of being just*, and it is in truth a pleasure of the highest *gout*, whose flavour will rest upon the palate of the soul, in all time, through our whole existence in the two worlds, here and hereafter.

The cordial forgiveness of all those who have injured us is as necessary as the duty of retribution, to a happy state of mind and feelings in our present life. Nor is it less important as an act of preparation, which will greatly contribute to fit us for a better state of existence. Our *perfect* religion, which never enjoins what is wrong, nor ever prohibits what is right, and which leaves no duty without a plain and strong precept, inculcates, by its highest authority, and by all its examples, the cordial forgiveness of injuries, and the return of benefits for acts of unkindness and enmity.

The Hebrew, the mahometan, and the pagan must bow to the sublime goodness of Jesus Christ, on this subject. His stated prayer proposes to our Heavenly Father, that our own temper and conduct towards our enemies may govern the dispensation towards ourselves. "*Forgive* us our trespasses, as we *forgive* them that trespass against us."—The exchange of an irritable, angry, and revengeful heart or temper for one which, in the midst of suffering, can pity, forgive, and overcome an enemy by kindness, must be attend-

ed with the most comfortable feelings in this life, often with much advantage, and it must greatly prepare every happy man, who can attain such a temper and disposition, for the highest conceivable state of permanent felicity, of which our natures are capable, and to the conception of which our minds can rise. The highest example in our religion, and in the history of persons claiming religious belief, confidence, and influence in any age, nation, or country, is that of the great first teacher of christianity enduring a death of the utmost agony, and of the most extreme human reproach, to prove, among other things, the sincerity of those exhortations and injunctions by which he advised, persuaded, and enjoined his followers to forgive their enemies, and to do good to those that injure, even unto such a death, the ignominious and excruciating death of the cross. The conception of such a plan of religious conduct is truly peculiar, and eminently sublime. Its execution is more than human. A mortal to soar so high in magnanimous thought and deed, when sinking into an agonizing death, must be moved by divine influence. The spirit itself must be divine. How must that human bosom overflow with comfort, and expand with happiness, which can fill itself with a heart, and soul, and mind to forgive its enemies, and to return benefits for their unkindness and hostility! A disposition thus sweedly formed, a temper thus divinely governed, prepare their happy possessor for the highest felicities of the two worlds.

The joys of beneficence, the pleasures of doing good to our dependents, our neighbours, our friends, our country, and mankind, are not ranked so high as they certainly should be in the estimate of human enjoyments. If we dwell with rapture on the inimitable conduct of the good Samaritan, do we drink as deeply as we may of his cup of unadulterated pleasure; a cup which will give joy to the mind here, and health to the soul in our endless journey through that future land, from whose bourne nó traveller returns, without whose confines no man who once enters shall ever pass? Do we not see around us edifices of charity, of comfort, of relief, of youthful instruction, of piety and religion, and of every form of beneficence? Are the "talents of gold and silver," with which Providence has entrusted us, hid in a napkin, and unemployed, so far as they are applicable to such purposes? Have we tasted little or none of the delightful potion, with which the sweet cup of active benevolence overflows? Do we compare the pleasure of representations of misery relieved, which we and our families procure at a theatre, in every season, for half a hundred dollars of direct cost and incidental expences, with the superior and true luxury of administering relief to real misery, through the channel of a benevolent institution wisely founded, and well and faithfully administered? The bosom of sensibility heaves a complaining sigh, because

"Nor peace, nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
And, turning, trembles too."

Let it seek the true balm for its wounded nerves, the sweet consciousness of doing good. Let it allay the agitations of its joys by the calm remembrance of a well directed beneficence. Let it exchange its mortification at the untutored rudeness of the savage, or simplicity of the indigent, for the pleasure of giving its mite towards the inestimable institutions, which teach "the young idea how to shoot," among the infant poor, and the oppressed races of the black, the red, and the yellow men.

The pleasures of public spirit will not be placed at a low degree in the scale of human enjoyments. To do good to our neighbours, and to our country, is beneficence on a great scale. It is conferring benefits on many, and must ever be ranked as a primary virtue, whether we con-

sider it in reference to its motives, or to its effects on human happiness. He who has taught the world to make two ears of corn grow where but one grew before, has been justly ranked as a greater benefactor to mankind than all the warriors upon earth. For he has given comfort and life to those thousands and tens of thousands, whom the conqueror would devote to bloodshed, ravage, and death. The illustrious William Penn, and other lovers of humanity, justice, and public happiness, have taught misguided parents no longer to neglect their female progeny and their younger males for an exclusive attention to their eldest sons. Few human pleasures can exceed the comfortable reflection, that *by this single measure* many daughters, fair and well beloved, are rescued from prostitution, in common or in legal forms, or from the prisons and hypocrisy of nunneries, and that many younger sons, gifted with precious talents and inestimable virtues, are saved from dependence and want, and civil prostitution, by this single wise and virtuous thought of the lovers of mankind. Compared with this, what are the honours of the turf, or the triumphs of the gaming-table? Yet those two gratifications rank high in the catalogue of fashionable pleasures, and are often, with their accompaniments, made complete substitutes for all others. In scenes like these, well may the poet say,

"The *heart*, mistrusting, asks if this be joy."

Amidst the horrors of modern wars, the precious, the glorious examples of public spirit, reaching sometimes beyond the nation which gave birth to its wise and virtuous possessor, and affecting the whole human family, are neither rare nor singular. An entire denomination of christians have distinguished themselves by commuting hereditary slavery for temporary service, by softening the miseries attendant on the accustomed trade, by unremitting endeavours to abolish the commerce, and by a parental care of the rising generation of the oppressed Africans. A single, undaunted, and generous spirit, the great and the good *Howard* arrested the bloody progress of the penal code of unthinking Christendom, and carried the tender mercies of that perfect religion into the miserable prisons of exhausted poverty and of convicted guilt, teaching the confined debtor to hope for new opportunities of establishment in life, and the shackled criminal that the long-lost opportunity of an availing repentance might restore him to the bosom of his country, and to the favour of his Almighty Creator. Revered shades of Benezet and Howard! how many fleeting, empty, fashionable joys does it require to equal the comfort of the last sensations of your parting intellect, when your conscious souls were transferred to the scene beyond the tomb, there to enjoy the rich treasures you had laid up by your unwearied labours in the cause of Justice, and of Mercy, and of Man!

And here for a moment let us rest in the pursuit of happiness. Let us reflect upon the ordinary gratifications of the busy, the gay, the voluptuous, the luxurious, the fashionable, and the ambitious. Let us consider, with a view to both worlds, whether many of their joys are not delusive, some productive of pain and sorrow, and whether the *ennui* or the sufferings those joys so often induce would not be lessened or removed, and often converted into truer and greater happiness, by a more copious mixture of those gratifications in which the mind, the heart, and the conscience of man can sweetly partake in this world, and *his living spirit* in that which is to come.

For the Literary Magazine.

DIAPER.

DIAPER is the name given to a linen-cloth with a rhomboidal figure

or pattern which is used to make napkins and night-caps. Whence the word? I suspect it to have been originally written D'Ypres; that the art of manufacturing it was brought hither from Flanders; and that the article was named from its native place. Many kinds of stuff are called from the towns which they were first made. Thus, at Leeds, are sold amens (originally Amiens); at Halifax, denima (originally De Nismes); at Manchester, calicoes (originally Calicuts or Calcuttas); at Norwich, mecklenburgs; and in Spital-fields, mantuas and paduasoys. Worsted-yarn is so called from a town in Norfolk, where the Flemish wool-combers first settled; and porcelain has its vulgar name from China.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XVII.

THE situation of those political weathercocks who are ready to be agitated by every gale, and are too timid to move in a calm, is very happily compared by Shakespeare to the tide when *swelled to its height.*

Northumberland, 'tis with my mind
As with the tide swelled up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I
Till time and 'vantage claim my company.

If we could examine the breasts of one half of those noisy *patriots* who have disturbed the repose of governments, we should find just such timidity, such wavering, such cunning *lying by* to catch the *time and 'vantage*, as Shakespeare has exhibited in the character of Northumberland. They have the disposition to rebel, but they want the resolution to act. Ambition bids them draw the sword of carnage and desolation, but fear restrains it in the coward scabbard.

—

The very eloquent address of Rolla, which Mr. Sheridan has inserted in his translation of Pizarro, bears so strong a resemblance to the following lines by Cowper, that we cannot but suppose they were in *his mind's eye.* How happily might they be addressed by an Englishman of the present day, to one of the miserable slaves of a foreign usurper!

"We love
The king who loves the laws, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
And with delight, who leaves us free.
We love the MAN; the PALTRY PAGEANT *you*;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth;
You the regardless author of its woes.
We, for the sake of liberty, a king;
You, chains and bondage, for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.

—

Piety communicates a divine lustre to the female mind: wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for a season; but let it be remembered, that, like the fragrant blossoms that bloom in the air, those gifts are frail and fading; age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and misfortune will stop the current of wit and humour: in that gloomy time *which must arrive*, piety will support the drooping soul

like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

—

No person can be perfectly agreeable without a portion of wit and vivacity: but that perspicacity which is employed in discovering and exposing the foibles of others, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill-nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is, like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring. We turn away from it in disgust, when our eyes are attracted by the labours of another artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in pourtraying Poverty at the door of Contentment, or Innocence reposing on a bank of flowers.

—

If we consider the various pursuits in which men are engaged, *state* how the most active are employed, and *sum up* their different merits, this conclusion may be made: that, take them in general, they are seldom so much, and never so nobly and innocently employed, as the man who passes his time in literary ease, and who is by the world called idle. Trade debases the mind. Its only recommendation is, that it furnishes the means of subsistence. Men are always discontented, and one who has spent all his days in literature may, through ignorance, wish, at a late period of existence, that he had followed some business: but no man, who has seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will, at any time of life, desire to return to it.

—

Poetry is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechanical genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and fine-wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet; and it is for this reason, that while men of science have not unfrequently arisen from the hut of poverty and labour, very few legitimate children of the muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard lies nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at suppositious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talents, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings, who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads; beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

—

Poetry is not less estimable from the respect which is paid to it by kings and princes, than it is interesting by the inspiration of the muses. Though poets profess fiction, yet their true intention is to steal upon the heart, and inculcate lessons for human action.

By this means, whilst they please they inform; whilst they dazzle the eye by the glitter of their rays, they are a brilliant light to illumine the

dark: thus do they fascinate the fancy, while they soften the heart and improve the understanding. They are not merely meteors that sparkle for a moment, and are then hid in obscurity; nor flowers, fragrant and fair, that are born to blush for a moment, and then languish and decay: but they may be compared to the sturdy oak, whose leaves delight the eye, whose trunk is useful, and whose branches afford shelter to the wearied traveller, or from whose lofty top, which defies the fury of the winds, he may calmly look around, and survey the variegated face of nature.

It had been objected to poetry, that it is conducive to the corruption of manners. How his talents can be said to be corruptive, whose province it is to describe Nature as she really exists, I am at a loss to imagine. It is the business of the epic poet to narrate important events, and to confer on the hero the reward that is due to integrity in design and bravery in execution; and at the same time he exhibits in proper colours the folly of ambition, the baseness of treachery, and the guilt of rebellion. The didactic poet produces from the stores of a fertile mind the lessons of experience and the dictates of wisdom; he inculcates his maxims with the fervour of honesty, he enforces them by the force of reasoning, and decorates them with the alluring embellishments of harmony. Like the skilful anatomist, he probes the innermost recesses of the mind, and investigates the various inflections of the passions, as they are occasioned by the casual varieties of individual habit or general custom. He is alike regardless of the censure or applause of his own times, because he knows that human nature is invariable, and therefore that he who inculcates the abstract principles of rectitude must be eternally right. He produces a mirror, not less adapted to contemporary contemplation, than it is capable of reflecting thoughts and manners to remote posterity. The amatory poet, whilst he sings the raptures of love, warns us against the miseries which are the inevitable consequences of vicious passion. It is his duty to show the superiority of that virtuous affection which springs from the heart, over those loose desires that arise solely from the impetuosity of depraved appetite. He who does not write thus, debases himself and degrades his profession. His name may be applauded for a time among the idle and the profligate, but the sober will shun him and the cheek of modesty be tinged with a blush when his lays are recited.

But it would be tedious and unnecessary to describe the aim and province of the different classes of poets. By their fertility of imagination, aptness of allusion, and brilliancy of description, they aid the researches of the philosopher, instil the tenderest emotions into the soul of the lover, and impel the hero to brave the hottest carnage of the field: they give morality to the grave, and furnish an inexhaustible fund of wit for the gay.

Here my friend ceased, and I left him with renewed resolutions to become a poet*.

I. E. H.

Baltimore.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF FANEUIL HALL.

IN the year 1740, Peter Faneuil, Esq., an opulent merchant of Boston, made an offer to the town to build at his own expence a commodious market-house, near Dock-square, where provisions were then exposed for sale. The proposal was thankfully received, and the building immediately commenced. In the progress of the work the liberal donor was induced to make an addition of a large hall over the market-house, for public meetings, and for transacting the business of the town. The

* Part of this number is extracted from an unpublished volume.

whole was completed in a most substantial and elegant manner, in September, 1742.

In testimony of the town's gratitude to Peter Faneuil, and to perpetuate his memory, the hall over the market-place was named *Faneuil Hall.*

In 1761, the inside wood work and roof of the building were consumed by fire. Measures were immediately taken for repairing the building, and the expence was defrayed by a lottery granted by the general court for that purpose. From this period the history of *Faneuil Hall* is intimately connected with that of our country; it was the threatre on which James Otis, Quincy, Bowdoin, the Adams's, Hancock, and other patriots, exerted their talents, to impress on a people, jealous of their rights, the necessity of vigilance against foreign encroachments and domestic duplicity, and became the centre where resolutions were formed and measures were adopted, which quickly spread round the wide circle of the state and continent; and terminated in the establishment of American independence.

Though the hall was sufficient for a number of years for the transaction of the ordinary business of the town, yet on every interesting occasion, when great numbers of the inhabitants assembled, it became necessary to adjourn to some larger building; and the old south church being capacious and conveniently situated, the proprietors of that house willingly allowed the town the use of it, on all occasions of great political importance; but on the increase of population, and the frequent occurrence of questions of a local nature, which called together great numbers of citizens, the proprietors of the places of public worship became unwilling to admit such large numbers to the free use of their buildings.

The selectmen therefore in May, 1805, offered a plan for the enlargement of Faneuil Hall, which was accepted, and they were directed to carry it into effect. The work has been prosecuted with uncommon dispatch, and without any unfavourable accident, and in twelve months has been completed to general satisfaction. It has evidently been the aim of the agents to adapt the outside additions to the original style of the building, to make it a uniform and consistent pile. The great hall is 76 feet square and 28 feet high, with galleries on three sides on Doric columns; the ceiling is supported by two ranges of Ionic columns; the walls enriched with plaster, and the windows with architraves, &c. Platforms underneath and in the galleries rise amphitheatrically to accommodate spectators, and from the trials already made, it appears favourable for sight and sound. The noble painting of Washington, by Stuart, presented by Samuel Parkman, Esq., is placed at the west end, over the selectmen's seat. The portrait of Peter Faneuil, Esq. will also be placed in a suitable position.

Above the great hall is another, 76 feet long, and 30 wide, devoted to the exercise of the different military corps, with apartments on each side for depositing their arms and military equipments, where those of the several companies are arranged and kept in perfect order.

The building also contains convenient offices for the selectmen, board of health, assessors, and town treasurer. The lower story is appropriated according to the original intention as a market, and the cellars are leased for various purposes of business. The income of the stalls and cellars will produce a permanent and handsome interest upon the money expended in the enlargement.

For the Literary Magazine.

SWIFT'S TALE OF A TUB.

To the Editor, &c.

IN looking over your number for July, I found a person, who styles himself Querist, call in question the validity of the title of that satire of

Dean Swift, "the Tale of a Tub." I was surprised to find that any one could possibly undertake to criticise upon a book, without having first read its preface.

Being a person of few words, I have taken the liberty of transcribing the two first paragraphs of the preface, which I hope will show how much he was mistaken in supposing the author had written it Tail of a Tub.

"The wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state, begin to fall under the horrible apprehensions lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects, for taking off the force and edge of those formidable enquirers from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one which will require some time as well as cost to perfect: meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed, as there is reason to fear, with pen, ink and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets and other offensive weapons ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity that some expedient be thought upon, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a curious and refined observer, That seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to throw out an empty tub, by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands on the ship. This parable was immediately mythologized; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and wooden, and given to rotation; this is the leviathan from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old anti-type the commonwealth. But how to analize the tub was a matter of difficulty; when after long enquiry and debate the literal meaning was preserved, and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a *Tale of a Tub*, and my genius being conceived to be not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

"This is the sole design of publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an interim of some months, to employ their unquiet spirits till the perfecting that great work."

Querist says, that he has had several arguments respecting his opinion; and, says he, "what is worse, I never could convince a single opponent so as to bring him over to my opinion." This sufficiently proves that neither he nor his opponents had ever read the preface to "*this incomparable satire*," as he terms it.

It is much to be regretted that prefaces are so seldom read, as they never fail to show the views of the author in writing, or in giving his title to a work of this kind.

J. W. P.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

THESE islands are situated in the Northern Ocean, between Caithness and Shetland, from the former of which they are distant about four, and from the latter near twenty leagues. The latitude of Kirkwall, the centre, is fifty-nine degrees and nine minutes north, and the longitude two degrees and thirty minutes west, from the meridian of Greenwich. Their surface is high and precipitous towards the west, but

slopes and sinks into level plains, towards the east, especially of those called the North Isles. This is owing to the position of the strata, which generally rise towards the west or south-west, and dip, or are inclined, towards the east or north-east. It has been observed that islands and continents are generally high on the west, but form slopes or plains towards the east. This seems to prove a general conformity in the position of the mineral strata, though the cause of this conformity is unknown.

From the similarity of the points of Berey in Waas, and Dunnet in Caithness, and the general correspondence of the rocks and soils on the opposite sides of the Pentland Frith, we may conclude that the Orkneys were probably joined, at some remote period, to the mainland of Scotland; and also, that the islands themselves formerly composed one unbroken continent.

In several parts of Caithness, where the strata are intersected by veins of soft matter, the sea, by working them out, has made deep inlets into the land, and sometimes rushes, with terrible impetuosity, by subterraneous passages, from one side of a promontory to another. The Pentland Frith, and the sounds which separate the islands, were once, probably, occupied by soft substances, which the water has washed away. In proof of this, it appears that all the remaining rocks on each side are extremely hard, and well calculated to resist its attacks. *The Old Man of Hoy*, a stupendous pyramidical rock, situate a few hundred yards to the west of that district of Waas, is composed of the same sandstone with the neighbouring rocks; and as these rise towards the west, this pyramid is seen from a great distance to overlook the neighbouring hills, and is among the highest pinnacles in Orkney. It has evidently been joined to the neighbouring rocks by softer strata, which the sea has gradually corroded and worn away

The soil in Orkney, though shallow, is generally fertile. The prevailing rock is a species of calcareous sandstone flag, of a blue, or bluish grey, colour. The soil formed by the decomposition of this stone contains a portion of carbonate of lime, which renders it fertile. The climate, on the whole, is temperate, the range of the thermometer being from 25° to 75°, and that of the barometer within three inches. The medium temperature of springs is 45°. The prevailing wind is the south-west; the most disagreeable and unhealthy the south-east. Snow is rare, and never lies long: the winter is distinguished by heavy rains. For two weeks, and sometimes more, about the middle of June, the wind commonly blows from the north, accompanied with snow and hail showers, of such violence as to check vegetation, and drive the domestic animals to seek shelter. This seemingly unnatural cold may be imputed to the melting of the ice in the northern ocean, and consequent evaporation. About forty years ago, the north wind brought what the people called *black snow*, which struck them with terror and astonishment, till it was discovered that the black snow was ashes thrown out by an eruption of Hecla in Iceland. Thunder seldom occurs, even during the warmest weather, in summer, but is frequent in tempestuous weather, with rain, hail, and snow in winter.

The greatest rapidity of the spring tides, even in those channels where they run quickest, is nine miles in an hour, and the neap-tides have only about a fourth part of that velocity. Vessels sometimes enter the Pentland Frith with a strong breeze a-stern; and, on meeting the tide, they have been stopped, and afterwards carried back, with all their sails set, by the violence of the current.

These islands were first mentioned by Pomponius Mela; and ancient authors differ exceedingly with regard to their number and extent. An actual survey has ascertained their number to be sixty-seven, of

which only twenty-nine are inhabited. The remaining thirty-eight, called Holms, are small, and have always been appropriated to pasturage. There are several others which are overflowed at high water, have scarcely any soil, and are called *Skerries*, which indicates sharp, ragged rocks. Most of the names of these islands terminate in *a*, *ay*, or *ey*, which denoted an island of large extent; while Holm implied one that was smaller, and only fit for pasturage. Holm also means hollow or flat land.

The islands have been immemorially divided into north and south isles, from their position in respect of the mainland, or more probably of Kirkwall, which, for many ages, has been considered as their capital. The sonorous name of *Pomona* affixed to the largest island or mainland, as it is called, is compounded of two Icelandic words, which signify Greatland; and this name is very applicable, if a comparison be made between it and the other islands. From east to west this island extends not less than thirty English miles; but its figure and breadth are extremely irregular. From Scalpa bay to Kirkwall, it is intersected by a hollow valley, of not more than a mile from sea to sea, which divides the island into two peninsulas. Its breadth on the west side is nearly sixteen miles; on the east it does not exceed five or six.

The united parishes of Kirkwall and St. Ola are nearly in the centre, not only of the mainland but of the whole group. The town of Kirkwall is very ancient; and though built with no great regard to regularity, contains many commodious houses, and some tolerable public buildings. The ruins of the earl's and bishop's palaces are very superb; and the cathedral of St. Magnus, which survived the fury of the reformation, and is still entire, exhibits many features of elegance joined to magnificence. The only circumstance which impairs the grandeur of this building is the meanness of its spire, which, having been struck down by lightning, was patched up, without being carried to its original elevation. Kirkwall is a royal burgh, and in conjunction with Wick, Dornock, Tain, and Dingwall, chuses a representative in parliament. It enjoys a commodious harbour, though it is out of the tract of general trade. Its population is reckoned very low at two thousand inhabitants.

The only other town of note is Stromness, west of Pomona, and, as its name imports, on one of the sounds or streams, which intersect these islands. It possesses a commodious and safe harbour, by which alone the town is accessible; as most of the houses, like those of Venice, have a quay for the accommodation of boats and vessels, while the streets are generally so narrow and irregular, as not to admit a wheeled carriage. This town has been built by seafaring people, whose sole object has been to make it accessible from the water, without deeming the approach by land as of any importance. Two holms divide this harbour or bay, from that of Kerston, where ships of greater burden, which pass these seas, commonly cast anchor.

The dwarfie stone of Hoy, a large sandstone, in which an apartment and a bed have been cut, has been the cell of a hermit, not, as commonly supposed, the residence of a giant and his wife. Indeed the apartment is not sufficiently large to accommodate people above the ordinary stature.

Waas, or Waes, is the same with *Voes*, bays, or harbours. In this parish, accordingly, there are several excellent harbours, and particularly the Longhope, which is of easy access from the Pentland Frith, and for safety and conveniency is not surpassed by any in Europe. Other commodious harbours occur in almost every island, some of which may rise into importance as fishing stations. This and Stromness are chiefly resorted to by vessels which navigate these seas.

The name is of the same origin

with the Cape *Orcas* of the ancient geographers, supposed to be Duncansbay-head in Caithness; and both are probably derived from the word *ork*, or orca, which signifies a whale. These huge animals are still seen in considerable numbers passing through the Pentland Frith. Orkney probably received its first inhabitants from the north of Scotland; they went over, at first, for the purposes of hunting and fishing; and gradually formed permanent settlements on the different islands.

Cæsar found the Belgæ in the south of Britain, as well as in part of Gaul, from which they had expelled the Celtæ. The Belgæ do not seem to have been of old standing in Britain; and it is probable those whom he calls *natos in insula ipsa*, were the Celtæ, or first settlers, whom the Belgæ had previously driven from the continent. It is natural to suppose that the Celtæ would first pass over from the opposite shores of the channel, where the British coast was constantly in view; the Belgæ next; and then other tribes from Germany and the north, as the knowledge of navigation was extended, by the voyages of the Phenicians and Carthaginians. When men live by hunting, it requires a great extent of land to support a few inhabitants. Hence they would spread rapidly over the country, swarm following swarm, till they found themselves confined by an opposite ocean; and then would feel the necessity of betaking themselves to pasturage and agriculture.

That the Celtic language was at one time spoken all over Scotland, is evident from the names of places in every district, derived from that dialect. But who were the Picts? and who were the Caledonians?

The Roman writers uniformly distinguish the inhabitants of Britain by the appellation of *Picti* Britanni. Painting their bodies seems to have been a process similar to tatooing among savage nations at this day, and its object was to make them appear terrible in battle, or to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. But the Romans discouraged these practices among those who had submitted to their yoke; and hence a new distinction would arise into *Picti Britanni*, and *non Picti Britanni*.

Picti, or Picts, seems then to have been a term of reproach, equivalent to savage, or barbarous, fixed by the provincial Britons, on those who adhered to ancient usages, and refused to submit to the Romans. Hence Picti, or Picts, became the name of those tribes contiguous to the Roman provinces who continued to defy their power.

The Caledonians are evidently the Gael Dun, or the Gael of the mountains. Thus the terms Picts and Caledonians only expressed a distinction, known at this day, between Lowlanders and Highlanders.

The term Scots, or Scuit, seems to have been a term of reproach used by the provincial Britons, both against Picts and Caledonians, when they plundered the Roman provinces. It means *wanderers*, or rather robbers. Accordingly, we do not hear of the Scots until the decline of the Roman power, when the provincial Britons were exposed to their merciless incursions. This name was confined to those tribes which lay contiguous to the province, for in the interior Highlands, the people do not call themselves Scots, but Gael Albinich, or Gauls of Albion. Hence, the Scots could not have acquired their name in Ireland, and afterwards brought it with them to Argyleshire and the West Highlands; because the immediate descendants of those Irish emigrants, who still continue to speak the same language, never heard of any such name, and make no use of it at this day.

These facts lead us to infer, that the original Picts were tribes of the Gael, or Celtæ, inhabiting the southern and eastern parts of Scotland; and that the Caledonians were tribes of the same race, inhabiting the mountainous regions. The term Picts was not not known as a national name, till the Romans began

to advance towards the north; nor that of Scots till their power began to decline.

The progress of the Romans first suggested to these tribes, formerly independent, the necessity of uniting under a common chief, and paved the way for the establishment of two monarchies, one of the Picts, on the east, the other of the Caledonians, afterwards Scots, on the west. A favourable soil, and the resort of strangers from more improved districts, would soon make the Picts understand and practise agriculture; while the Caledonians of the hills would depend chiefly on pasturage and hunting. Accordingly, the people of the interior Highlands know no more of the Picts than of the Scots of our antiquaries. The people whom we call Picts, they call *Drinnach*, labourers; thereby denoting their agricultural occupations. The modern Lowlanders they call *Sassanach*, Saxons; which shows they do not consider them to be of the same race with the ancient Picts, or Drinnach.

The Peti, in conjunction with the Papæ, were the first inhabitants of Orkney, and were a branch of the Gael, or Celts, who had come thither from Caithness; and many circumstances confirm this opinion. St. Columba, an Irish Celt, and the apostle of the Highlands and isles, is not stated to have used an interpreter when he addressed the Pictish kings, or when he preached the gospel to vast multitudes of their people.

By the Norwegian invasion, 876, these Peti and Papæ were utterly extirpated; a circumstance not likely to have happened, had these Peti and Patæ spoken the same language, and been descended from the ancestors of their conquerors. The conquerors naturally proceeded to impose new names, which might recal the objects of affection they had left in their own country, or were descriptive of the local situation of places.

These circumstances will account for so few Gaelic names being found in the Orkneys. Among these few is *Mull*, undoubtedly Celtic, which is still, in several cases, used instead of ness, *nose*, to express a promontory or headland. Skerries, *sunken rocks*, is also Gaelic.

After the Norwegians acquired possession of the Orkneys, they imposed the name of *Pictland* Frith, on the sea which separated them from the northern kingdom of the Picts; and they called the nearest point to it *Cathness*, the nose or promontory of the Catts or Catti. These Catti, or Clan Chatto, as they are sometimes called in Gaelic, were a Celtic tribe which inhabited the northern counties of Scotland, and from whom several Highland chiefs and clans, such as the Macintoshes, Macphersons, &c., at this day claim their descent.

After the Norwegians or Danes got possession of Caithness, they called the land beyond them Suderland, from which Sutherland, its modern name, is derived. But neither Caithness nor Sutherland are called by these names in Gaelic at this day; the people of Sutherland call themselves Catich, and their country Cattey. The Gaelic name of Caithness is Goliu; and, among the Gael, the people are still known by no other name than Golich. If, then, the first inhabitants of Orkney had come from the opposite shores of Caithness, which is extremely probable, they must have been a colony of the Catti, and hence of Celtic extraction.

This original is also evinced by the religious monuments still remaining in the Orkneys; such as the standing stones of Stennis, which, though much defaced, are clearly of druidical origin, and must have been erected by the Peti, or some other people who possessed these islands before the northern nations subdued them.

Single obelisks may have been erected to commemorate a victory, or some remarkable event, but never to point out the grave of a great man. Such graves are marked out by four or more flat stones set on

edge. Where numbers have fallen in battle, a heap of stones or earth marks the place of their interment. But wherever we find a circle of tall stones, we may be sure that these were set up for religious purposes. Often there are only four tall stones, which are always exactly at the four cardinal points, viewed from the centre. Sometimes there is a smaller circle, or *sanctum sanctorum*, in the centre, and circles within circles, extending considerably beyond. When there is only one circle of considerable diameter, four great stones generally mark the cardinal points with great exactness, and smaller ones mark the subdivisions, as far as there is room. When there is circle within circle, the interior circle marks the prominent points of direction, and the exterior ones the minutest subdivisions, with the greatest exactness.

These circles, besides being used as places of worship, and courts of justice, evidently served the purpose of rude astronomical observatories, by which the druids could ascertain the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars; the seasons of the year, and even the hours of the day; and, where they are tolerably entire, slight attention would enable us to do so now. The sun seems to have been the great object of their veneration, as an emblem of the Deity; and the larger circles have a great stone placed on a heap of earth in the centre, or more frequently on a tumulus at a little distance, but always due south from the centre of the interior circle, on which they seem to have offered sacrifice when the sun was in the meridian.

Fragments of these circles, and sometimes pretty entire ones, are still visible in all parts of the Highlands, from Arran to Caithness.—Many have been demolished through mere wantonness; and the extension of agriculture has destroyed many more, especially in the counties of Moray, Nairne, and Inverness, where they lately abounded.

Perhaps the most entire one that now remains is on the banks of Loch Roag, in the island of Lewis. It consists of a *sanctum sanctorum*, or small circle of very large stones, in the centre, from which a long avenue runs due south and north, and a shorter one east and west.—There are several concentric circles at a considerable distance from the inner one, and many tall stones are seen at various distances on the neighbouring hills; but chiefly towards the east. Opposite to the southern avenue is a small hill, and on its declivity, a little below its summit, there is a stone of most enormous magnitude, which must have been placed there by design, as its northern side is seen to rest on small rounded blocks of stone, which prop it on the shelving rock of the hill. This enormous mass is due south from the *sanctum sanctorum*, or centre of the circles; and appears to have been the altar on which they offered sacrifice. This rude mass may have been raised from the rocky hill on which it rests; but no rocks in that quarter could furnish the standing stones.

The perfect similarity of these circles in the Orkneys to those which are recognized elsewhere as undoubted vestiges of druidical superstition, compel us to allow the druids a footing in these islands.—Though the learned word in Gaelic for a church, be *heglish*, a corruption of *ecclesia*; yet its vulgar name is *clachan* stones; and at this day, they express going to church by a phrase which implies *going to the stones*.

The only other ancient monuments worth notice, are the round buildings, called Picts'-houses in Orkney and Caithness. These buildings are mostly reduced to heaps of rubbish, and great numbers are also demolished in the Highlands and Hebrides; but in many places, such as Dornadilla in Strathnaver, in Lochalsh, Kintail, Glenelg; in Skye, Lewis, and several of the Hebrides, fragments, and often considerable portions of the walls remain.

In one found at Quarterness, near Kirkwall, the only apartments re-

maining, seem to have been cellars where they stowed their victuals and most valuable effects, and where they might conceal themselves in cases of extremity. The place of habitation seems to have been above this, though now demolished. The reason why these cellars are so narrow, and so numerous, seems to have been their ignorance of the art of constructing arches, and the consequent necessity of covering them with flat stones gradually projecting beyond each other, so as to form an angular roof. Had the cells been wide, they could not, in this way, have made the building to support the habitable floor above. Perhaps the most entire of these buildings is *Dun Carlaway*, in the Isle of Lewis. It stands on a solid rock, projecting to the south, and is conical, like the furnace of a glass-house; only its widens more rapidly towards the base. Nearly one half of the building, on the north side, has been demolished, or has fallen down. The southern half, from the base to the summit, seemed to be about fifty feet in height, and most probably was originally higher, and contracted to a narrow aperture at top. A projection of stones, forming a circle on the inside, seems to prove that a wooden floor had rested on them, nearly on a level with the ground on the north side; and there is sufficient depth of building to admit a story below this, though the space is now filled with loose stones. It is built of masses of flat granite, without cement, and consists of an exterior and interior wall, parallel to each other. Between these walls there are passages formed by large flat stones, which connect the two walls, between which a man can easily walk These passages run horizontally round the building to a certain extent, and then rise by a rude stair, or gently inclined plane, to other horizontal passages, and so on, until they conduct to the summit. The diameter within walls, at the projecting circle of stones on which the floor had rested, is twenty-five feet eight inches; the thickness of the wall at this point, nine feet one inch. There may be about eight or ten feet of building below this circle, where the wall becomes rapidly thicker, but the accumulation of rubbish prevented its measurement.

On viewing these buildings, every one must be struck with the care employed in selecting and shaping each stone for the position it occupies; the accuracy with which the whole are joined together; the art by which they are made to cross and bind each other; and the skill which has prevented the slightest deviation from the curvature of the building, external or internal.—Where the door is not concealed by rubbish, it commonly faces the east, is about two feet in breadth, and three in height, composed of massy stones. One, and sometimes two holes in the wall within, seem intended to receive massy wooden bolts. These buildings are only called Picts'-houses in Orkney and in Caithness; over the greater part of the Highlands they are ascribed to the Danes, and occasionally to witches, Fingalians, and other ideal beings.

The great Scandinavian kingdoms appear to have been formed, or at least consolidated, by certain violent usurpations of the sovereign over the rights and privileges of his warlike barons. A successful struggle of this sort, by Harold Harfager, or the fair-haired king of Norway, induced some of his discontented vassals to seek an asylum in the Shetland and Orkney isles, whence they harrassed his trade by their piracies. The monarch, filled with indignation, immediately collected a fleet and powerful army; and landing first in Shetland, and afterwards in Orkney, he utterly extirpated the poor Peti and Papæ, who seem to have been guilty of no other crime than affording a hospitable reception to his discontented subjects. Elated with his success, he carried havock and devastation throughout the Hebrides. He then proceeded to the Isle of Man, of which he took possession without opposition, as the

inhabitants, fearing perhaps the fate of the Peti and Papæ, had abandoned the island This, with the irruptions of the Danes into England, seems to be the first authentic naval expedition of these northern nations in the south of Europe; and all the accounts we have of Picts or others having previously passed from these countries into the eastern parts of Scotland, seem to rest merely on conjecture.

Harold conferred the government of his new conquests on Ronald, count of Merca. But Ronald, wishing to return to his own country, resigned the whole to his brother Sigurd, whom he prevailed on the king to create an earl, and to confirm in his new inheritance.

Einar, a natural son of count Ronald, being made earl, possessed consummate wisdom and vigour.—He is said first to have taught his people the use of turf or peat for fuel; a discovery of infinite importance, as their woods never were abundant, and were now exhausted. For this benevolent action he was honoured with the name of Torffeid, or Torfeinar.

The authority of the kings of Norway, and afterwards of Denmark, when united, over the Orkneys, was always loose and undefined. The earls acknowledged a sort of nominal submission to these princes, and competitors frequently appealed to their decision; but they paid them no tribute, nor assisted them in their military enterprises, except voluntarily, as equals and allies. Had it not been for the fatal custom of dividing their territories among their sons, and the frequent disputes about the right of succession, which, like every other dispute in those days, was settled by the sword, men of such heroism and enterprise, as some of these earls appear to have been, might have established a very extensive dominion. They soon acquired Caithness and Sutherland, the Hebrides, and several tracts on the western shores of Scotland.—When not fighting among themselves about the right of succession, they amused themselves with predatory excursions to Ireland, to Scotland, and to England, and long continued to worship and to immolate human victims to Odin.

Olaus Frigueson, king of Norway, having, in his youth, acquired some knowledge of the christian religion in England, was so much struck with its excellence, that he resolved to spread its principles through distant lands. He soon converted his subjects by word of command. He also wished to spread this salutary doctrine among his allies and dependents; and, for this end, he took on himself the character of missionary, and fitted out five or six ships, well stored with learned men, and with disciplined forces to support their arguments.

On his return, he anchored in one of the harbours of South Ronaldsay, where the earl of Orkney then was, in readiness for some expedition. Sigurd, the earl, was of an open and unsuspicious temper, which arose from confidence in the strength of his arms. He beheld, without terror, the approach of the Norwegian fleet; nor did he hesitate to go on board as soon as he received the king's invitation, as he dreaded no harm, and supposed, perhaps, that a conference only was wanted respecting some military enterprise, in which the interest of both might be equally concerned. The king's conduct, however, soon convinced him of his mistake; for scarcely had they met, when Olaus, assuming an air of dignity, opened his design in a long speech, reminding the earl of his vassalage, and requiring him and his people instantly to adopt the christian religion, and submit to the holy rite of baptism, under pain of destruction in this world, and damnation in the next. The earl starts some scruples about abandoning a religion which had been sanctioned by the wisdom of his ancestors; especially as no reasons had been offered to convince him that the religion he was required to adopt was better than his present one. The king had neither time nor inclina-

tion to produce any other arguments than those he had already used on similar occasions. He therefore drew his sword; and, laying hold of the earl's son, Hundius, whom his father had carried on board with him, declared that he would instantly plunge it into the youth's bosom, if his father hesitated any longer; and that the same fate should attend all who refused to adopt the religion which he himself possessed. Sigurd prudently yielded to the imperious dictates of Olaus, whom he now acknowledged as his sovereign; publicly professed the christian faith, and received baptism; and the people followed the example of their earl with one accord. The king, exulting in the success of his pious enterprise, now returned home, carrying Hundius along with him as a hostage, and leaving some learned men to instruct the inhabitants in the nature of their new religion.

This earl fell in battle at Clontarf, in Ireland; and various prodigies are said to have attended his death. In Caithness, twelve women were seen weaving a web in the inside of a hill, while they sang a dreadful song, descriptive of the fate of the earl of Orkney. The earl and his subjects had indeed received baptism, but they had not forgotten their old religion. The song was translated into Latin by Torfæus, and is the ground-work of Gray's ode of the *Fatal Sisters*.

After the change of their religion, the people and their rulers seem to have gradually put off their original ferocity, and to have cultivated with some success the arts and virtues of peace. Earl Magnus, who flourished early in the twelfth century, was a prince of great accomplishments, and had the honour of a place in the calendar.

Haco, king of Norway, after an unsuccessful expedition against Scotland, returned to Kirkwall, in Orkney, and died there of a broken heart, 1263; the Hebudæ were conceded by treaty to the Scots; and the northern nations, who had harrassed Scotland by their piracies, during several centuries, have never since molested her shores.

Many causes contributed, before the end of the fourteenth century, to break the power of this proud and turbulent principality. The chief cause was the practice of allowing all the children of the earls an equal right of succession, in consequence of which their territories were either dismembered, or their unity was preserved at the price of civil war or murder. In consequence of a division among females, the Hebudæ had long become a separate sovereignty, holding nominally of the king of Norway. The kings of Scotland had contrived to strip the earls of Ross and Sutherland, and even obliged them to hold Caithness as a fief from their crown. The rage for conquest and piratical expeditions to the south of Europe, was a fire which had burnt out in the north; so that their islands were no longer of the same importance as formerly, as a place for mustering their forces. The earldom itself had fallen, by marriage, to the Sinclairs of Roslin, a family that came over with William the conqueror, and which was attached, by still ampler possessions on the Mainland, to the interest of Scotland.

From these causes, and a wish to conciliate the friendship of the Scots, Christian of Oldenburgh, who united the crowns of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, conveyed the Shetland and Orkney Isles in pledge for part of his daughter's portion, who was married to James III of Scotland, 1468. Thus were these islands, which were originally connected with the northern kingdom of the Picts, reannexed to the crown. Nothing more than the right of homage, or superiority, was conveyed. But James having compensated earl Sinclair by other lands, annexed the earldom of Orkney to the crown of Scotland, by act of parliament, not to be given away to any but one of the king's lawful sons.

Notwithstanding this act, the islands were frequently granted to favourites, and as often revoked.—

Sometimes they were farmed, and sometimes mortgaged, till they were finally and irrevocably granted to the earl of Morton, on payment of a small feu-duty. He, finding much difficulty in collecting his rents, sold his rights to the father of the present lord Dundas, who now enjoys all the revenues which formerly belonged to the potent earls of Orkney.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHETHER FRANCE HAS GAINED OR LOST BY THE REVOLUTION.

THE acquisition of territory and the influence over neighbouring states are subjects of national glory and vanity, but confer little advantage on the inhabitants of France, who are equally loaded with taxation. The inhabitants of the cities, in particular, complain of the weight of taxes; which, as they are far from being so rich, they are much less able to pay than the people of England. Commerce has also visibly declined; and though the inland trade of so wide an empire must of course be considerable, yet the loss of St. Domingo will continue to balance many advantages.

But the grand staple of France, agriculture, has certainly been benefited by the revolution; farmers have in general been the chief gainers by the revolution; from a greater facility in bequeathing by will; from the abolition of feudal restraints, of mains mortes; by the undisturbed possession and free alienation of all landed property; and last by the division of land into smaller estates. Hence also the change in respect to money; formerly it flowed through the country to the cities; now it remain in free circulation in the country. This is attended with two very happy consequences. More land is actually cultivated than before, and in a better manner; and the stock of cattle is much more considerable. All the means for far greater augmentation and improvement are at hand. At the same time many other channels for industry have been opened, which were formerly much obstructed in France: such as ship-building, manufactories, and commerce. The channels for inland commerce have indeed been opened and enlarged, and probably some manufactories have thus benefited, but external commerce may be regarded as annihilated, and many manufactories must have suffered in consequence.

In travelling through France, the increase and advancement of agriculture are admitted to be palpable, by those who have visited the country before the revolution. And in some parts it is not unusual to observe new farm-houses, and cottages, placed by the side of the old, or another story added, with the dates of 1793, 1794, &c. Every thing indicates greater comforts among the peasantry. Agriculture, as well as internal commerce and manufactures, must have gained by the abolition of the days of saints, only four grand solemnities being retained, and of other superstitious observances of the catholic system. But it would have been more advantageous to the government, as well as to the people, to have introduced an approximation to the protestant plan: in the present loose creed the native acuteness, and disposition to wit and ridicule, perceive too plainly the manifold absurdities in the catholic doctrine and practice, and the discordant imoralities of an unmarried clergy, to admit the real restoration of that system. By the constitution, if it may be quoted before it perish, the catholic religion is declared to be that of the nation; but ought not therefore to be implied to be predominant, or even that of the government. Nor is it necessary to be of that religion to hold even the highest offices. Yet religious freedom is not so complete as in the United States of America, where no sect is tolerated, because all are equal. A fondness for pomp and ceremony

seems to have been the chief recommendation of the catholic system, along with political designs, as the name and sanction of the pope continue to bear a great weight on the catholic countries of Europe. On the other hand the protestant system, as practised in the north, would be too bare and severe for the warm imaginations and ardent passions of southern climates. The people there must be excited to devotion by sensations and not by arguments; and the very idea of religion is essentially connected with pomp, show, and ceremony. They might become atheists, but not protestants. Their passions are also so fervid and uncontroulable by reason, that confession and absolution become the balm of their souls. It is not therefore the protestant system, but a modification of the catholic, which would be best received, and the most generally understood and practised. The prince in particular ought to be head of the church; and the marriage of priests to be allowed and even enforced.

The defenders of the new order of things allow that their conduct is a sufficient apology for the monarchy, as, in order to retain their power, they have been obliged to have recourse to the same means, and some yet more tyrannic; for ancient reputation, the grand defence of the former government, being at present annihilated, other fortifications become necessary. Though the priests be viewed with a jealous eye, and some recent incidents have shown that the greatest calamities, and the most severe experience cannot overcome their innate taste for persecution, so foreign to the genuine spirit of christianity, yet it is seriously allowed by men in power that they are necessary evils, and, like war, cannot be banished from society. Nor are the abominable persecutions of the atheistic party forgotten; compared with whom the priests, however ignorant and superstitious, may be regarded as benefactors of mankind. These advocates for the new order of things also consider the republican form as foreign to the character and habits of the French nation; and think that, after such a violent effervescence and ebullition, severe restraints are indispensable for some time, in order to secure the national tranquillity. But after a period they still affect a hope that rational and practical liberty will be established, with just gradations and prudent precautions. If you demand what advantages the new system possesses over the ancient monarchy, they will say, "that strength and talents are united against feudality and superstition; that a new vigour is breathed into every department; that no attention being paid to birth, talents have at least a chance for promotion; that this accumulation of talents has been the cause of such an ascendancy as France never experienced during any former period of her history; and that this ascendancy must, in the very nature of things, continue to increase so long as the feudal privileges, and the hereditary want of abilities, continue to be respected in other countries, where it is the interest of France that they be preserved so far as her influence can extend, and thus contribute to a constant and increasing inferiority." In short, that universal sovereignty, so long the favourite ambition of France, is flattered by the new order of things; and the national vanity has unexpectedly become a barrier against the restoration of the monarchy.

The democratic party, on the contrary, execrate the perdition of their schemes of public freedom, the violation of so many constitutions, and so many oaths of allegiance; the humiliation of their country after the waste of so many efforts, and a prodigality of crimes. The foreign birth of the new dynasty, and the open contempt of the popular voice, are also subjects of resentment; though the nations of Europe have been long accustomed to see foreigners on their thrones; though the example of a sovereign having arisen from the middle class be in the

democratic order of the day; though a foreign prince, having less claim to favour, will be more strictly watched, and it be generally the interest of the people that the monarch be hated; though the popular voice have been so degraded, in lavishing applause to the basest assassins, that its approbation might be regarded as infamy. Still there are not a few who regret the constitution of 1793, though it led to so complete anarchy!

The conscription is the chief object of complaints, and justly regarded as a singular oppression, unknown in the monarchy, when the army was recruited by bribery, persuasion, and artifice. The conscription, by which all the youth of France may be called to arms, precisely at that period of life, when, the expences of their sustenance and education being completed, they begin to fulfil the hopes of their parents and friends, often occasions the deepest domestic distress, and must be considered as a heavy balance against any advantages whatever. All their other professions must suffer from this military education, which estranges youth from application, and interrupts their progress. The extreme favour shown to military pursuits also tends to restore the reign of barbarism and the sword; and it is to be apprehended that the arts and sciences will sink into decline. For though, at present, nobility being abolished, and wealth generally in the hands of intriguing upstarts, there are only two orders of men who retain great influence, the military and the distinguished men of letters, yet the pacific olive cannot shoot freely, nor bear much fruit, when planted under the strong and overbearing shade of the laurel. It of course dwindles; and the oil which ought to feed the lamps of science becomes feeble or impure. The great preponderance of the military leaves the interests of science at the capricious nod of arbitrary power; and though some of the sciences be necessarily connected with the theory and practice of war, and the arts be objects of luxury, and it is to be hoped that learning will continue to be encouraged, if it were only for the national reputation and glory, as it has been justly observed, that the chief glory of every people arises from its authors, yet even the least timid entertain apprehensions that the camp may, as usual, be adverse to the gown.

In one respect, a visible degradation of literature, or at least of the literary character, has already taken place; for a new power being fond of ardent admirers, and the Italians fond of flattery, dedications and passages begin to appear, worthy of the basest times of the Roman empire, when the senate chaunted hymns of adulation to their god the emperor. The names and praises of Alexander the great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne, are only adduced as examples infinitely inferior to one of our own times. The purity of the French language, which only bowed in genteel acquiescence and proud duty before the native monarchs, is debased by barbarous hyperboles of flattery, and sighs in the mouth of slavish adulation. A truly great mind would despise and check these effusions, and regard a pot of incense as a poisonous perfume. To be praised with moderation and dignity, to be served by the hand, and not by the knee, would be the wish of modest and genuine heroism, which always reserves one ear for the voice of posterity. But in this respect the Italians, as may be judged from a late work of Denina, dedicated to the prince Eugene Beauharnois, show the greatest excess; and it is to be hoped that their pitiful flattery will not find imitators, nor be considered as a symptom of the decline of literature.

In a comparative view of the advantages and disadvantages which have arisen to France from the revolution, the new improvements of the capital, the canals and highways, and many other objects of public utility, must not be forgotten. These improvements, some of which are very striking, and would do honour to any

sovereign, contribute not a little to reconcile the French to the new order of things. The public money is not consumed by mistresses and greedy courtiers, but employed in laudable ameliorations. This then may be placed on the fair side of the medal; but so many objects remain for the reverse, that it is probable, after a most ample and fair discussion, that the question will be reserved for the decision of posterity.

The chief advantage of any government or change, is that it be for the advantage of the greater number. In other words, the improved or depressed condition of the poor may be assumed as a barometer, to show whether the political atmosphere be heavy or salutary. In this point of view, France has probably gained in the country, and lost in the cities, where the poor are reputed to have greatly increased. In the country, however, numbers of sturdy peasants will surround your carriage, on waiting for a change of horses; while in the cities there are few beggars. The aged and sickly poor ought doubtless to receive a maintenance from a tax on the superfluities of the rich; but it is a disgrace to a country to see healthy peasants begging alms, as it is evident that they only want occasions to employ their industry: and as there are so many waste lands in various quarters of the globe, perhaps a colonial conscription might be a salutary measure, as it would transport to distant regions and easy opportunities of industry, many hands and mouths which now only consume the industry of others. Some writers have pretended that France has a necessary occasion for colonies to evacuate the excess of her population; if so, this project would require no apology. The army, however, will continue to devour a considerable part of this excess; nor is it probably that the new government shall be reduced to say, with Sancho Panza in his island, "Let me alone to make money. I shall sell all my subjects, skin and bone, old and young, male and female, fat and lean, they shall jump at so much a head. Down with your money, gentlemen." Certainly, if soldiers were to be sold, as in the dominions of some German princes, Bonaparte might clear an enormous fortune by the sale of his live stock. As the French laugh at every thing, even this mode of argument may be admitted; but on a serious view of the subject, the population of France is considered as of speedy increase, and as there are few or no colonies to drain this population, and leave a greater share of comforts for the remainder, it is probable that the increase of the poor in France will be considered as a convincing proof, that much has been lost by the revolution, as the monarchy presented more resources against this growing evil. It is true that the same evil exists even in countries which have ample colonies, but where the government, following a blind routine, can neither discover nor use new and grand remedies, for new and wide maladies; yet in the boldness and decision of the French government it would not be a matter of surprize that the useless poor capable of labour were gradually transported to distant countries, instead of consuming the bread which they do not earn; a measure which might at once alleviate the national distress, and remove what is justly regarded as the greatest reproach which can be made to any government, the number of the unhappy under its domination. Nor is there any other national remedy against the increase of idle poor, the greatest evil which can happen in society, and, in time, an infallible cause of subversion.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANACREON MOORE *versus* AMERICA.

SOME ardent lovers of their country are extremely offended with Moore, the Anacreontic poet, for

speaking contemptuously of America, in his poems, lately published. It appears to me that we cannot injure our own credit and debase our own dignity more than by allowing the smallest regard to such provocations. It is indeed imputing a hundred times more importance to the random censures of ignorant, self-conceited, and vagabond travelers than they deserve. As to Moore, in particular, I never heard of any merit he possessed beyond that of a writer of drinking songs and love ditties. Even his warmest admirers say no more of him, than that he drinks genteelly, plays well on the piano-forte, and writes very fine verses, and sings his own verses scientifically. Whatever dignity some may annex to these various accomplishments, they certainly do not imply any great capacity for impartially surveying the manners of a nation; and, instead of being greatly hurt that such a man should see nothing in America to interest and admire, it would be extremely wonderful, and truly mortifying to a rational American, if he had met with any thing deserving his praise. What are the circumstances which would possibly have interested him? What could have claimed his respect? A knowledge of his general character, and a perusal of his works, will tell us *what*. He must have found plenty of excellent Madeira; many admirers of such writers as Anacreon, Tibullus, and Secundus; many who conceive the highest human excellence to consist in keeping up a contest of singing, drinking, and jesting till midnight, over a dinner table, in producing an extemporary epigram, or quoting a luscious description. They must be learned; that is, they must be able to retail sentences of Greek and Latin in common conversation. They must be polite; that is, they must give suppers, and preside at them with well adjusted elbows, a cravat fresh from the laundress, and indefatigable attention to the great man who is their guest. They must possess a refined taste; that is, they must be able to select the best Madeira and Champaigne: poetry, that is, song writing, and music, that is, song singing, must be the business of their lives. Their philosophy must be truly orthodox, and admit nothing into her list of *bona et delecta* but a sparkling glass and a handsome courtezan. Had Moore found plenty of such people as these in America, no doubt he would have honoured us with a full share of his approbation; and those good citizens who now wince under the lash of his satire, would probably have escaped some of the mortifications he has made them suffer.

I have heard of serious *answers* being published to his sarcasms. This surely is descending too low. What answer can be made? What is there to confute? Moore seems merely to have described his own impressions, and to have described them truly. He took a hasty flight through the country, stopping wherever he could find wit, wine, and a reader of Anacreon; and as these are scarce among us, or he did not chance to gain access to many of the haunts of our choice spirits, he was of course disgusted with such a dull, ignorant, tasteless crew, and honestly acknowledges that he only found himself in his proper element in the cabin of an English frigate, where jest, song, and the bottle are the only resources from the tedium of a long cruise.

He has indeed retold a few tales of scandal, which he could not avoid hearing, and which he probably never heard contradicted; and to fret and fume at such a misdemeanour as this would be truly absurd.

The proper mode of treating the reproaches of such a traveller is exemplified in an exquisite piece of *badinage*, which originally appeared in a southern newspaper, and which I beg leave to insert here.

The good people of Virginia may remember, that some time since this little cock-sparrow of a songster came hopping across the Atlantic, to sing his amours in the wilds of America. As we had seen nothing

of the kind so chirping and so light, he was much noticed and admired, and every one was delighted to hear the little bird chirrup his Greek. He could make rhymes on any and every *little* thing; a nose, an eye, a cheek, a curl, a lip, the tip of an ear, a little fly, a flea, or a gnat's toe-nail enchanted him. He looked like a being born in a jelly glass, handed round on a cake, fed on sugar plums, and educated among the dreams of fancy; the little spirit could hide himself under a lady's eye lash, and expire with delight; in his odes he gets into a million of scrapes, jumps from a tendril, hides in a curl, sips from a lip, perches on a bosom, tumbles from a tucker, gets on the edge of many a precipice without falling over, and to the mouth of dreadful caverns without tumbling *in*. Always singing, sighing, and evaporating, one would think he had a thousand souls charged from his electric fancy, each ready to fly without any other contact than the atmosphere *only* of a Dulcinea.

America, it seems, afforded this pretty fellow many of these visionary delights, and he had many opportunities of dying inexpressibly at Bermuda; but the little ingrate no sooner gets home than he begins to abuse us. In a note to his poems he says, "The women of Bermuda are not generally handsome, but they have an affectionate langour in their look which is interesting; they have a pre-disposition to *loving*, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner, in a tone that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island are not very civilized, and the old philosophers, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into *mules*, and *women* into *turtle doves*, would find metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda!" *Of William and Mary college*, that has produced so many men great in science, particularly in politics and oratory, he says, "This college gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. The contempt for the elegancies of education is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The levelling system is applied to education, and has all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive *equality of ignorance*." He then, in defiance of the bishop, rails at the morals too of the place. Of poor *Norfolk*, which is the threshold over which all travellers stumble, he says:

"Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfortunate specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their *least* attractive form. At the time that we arrived, the yellow fever had not then disappeared, and every *odour* that assailed us in the streets very *strongly* accounted for its visitation. It is *in truth a most disagreeable place*, and the best the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds *in dogs, negroes*, and *in democrats*." If there is no truth in these remarks of Moore, we ought to pity him instead of being angry with him—for he was so near to the ground that every odour assailed him with double effect; and he had such microscopic eyes, that he could see worms in the fairest face; but he could neither see any thing large, or write on any subject that required a capacious mental survey. He used to ask where were our poets? had we any? We had scarce a songster among us. He was afraid to look at that terrible Trumbull, with his "sword trenchant." Dwight's ode voice was too strong to whisper imbecilities to the flaxen ear locks of ideal beauty. Barlow would have rolled him in one corner of Manco Capac's white robe, to screen his frail form from the warring winds of the Andes; and Humphreys would have sent him sailing adrift in a little toy ship to sing songs to the fishes in the waters of his western world: but all these adventures, Moore, from the peculiar structure of his eyes, happily avoided, and he is still hastily

flying from lip to lip with his wings all dripping from the honey pot of Anacreon, and his bill full of sweetmeats for the pretty cuckoos of poetry.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XI.

To the Reflector.

SIR,

I ACKNOWLEDGE I was much pleased with your 9th paper, wherein you ironically praised a certain very fashionable species of politeness. Indeed I had almost formed an opinion, that you was a tolerable clever fellow, until I discovered that you, instead of being polite yourself, had the ill manners and audacity to place the *gentleman* before the *lady*, in mentioning; here I take the liberty of telling you, you were certainly wrong, as all the world knows we (the ladies) have, and ought to have, the precedence, and are determined to maintain it. Certainly you must be some old bachelor, and think yourself too far advanced in life to make the good will of our sex an object of importance in your estimation, and therefore you care not if you affront them. Now, sir, if you are not willing to be considered as such, I pray you will mend your manners in future, and like the boy, smarting under the maternal rod, promise "to do so no more," and thereby escape the vengeance, or rather the contempt of those whom you have so much neglected. I am, sir, yours, as you behave yourself.

FRANCES FASHION.

P. S. As I do not wish *fear* to be your only motive to better manners, I inform you (as a favour) that even *old bachelors*, if they merit it, are sometimes honoured by being permitted to lead one of us to the altar of Hymen; consequently if you are not very old too, you may, by a proper behaviour, be yet admitted into that country where obdurate bachelors can never enter.

I am sorry that the urgency of many weighty considerations, obliges me to take the field against so formidable an antagonist as a *lady*. Like a general of an army who fights a pitched battle, I ought to have time to chuse my ground, to prepare my arms, and to encourage my soldiers, before the "blast of war" sounds in my ears. But here I am cooped up in a small field; wherever I turn, I find a retreat impracticable, and myself compelled to fight or surrender at discretion: I chuse the former, and will proceed as regularly as I can.

That the ladies are generally noticed first, I am willing to admit (particularly the spinsters, of which description I have my own reasons for thinking my correspondent one); but that they have a positive right to the precedence, I deny; it has been yielded to them by our sex (in polished nations) by way of courtesy, and, if I am not very much mistaken, only during good behaviour.

Man was created first, he was appointed "*lord* of the creation," and, as we are further informed by the same sacred authority, woman was created from one of his ribs, to be a "helpmate unto him," because it was "not good for him to be alone." To this doctrine I subscribe, with all possible satisfaction, believing them to be (many of them at least) very good helpmates. In what light they were viewed, or in what estimation they were held, by the very old fashioned husbands of the times in question, I cannot tell.—History informs us that in after ages they were very good helpmates indeed, and performed all the duties of their station in the best manner, serving their lords and masters with great fidelity and affection; were it necessary I could quote some excellent stories to this effect, from many good writers of those days, but they would take up too much room; I

will therefore content myself with one or two. The first was the wife described by that wise Jew, king Solomon; another was Penelope, the mother of Telemachus; a third was the wife of Hector the Trojan prince. Here the very business which constituted one of her employments is mentioned; she is first told by her husband, whom she seems to have loved very tenderly, not to interfere in his concerns, but

"Hasten to thy tasks at home,
There *guide the spindle* and *direct the loom.*"

This good lady seems to have been in no want of employment, and is one among the many proofs which I might offer, to show that *we* had the precedence in the earliest times.

But the ladies may think that this picture is not a just one, and that the condition of their sex, at that time, was not the one for which nature intended them: let them then appeal to the united testimony of travellers who have visited those countries where men (and women too) live in a state approaching nearest to a natural one; there, we are told, they perform the most laborious duties. Among the aborigines of America, they carry home the game which their husbands kill; they plant and reap the corn; they dress the provisions, &c., &c., while their husbands sit calmly smoking their pipes, or, deeply intent on destruction, plan some hostile enterprise, some secret ambush, or midnight slaughter of the foes of their nation.

Among the Africans the practice prevails, and among *every* people in a state of nature, women are considered as helpmates in fact, and are compelled to bear a full share of the toils of life. My fair correspondent, who now appears to my mental eye arrayed in the charms of offended beauty, turning up her beautiful nose at me, with mingled anger and contempt, will ask if I consider *these black creatures* on an equality with her: certainly, they are so; and though *I* would rather kneel at the feet of my correspondent, provided she is moderately fair and comely, than kiss the most lovely squaw or negress the world can produce, yet I must acknowledge, and she likewise, that they are distant relations.

I have some where read, that, in Wales, where the people are said to be *white*, the men chuse women to be their helpmates, for which, by their industry, they are well qualified; and as in some countries, men marry only when they have *made a fortune*, there, they marry *to make one*, which, it is said, no labouring Welchman can do without a wife.

In some instances, the established practice of my own countrymen argues an approval of my conduct. No lady marries a gentleman, but gentlemen marry ladies; our names are always mentioned first, and why? because they promise us obedience. Whether they perform their promise or not, does not concern a bachelor, but would the ladies have one name the servant before the master? Certainly not; this would be a species of ill manners not very common.

There are some exceptions to every general rule, and this is not without them. Some men have found to their cost, that they were not masters, and in these cases I am willing to allow, that as the wife has the precedence in reality, she should also have it in form.

When, or by whom the precedence was given to the ladies, I know not, nor does it make a material difference. I am not one of those who would hinder them from swaying a pleasing and powerless sceptre, but I only wish to convince miss Fashion, that it is through favour, and not by right, they are entitled to it. I am, *in truth*, a "bachelor," but not a "*very*" old one. However, I mean (to use my correspondent's own words) "to do so no more," as I am not without the hope of leading one of the sisterhood to the altar myself, but there, I tell them candidly, *I* will have the precedence.

VALVERDI.

September 15th, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

DECLINE OF WIT IN FRANCE.

By Mr. Pinkerton.

A FEW years before the revolution, the marquis de Bievre, and other very ingenious gentlemen, began to taint the French language and conversation with the most miserable puns called *calembourgs*. The ancient puns, and those of the English language, turn on the identity of the word, in sound and orthography, but difference of meaning. The French, on the contrary, are even worse if possible, as they ring on the mere sound of one or more words, though the orthography may be extremely different. Thus *cinque louis* are made to jingle with *St. Louis; selle* with *sel; de l'onguent gris* with *de longs gants gris*. M de Boufflée, who was capable of better things, made the following verses, which unaccountably retain great vogue at Paris:

Vous savez bien, mes chers amis,
Qu'il faut des *coqs* pour cocher nos poulettes;
Vous savez bien qu'il faut des *nids*,
Pour loger aussi leves petits;
Vous savez bien que nos fillettes
Forment des *lacs* ou nous sommes tous pris:
Or, de ce *nids* de ces *coqs*, de ces *lacs*,
L'Amour a formé *Nicolas*.

Voltaire, on his last visit to Paris, was quite astonished at the deluge of false wit, and regarded the *calembourg* as the bane of conversation and good sense. Yet it still continues to retain some degree of favour, especially as the new rich have no great pretensions to taste, and the art of making calembourgs is easily acquired, the only secret being to attend to the sound of the words and forget the sense.

It is not a little remarkable, that the latter part of the reign of James I, and the beginning of that of his successor, form the chosen period of puns in England. Orators punned in parliament, preachers in the pulpit, and counsellors at the bar. These trifling meteors have, therefore, in both countries, preceded violent tempests; and one might almost imagine that there is a moral atmosphere, the changes of which have certain auguries, like those of the physical.

There are even studied ramifications of false wit; the *jeu des mots*, *equivoque*, *pointe*, *quolibet*, *logal'ane*, *amphigouli*, &c., all distinguished with metaphysical exactness: but these may be regarded as species, while *calembourg* forms the genus. Some derive the word from the Italian *calamajo burlare*, to play with the pen; but this seems a forced and unnatural etymology, as the effect is, on the contrary, produced by the mere effect of sound, and in many instances can scarcely be represented by the pen. The more natural derivation seems to be from the town of Calembourg, in Flanders, of which either the curate published bad jests, or the lord made them. Nor need it be mentioned that men of talents have never stooped to this buffoonery, which is chiefly to be found among the women and the *petite-maîtres*, who amuse themselves with it as they used to do with *bilboquet*, or cup and ball.

For the Literary Magazine.

GEOGRAPHICAL SYSTEMS.

GEOGRAPHY is a singular word, inasmuch as the meaning is the most capricious and anomalous that can be conceived. It seems to comprehend every thing, as it is usually employed, and, if stripped of all those adjuncts which properly belong to other sciences, it is left naked and contemptible. In those works which are commonly called geographical systems, we find a medley of all kinds of knowledge. A little of civil history, of natural his-

tory, of politics, of morals, of philology, of all the arts, and of all the branches of natural philosophy; a hotch-potch of all these makes up a system of geography, in which the principal geographical circumstance is the arrangement. All these scraps and sketches being placed in the order of countries, as they stand upon the globe, serve as an excuse for the title.

The truth is, that geography, which, in a strict sense, means no more than an account of the dimensions, shapes, and relative positions of the various lands and waters on the surface of this our globe, would be, singly and by itself, extremely uninteresting and unprofitable. This species of knowledge is only attractive and only useful as the handmaid and auxiliary of other sciences. It is particularly the companion and guide of history, all whose details are dark, confused, and unintelligible without its assistance: but this appears to be no sufficient reason why geography and history should be mixed together in the same work. The writer's plan confining him to certain limits, his historical and philosophical details only encroach upon the space that ought to be devoted to knowledge strictly geographical, and thus, though he swells himself out to two bulky volumes, his description of countries is extremely vague and superficial, and never satisfies a curiosity that wishes to go beyond half a dozen general facts.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS SINCE THE LAST REVOLUTION.

By Mr. Pinkerton.

BESIDES the two new bridges, for the Pont Rouge is only a restitution, the improvements which have taken place at Paris, since Bonaparte seized the reins of government, have been not a little numerous and important. According to some, more has been accomplished in three years, than was done during the whole eighteenth century under the house of Bourbon, when mistresses and pimps embezzled the public treasure.

To begin with the palace of the Thuilleries, a new chapel in the interior, and a new and splendid hall for the reception of ambassadors, were began in spring 1805, not less than four hundred workmen being employed; and the quantity of carved stones, for pillars, pilasters, architraves, and other decorations, sufficiently evinced the grandeur of the design.

The great square of the Carousal had been wholly new paved, with great subterraneous sewers, which in winter was singularly inconvenient, in the very front of the palace. The iron railing, and the bronze horses had long since supplanted with great advantage the blind wall and paltry shops which formerly disgraced the chief front of this edifice.

On the other side of the square, the Hotel Longueville, has been chipped and repaired, so as to assume the appearance of a new building, and is converted into barracks, with an inscription in golden characters over the gate, Ecuries del empereur et roy. On the right hand, the open arcades under the gallery of the Louvre have been begun.—On the other side, the street of St. Nicaise, of which many houses had been injured by the explosion of the infernal machine, has been demolished, so as to increase the extent and beauty of this noble square.

The street north of the Thuilleries has been new paved, and the descent considerably lessened: several mean houses have here been pulled down, and a noble arcade or portico is actually begun, and is intended to be carried as far as the Garde Meuble, or whole length of the garden of the Thuilleries. From this new and grand street, two others have

been opened into the street Honoré and Place Vendome, the effect of the latter being particularly grand. In order to open this street along the north side of the garden, it was necessary to demolish, among other buildings, the famous hall of the convention, formerly the king's riding-house, only a few niches of which remain in the garden wall If curiosity lead a traveller to the Hotel de Ville to view the chamber where Robespierre was shot, he will be disappointed by the changes which have taken place in the interior of that mansion, since the prefecteur of Paris has been lately transferred thither from the Place Vendome.

On the other side of the garden next the Seine, the noble terrace has been lengthened one third, with the sole sacrifice of some insignificant nurseries and hovels for gardeners, together with a miserable image of Rousseau in plaster, placed by the hand of philosophic fanaticism, in defiance of every rule of taste or elegance.

The high dome of the Assumption is permitted to stand, as presenting, though with some defects, a grand object on one side of the gardens, while the dome of the Invalids is seen on the others. But men were employed in demolishing the church, and, I believe, the portico, for some supposed that it would have been permitted to stand as a neat piece of architecture.

On the opposite side of the river a noble quay has been conducted from the bridge of the Thuilleries to that of Concord, and is called the quay Bonaparte. This part of the embankment had been singularly neglected, and was disgraced by an enormous gutter, which during rains or thaws was extremely troublesome even to carriages. An arch is now thrown over it: and the beauty of this quay, constructed with free-stone, is equal to the expedition of its accomplishment. Here are some capital hotels, among others that of Salm, now that of the Legion of Honour; and it is supposed that others will be constructed instead of the large chantiers, or yards for timber used as fuel, several of which still exist upon this noble quay, in situations which command the finest views of the river, gardens of Thuilleries, and Elysian fields.

In front of the Invalids, the large lion of St. Mark, brought from Venice, has been recently erected on a high and decorated pedestal, with an inscription in honour of the emperor.

The fountain in the street Grenelle has been beautified; but with the usual mixture of magnificence and littleness, paltry signs of milk-sellers, &c., disgrace the architecture, as large white stockings, and other signs disfigure the turrets of the Pont Neuf.

A great number of houses has been taken down, in order to open a square before the noble vestibule of St. Sulpice. But as no new erection has here taken place, the disfigured ends of the standing houses do not present agreeable objects.

The numerous demolitions were certainly more easy to accomplish, than at any other period, as property had become insecure; and I have not been able to learn distinctly in what manner the citizens were recompensed, but have been told, with a sneer, that the government paid its own price. At the same time, all these boasted improvements are rather objects of beauty than utility. It is true that shows are perhaps as necessary for the people, especially the Parisian people, as bread; and even the poor must have their amusements. This is the apology for the frequent exhibition of fire-works; and it has been doubted, whether the mob would not prefer the feast of their eyes to any other. Yet a wise government will certainly prefer utility to any other consideration; and if the millions squandered on Versailles had been expended in widening every street in Paris, and in making foot-paths along them, the name of Louis XIV would have been

far more highly venerated by posterity. The streets in that part called the University, or the Latin quarter, are so narrow, dirty, and inconvenient, that they disgrace the capital, and loudly call for the interposition of government, which should demand the plans of able architects for this great object. In many places, squares might be opened; in others, two parallel streets thrown into one. In the part called the city, some passages, called streets, are so narrow, that if two wheel-barrows met, great would be the embarrassment. It was said of Augustus, that he found Rome brick, and left it marble; and I think historians tell us, that he beautified the whole city by opening wide streets, and rewarding the erection of handsome houses. It appears also from the streets discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum, that the ancients anticipated us, in the use of foot-pavements. It has however been the singular happiness of the English plan of government, that the ease and comfort of the people have been studied; and that idle splendour has been sacrificed to lasting utility.

But to proceed with some other improvements, which still deserve praise, in waiting till the useful shall have become fashionable at Paris, we must not forget the new hot-house, and other buildings in the garden of plants, nor the new bridge, an object of solid utility. A new quay is also about to be constructed in the city; and the proposed square at the Bastile will have its merit. The attention of the government seems hitherto to have been occupied with the environs of the palace; but after this object is accomplished, it is to be hoped that the other parts of the city will not escape observation.

Among the most capital improvements, must not be forgotten the new canal, or rather aqueduct, which is to join the river Ourq with the Seine, conveying a copious supply of good water to the eastern part of the city. It is intended to construct a grand bason at the Bastile surrounded with an elegant square of houses. The commencement of the works was performed with considerable solemnity on the 23d of September, 1802. The magistrates of Paris and the prefect of the department proceeded to the house of the minister of the interior, whence a grand procession commenced. On arriving at the spot, the prefect made a speech enumerating many improvements performed, by the most extraordinary man of his age: the three bridges, the demolition of the tower of the Chatelet, in the place of which a square is opened, the demolition of the wretched houses which disfigured a part of the Louvre, the new quay Bonaparte. From the speech of the minister the following extract may suffice.

"It is not sufficient to feed some fountains, to furnish drink for this immense capital; there must be water to wash the streets, and clean the aqueducts. This element is also necessary for prompt and easy service in cases of fire, and to embellish our gardens and squares. Completely to accomplish this design, it was necessary to turn the course of a river, open a new bed, and bring the whole to Paris, that its abundant waters may suffice for the consumption and numerous wants of this capital. The river Ourq appeared the most proper for this purpose, being at no great distance from Paris, and at a sufficient elevation to admit an easy distribution into most parts of the city. In the time of the greatest drought, it will furnish a quantity of water twenty times more considerable than what is absolutely necessary for the service of the city."

In the autumn 1804, I went to see this canal near Bondy, but had not time to examine it throughout the forest, where I was told by a Polish general, an able and practical judge, that the works deserved attention from the novelty, and boldness of the execution in cutting through a considerable eminence.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE FROM EUROPE.

WHEN M. de Saussure travelled in the Upper Alps, about twenty years ago, he remarked, for the first time, that immense fields of snow were tinged by a red powder, the origin of which he could not ascertain. To accomplish this object, he collected some of the powder, and subjected it to experiments, but his doubts on this head were far from being cleared up; for, although it appeared to be of a vegetable nature, his attempts to discover the plant to which it belonged did not succeed. This last consideration at first induced him to regard it as the product of a singular combination of some earth, separated from the snow with air and light: but he afterwards returned to his first opinion, and regarded it as the seminal dust of some plant, probably of the cryptogamous kind. He was farther confirmed in this opinion on his ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, when he reflected that the snow was never found tinged with this red matter, but at a certain and determined height, where many Alpine plants grew, and only during the season of their fecundation; and that at the summit of this mountain, which was wholly destitute of vegetation, the snow uniformly appeared of the most perfect whiteness. He was, besides, anxious to learn whether a similar phenomenon did not occur in other mountainous regions.

This circumstance, says M. Ramond, in the memoirs of the French National Institute, I had it lately in my power fully to ascertain, as I observed that the snow was of this red colour in the Upper Pyrenees.

I have met with this coloured snow in the spring and during thaws, on mountains at the height of between two thousand and two thousand four hundred metres. In some places I observed this reddish tint in the furrows produced by the melting of the snow; but it was more particularly evident, and of a deeper shade, at the junction of several furrows, where a multitude of rills had deposited this colouring matter. I collected a portion of this snow, and allowed it to dissolve spontaneously. The fluid thus obtained became almost immediately clear, and the red powder was precipitated to the bottom of the vessel. Saussure doubtless had not observed this excess of weight, so opposite to that of a vegetable powder, which is specifically lighter than water; but this is the only one of its characters which is in opposition to its other sensible properties. On being exposed to a slight degree of heat, it exhales sometimes a smell like that of opium, and at others similar to that of plants belonging to the chicoraceous tribe; when the heat is augmented, it swells and bubbles up like vegetable substances, diffusing the odour peculiar to them.

It remained to be sought whether the places where this powder was found might not throw some light upon its origin. I was engaged in botanizing on the highest of the Pyrenean mountains seven years, and had collected from fifteen to eighteen hundred species: these I carefully examined but did not meet with any whose pollen answered, either by its colour or abundance, to the phenomenon in question.

The first time I noticed this appearance, I was in a country abounding with granite; the snow was detatched from the rocks by a partial thaw, but it was evident it had once been in a close contact with them; and at the origin of all the furrows, which carried down the coloured powder, I found very dark red grains, whence the tint evidently proceeded. What was my astonishment when, on examining them more narrowly, I discovered them to be small particles of mica, in a state of singular decomposition. This was not a simple oxidation of the iron contained in the mica, but a complete transformation of the whole substance into a light, red, and pulverulent matter. Many of these particles were completely

changed, while others of them were but superficially altered. I selected these last, and scraped off the powder with which they were covered. This was really the colouring powder of the snow, and this substance, the mineral origin of which was thus proved, assumed a vegetable character in my crucible.

On the following year, I found the red snow on the mountains in the form of micaceous schistus. Since which I have frequently discovered it, and always on lands abounding with mica. On Mont Perdu, and the surrounding tertiary mountains, I discovered the rose tint on the snow which covered the glacier of *Tuque Rouye*. On examining the rocks, however, all the hard grey stones were intermixed with almost imperceptible particles of mica.

The production of the red powder does not depend on the presence of mica alone, but requires the concurrence of certain circumstances, which can only take place in the middle regions of these mountains, as also a concurrence of particular seasons and temperature, joined to a proper degree of oxigenation in the snow: it is particularly evident in those places, and during that season, in which the elements most strongly tend to form new combinations. Nature, indeed, appears equally incapable of producing it at those immense heights, where her energies are enchained by a perpetual winter, or in the lowest regions, where they are exhausted by successive vegetation.

On the whole, from the facts stated respecting the conversion of mica into a powder which acquires all the characters of a vegetable production, it appears to open a vast field for inquiry, respecting the means employed by nature in the successive production of organized beings from the molecules of inanimate matter.

The secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon, M. Francisco de Borja Carcajo Stockler, has published lately the first volume of his works, consisting of eulogies on various distinguished characters, among which is one on the celebrated M. D'Alembert; with some remarks on fluxions, that appear deserving of public attention, and reflect the highest credit on the author: it also contains a very interesting memoir on the maritime discoveries of the Portuguese in the fifteenth century.

Improvements in agriculture, in chemistry, in manufactures, and in mechanics, are the great objects for which the London Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., was established, more than half a century ago, and in the pursuit of these a number of public-spirited individuals have expended annually large sums of money, independently of the time and attention which they bestow in the advancement of the best interests of their country and the world. Among the various inventions and improvements that have lately received the sanction and premiums of this disinterested society, the following are the most important:—Mr. Vanderman's invention of cheap and durable paints made with fish oil, for which the inventor received the society's silver medal and twenty guineas. This paint is said to be superior to all others for cheapness and durability, equal to any in beauty, and not subject to blister or peel off by the sun. The method and expence of refining one ton of fish-oil may be thus described:

	£.	s.	d.
One ton of fish-oil, or 252 gallons	36	0	0
32 gallons of vinegar, at 2s. per gallon	3	4	0
12 lbs. litharge, at 5d. per lb.	0	5	0
12 lbs. white copperas, at 6d. per lb.	0	6	0
12 gallons of linseed oil, at 4s. 6d. per gallon	2	14	0
2 gallons of spirits of turpentine, at 8s.	0	16	0
298 gallons cost	£ 43	5	0

But the oil thus prepared is worth 4s. 6d. per gallon, or 67l. 1s., leaving a profit of 23l. 16s. on every ton of oil.

As a specimen of the paints des-

cribed by Mr. Vanderman, we copy the method and expence of preparing what he denominates the

SUBDUED GREEN.

	£.	s.	d.
Fresh lime water, 6 gallons	0	0	3
Road dirt, fine sifted, 112 lbs.	0	1	0
Whiting, 112 lbs.	0	2	4
Blue black, 30 lbs.	0	2	6
Wet blue, 20 lbs.	0	10	0
Residue of the oil, 3 gallons at 2s. per gallon	0	6	0
Yellow ochre, in powder, 24lb.	0	2	0
	£.1	4	1

The whole composition will weigh 368 lb., of course the expence is at a rate less than one penny per lb: but to render it fit for use, to every eight pounds add a quart of the incorporated oil, and the same quantity of linseed oil, and it will be found a paint possessed of every requisite quality of beauty, durability, and cheapness; and in this state of preparation it does not exceed two-pence half-penny per lb., whereas the coal tar of the same colour is six-pence.

Upon the same principles, *leaf* colour may be made for less than two-pence per lb.; a *bright green* for about three-pence farthing per lb.; a *stone* colour for two-pence per lb.; and a *brown red* for one penny per lb.

In an additional communication from Mr. V., we have a receipt for a constant white, for the inside painting of houses, which, though not divested of smell in the operation, will become dry in four hours, and all the smell gone in that time. The composition of this paint is thus described:

To one gallon of spirit of turpentine, add two pounds of frankincense; let it simmer over the fire until dissolved, strain it, and bottle it for use. To a gallon of the oil add one quart of this, shake them well together, and bottle it also. Let any quantity of white-lead be ground with the spirits of turpentine very fine, then add a sufficient portion of the last mixture to it, until it is fit for laying on. If in working it grows thick, it must be thinned with spirits of turpentine. It is a flat or dead white.

Mrs. Jane Richardson has obtained from this society twenty guineas, as a premium for the following description of the process for clearing feathers from their animal oil:

Take for every gallon of clear water, one pound of quick lime; mix them well together, and when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clear lime water for use, at the time it is wanted. Put the feathers in another tub, and add to them a quantity of the clear lime water, sufficient to cover the feathers about three inches, when well immersed and stirred about therein. The feathers, when thoroughly moistened, will sink down, and should remain in the lime water three or four days, after which the foul liquor should be separated from the feathers by laying them on a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water, and dried upon nets, which will take up about three weeks.

To Mrs. Morrice has been adjudged fifteen guineas for a method of cleansing silk, woollen, and cotton goods, without damage to the texture or colour, which is thus performed:

Grate raw potatoes to a fine pulp in clean water, and pass the liquid matter through a coarse sieve into another vessel of water; let the mixture stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve the liquor for use. The article to be cleaned should then be laid upon a linen cloth on a table; and having provided a clean sponge, dip the sponge in the potatoe liquor, and apply it to the article to be cleaned till the dirt is perfectly separated, then wash it in clean water several times. Two middle-sized potatoes will be sufficient for a pint of water.

The white fecula will answer the

purpose of tapioca, and make an useful nourishing food with soup or milk, or serve to make starch and hair powder. The coarse pulp, which does not pass the sieve, is of great use in cleaning worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, or other coarse goods.

The mucilaginous liquor will clean all sorts of silk, cotton, or woollen goods, without hurting or spoiling the colour; it is also useful in cleaning oil-paintings, or furniture that is soiled. Dirty painted wainscots may be cleansed by wetting a sponge in the liquor, then dipping it in a little fine clean sand, and afterwards rubbing the wainscot with it.

Under the article *manufactures* we notice the gold medal adjudged to Mr. William Corston, for Leghorn plait hats, &c. This is undoubtedly an invention of great importance to England, as we are told that the importation of this article of dress, during the ten years previously to Mr. Corston's method of manufacture, would furnish employment for 5000 female children and young women, and give cultivation to two thousand acres annually of very poor land to raise the straw, unfit for other culture; and thus diffuse the means of support and happiness to many hundreds of poor families, by the healthy and productive employment it will afford their children.

The silver medal and forty guineas have been voted to Mr. Joseph Baird, for a machine for cutting and crooking wires for cards employed in carding cotton and wool. This machine occupies a space of 14 inches square; it is worked by a handle, on the axis of which a small fly-wheel is fixed; it receives two wires at the same time from two barrels or reels, on each of which a coil of wire is placed; the wires are drawn forward from thence on turning the handle of the machine, they pass through two rollers, and are cut and double crooked as they advance within it: the wires, when properly formed for pricking into the leathers, drop down into a receptacle under the machine. The advantages expected from this invention are, 1. The great expedition with which the machine does the business; 2. The great extent to which it may be employed; 3. That it does not waste wire as other machines do, on account of its feeding itself, which is a very material advantage.

To Mr. Austin, of Glasgow, was adjudged the silver medal for various improvements made by him in manufactures: among these, in the manufacture of muslins, lawns, &c., are spotting shuttles, that save clipping and the waste of spotting yarn to nearly seven-eighths of its whole value, and the pattern improved thereby. Some of the machinery is worked by a single touch of the weaver's finger, although there be one hundred spots in the breadth of the web; and it is done in the same space of time that one of these spots was formerly worked by the weaver, who usually kept a boy on each side of him, each working spot after spot with his fingers: these spots are called brocaded or finger spots. Another part of the machinery goes obliquely through the shed of the web, and will make any figure of a spot on a plain or twilled mounted web, without hiddles or treadles. A third instrument will answer, with pressers, to keep down the yarn that is not in the spot, without spotting hiddles or treadles. The next improvement is a universal ravel or snifle, useful at the beaming of all kinds of webs. This machine, which costs but 30s., is of itself complete, and will beam from the coarsest to the finest web, and to any breadth required; whereas by those in common use, 120 different ones are necessary, the value of which is more than 120l.

Mr. Austin has laid before the society specimens of types or figures, formed of burnt clay or porcelain, for printing patterns upon callicoes, or designs for articles to be sewed or tamboured. These types are not liable to be destroyed by fire, nor by lying in a damp place. They may

be made to a certain depth, so as to be varied at pleasure, the same as letter press printing types. A certain number may be marked on each type, to ascertain the exact proportion of the price of tambouring or sewing; the rates of the same work being frequently very irregular, for want of a regular standard to calculate them by. They may be purchased at half, or even one fourth, of those cut in wood; they are equally durable, or more so, and may be made finer than any cut in wood.

In May, the marquis of Stafford's magnificent collection of pictures were exhibited at London, and continue to be exhibited every Wednesday, from twelve till five o'clock, to those who are fortunate enough to be honoured with tickets, which, from the high attraction of the spectacle, and the necessity of keeping the rooms free from a crowd, have hitherto been principally confined to persons of the first rank, first-rate connoisseurs, and first-rate artists. To the last description of gentlemen the marquis has most liberally granted tickets that will admit themselves and a friend during the whole time the rooms remain open.

The manner in which the pictures are arranged is highly judicious; the various schools being displayed in the different rooms, and hung upon a sort of fawn-coloured stucco, by lines of the same colour, suspended to rods, which are fixed at the top of each room; so that any picture may be removed, and another put in its place, without the least difficulty. Each visitant receives at the door a printed catalogue of the pictures, which he returns when he leaves the rooms.

This catalogue displays marks of candour and an honourable regard to truth, which we have rarely witnessed in the list of a collection. A very fine picture of St. John with the Lamb, from which the late Mr. Major engraved a print, and which the late Mr. Gainsborough considered as an uncommonly fine original picture by Morillio, and made a copy of the same size, to keep in his possession as a study, and of which the many connoisseurs who saw it expressed the highest admiration; this picture, for which the late duke of Bridgewater paid a very large sum of money, is in this catalogue stated to be a copy; the original picture having been purchased by sir Simon Clarke (we believe from the religious house for which it was painted), and by him imported to this country. This is eminently candid and honourable; and to it may be added, that many very capital pictures, where the painters could not be positively ascertained, have no painter's name inserted in the catalogue.

To describe all the first-rate works in this most splendid collection, would far exceed our bounds; indeed, with very few exceptions, the whole are in the very first class, and give the idea of a national establishment, rather than of the collection of an individual.

There are several of a most capital description by Titian: one of them, a Jupiter and Leda, is in a passage that leads to the gallery, and in a frame that is opened by a private spring.

There are several by Nicolo Poussin; the Moses striking the Rock, and the Marriage Feast at Cana of Galilee we think superior (if possible) to the celebrated picture of the Plague, in Mr. Hope's collection.—The marquis is very rich in the school of the Carrachis. There is a small and very beautiful picture of Schidoni on a similar subject to one by Coreggio, which hangs in the same room. There are a number of pictures by Teniers, and generally in his very best style; and several by Adrian Ostade. Many very fine productions by Rubens. The tiger lying down and playing is a singularly beautiful picture. Of the English school there are several: a sketch of the head of Charles I, by Dobson, seems to be a study for a larger picture of the same head, which hangs over it, and is admirably drawn and beautifully coloured. A most capital picture of Niobe, and a smaller

landscape by Wilson; a very good landscape, the inside of a wood, by sir George Beaumont. Two pictures in a very fine taste by Westall.—Turner's picture, so much noticed and admired when in the exhibition, of Dutch boats in a stormy sea. In the adjoining room is a large picture by Vandevelde, on a similar subject.

By the most celebrated masters of the different schools there are numberless admirable pictures, which we have not now room to enumerate. Many, by Salvator, &c., &c., &c.

A very fine collection of pictures, lately imported from Rome by Mr. Wilson, who went there with the intention of purchasing them, are on private view in Sackville-street, Piccadilly. Among them, are two very capital, by Claude: that with the bridge is one of the happiest efforts of his pencil. A man in armour, and several other admirable pictures by Vandyke. One in a most superior style by Rubens; in which that great painter has been more than usually attentive to the drawing. A St. Cecilia by Michael Angelo Caravaggio; a Parmegiano: several of shipping, by Vandevelde; and many by Ruysdale, Wynants, &c., &c., &c.

Preparations are at length making for the erection of Downing College at Cambridge, in England, on the ground which lies opposite to the front of Emanuel, and on the left of the street which leads from that college to Pembroke. The architect is Mr. Wilkins, whose knowledge of Grecian models gives reason to hope that the edifice will be worthy of the university which it is intended to adorn. The establishment is to consist of a master, a professor of the laws of England, a professor of medicine, sixteen fellows, and six scholars. Two of the fellows are to be in holy orders, and the rest, after the usual standing, are to become barristers of law, or doctors of physic. The master, the two professors, and three of the fellows, have been named in the charter; and are Dr. Francis Annesley, master; sir Busick Harwood, professor of medicine; Mr. Christian, professor of law; and Messrs. Lens, Frere, and Meek, fellows. It is understood that medicine is the branch of science which will be chiefly cultivated in this institution; and that an endeavour will be made by means of it to rescue our English universities from the opprobrium under which they have laboured, owing to neglect of of this most useful of human arts.

The late statute at Oxford, for public examinations previously to the obtaining of degrees, has been attended with the happiest effects on the application of the students.—It has rescued that university from the charges of Gibbon and others; and close study is now as essential to the attainment of honours at Oxford as at any university in Europe. A new statute is expected, by which every student will be obliged to undergo two public examinations, one in the classics, and one in the sciences, at the interval of two years between each, before he can obtain a bachelor's degree; and, by the same statute, the present examination for a master's degree is to be discontinued.

Sir George Staunton, having translated into the Chinese language a Treatise on the Vaccine Inoculation (the first English work that ever was published in China), a general inoculation for the cow-pox has taken place in the populous city of Canton. So far have this jealous people got the better of their prejudices in this instance, that a very large subscription was raised for establishing an institution in the city of Canton, by means of which the inoculation is to be spread into the neighbouring country, and the matter disseminated into every province of the empire.

The papers of the late illustrious lord Macartney have been confided to Mr. Barrow, by his lordship's executors; and they will soon be given to the public, accompanied by full and accurate memoirs of his lordship's long and active life.

Dr. Vincent has in the press a new edition of the Nearchus.

The unwieldy extent of *the poets at large* has determined the well known Mr. Pratt to make a selection of the best pieces contained in the entire series of poets, which he intends to print in six or seven elegant small volumes. The pieces from each poet will be introduced by a short biographical notice, and generally accompanied by a finely engraved portrait. The entire work will be prefaced by a critical and historical essay on the characteristics and progress of English poetry, from Chaucer to Cowper.

Mr. Johnes proposes to publish a supplementary volume to his quarto edition of Froissart's Chronicles; containing memoirs of the life of the author; the various readings produced for the projected new Louvre edition; an account of the celebrated manuscripts of the chronicles at Breslaw, with its various readings and additions, and an account of the death of Richard II, of England, extracted from a manuscript in the national library at Paris.

Mr. Mitford has in the press an enlarged edition of his History of Greece, to which will be now added a new volume.

Mr. Murray, lecturer in chemistry, &c., at Edinburgh, has in the press a system of chemistry, which will be published early in the next winter.

A new edition of Dr. Mackay's treatise on the sliding rule, the ship carpenter's rule, gauging rule, and rod, &c., with considerable additions and improvements, is in the press.

Mr. Robert Hamilton, teacher of elocution in the colleges of Aberdeen, is about to publish Elements of Elocution, intended for the improvement of youth in the pronunciation and delivery of the English language.

The reverend John Wool's Memoirs of the late reverend Dr. Joseph Warton, are expected to appear soon.

Dr. Pinel's Treatise of Insanity, translated, and accompanied with notes, by Dr. Davis, is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, is reprinting with corrections, the Criterion; or, Miracles Examined, a work that has long since been out of print, and which has been said to be one of the ablest defences of revealed religion ever published.

New editions, in octavo, of Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, and Leo the tenth, forming in the whole eight uniform volumes, will be shortly published.

A society has lately been established in London for the improvement of horticulture. The report of the committee, drawn up by T. A. Knight, Esq., is published and circulated: in this they say, "that they have long been convinced as individuals, and their aggregate observations have tended to increase their conviction, that there scarcely exists a single species of esculent plant or fruit, which (relative to the use of man) has yet attained its utmost state of perfection; nor any branch of practical horticulture which is not still perceptible of essential improvement; and, under these impressions, they hope to receive the support and assistance of those who are interested in, and capable of promoting the success of their endeavours."

Dr. Kidd has given an analysis of a new mineral found in one of the Gwennap mines in Cornwall, and forming an incrustation round projecting particles of spongy pyrites intermixed with quartz. Its colour varied from a light ash to a dark brown; fracture like that of flint, presenting sections of concentric layers; texture close and polished like that of a nut, and of a silky lustre. It is soluble in the nitric and muriatic acids with effervescence, violently decomposing the former, and giving out sulphurated hydrogen gas in abundance with the latter; and in both instances depositing a considerable proportion of sulphur. From

an accurate series of experiments and analysis, this mineral appears to consist of about thirty-three parts of sulphur, and sixty-six of oxyd of zinc, with a very minute proportion of iron.

Mr. Edward Troughton has constructed a new telescope for determining the magnetical meridian. It consists of a tube of steel, containing a set of lenses with cross wires or spiders' webs, in the usual manner. It will be easily understood that an instrument of this kind, after receiving the magnetic power, may traverse upon pivots, or by any other similar mode of suspension, and will dispose itself in the magnetic meridian. One of the difficulties attending the magnetic bar of the usual form is, that its line of direction may not be parallel to its side; and it is not easy to determine the quantity of error by reversing it, because this last operation is in most cases impracticable. Mr. Troughton's magnetic telescope may be turned round in its support like that of a levelling instrument, and it will determine the magnetic meridian, whenever any one and the same distant object is seen upon the centre of the cross wires, after the telescope has been turned round on its axis, as in its former state.

There was lately presented to admiral Duckworth, a superb gold sword of five hundred guineas value, by the house of assembly at Jamaica, for his eminent services in protecting that island in 1804. This sword is the most valuable, without having jewels, of any ever made in Great Britain.

The government of China would not permit the learned men and artists attached to the Russian embassy to proceed into the interior of that country. One of them, the counsellor of state, Shubat, intends returning by way of northern Siberia, for the purpose of collecting, in a country so little known to Europeans, every thing worthy of observation.

A complete skeleton of an elephant has been lately discovered at Sbinchow, in the Russian government of Casan. This is a phenomenon which confirms the conjectures of M. Buffon.

A judgment may be formed of the zeal for the sciences in the Russian province of Kiow, from the circumstance that in three days the sum of 500,000 rubles was subscribed for the support of the college established in that city.

Prince Besborodko has given a fund of 210,000 rubles, and an annual revenue of 15,000 rubles, to the college which he has established at Naschin in the Ukraine

Dr. Fuchs, author of several esteemed works on natural history, has been appointed professor and director of the botanic garden belonging to the university of Casan.

In a periodical work published at Petersburg, there is a very interesting article on the progress of learning and civilization in Russia, from the most remote antiquity to the time of Peter the great. What will particularly attract the attention, is the hope held out of recovering some of the works of the ancients supposed to be irretrievably lost. It appears that Jarislaus I, son of Waladian the great, invited to his court a great number of learned Greeks, and employed them in translating into the Slavonic language Greek works, the original of which were deposited in the church of St. Sophia. Constantine was so great a lover of the sciences, that he collected more than 1000 Greek manuscripts, several of which he caused to be translated and distributed to the schools in his dominions. Alexis Michaelowitz, wishing to compare the Slavonic versions of the books used in the churches with the originals, caused to be purchased in Greece, and particularly at Mont Athos, about 500 manuscripts, which are still preserved in the library of the synod at Moscow. Even allowing that the last mentioned collection consists of copies of the holy scriptures and of the fathers, yet it may reasonably be conjectured that this was not the case with respect to the

1000 manuscripts collected by Constantine; and it may be asked what has become of those presented by him to the schools, and whether the still more numerous collection of Jarislaus I has not remained at the church of St. Sophia. It is to be hoped that all the convents of Russia will be called upon to furnish a catalogue of their libraries, by which means we may flatter ourselves to bring to light some precious remains of ancient Greek literature.

The following is the method of preparing Turkey leather in the Crimea: the skins are first steeped twenty-four hours in cold water. The fleshy parts and fat are then scraped off. They are macerated ten days in lime water, after which the hair is removed; they are then soaked for a fortnight in clean water, frequently renewed, and kneaded by treading. The last water is impregnated with dog's dung, to complete the separation of the hair; they are scraped, and then considered as clean. The skins are then soaked four days in an infusion of bran; afterwards in a luke-warm decoction of honey; passed through the press, and finally steep four days in salt water, when they are ready for dying. The *artemisia annua* (mugwort), in decoction, is the base of all the colours which are given to the Turkey leather in the Tauride, at Astracan, and in the towns which formerly belonged to Turkey. To dye red, cochineal in powder is mixed with the decoction of mugwort, and alum is added. After the skins have been steeped in this dye, they are kneaded in a hot infusion of oak leaves; when they have become supple and mellow, they are passed through cold water; they are then rubbed with olive oil, and calendered with wooden cylinders.

The ruins of two great cities have been discovered in the Russian empire, of which there are no accounts in history: one of them is in the isle of Taman, in the Black Sea; the other in a district in Siberia.

Liberal contributions have been received from several of the principal nobility of Poland, towards defraying the expences of printing the Polish-Slavonic Dictionary compiled by Linde, director of the Lyceum at Warsaw.

Klaproth has read to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin a short dissertation, containing the results of his analysis of a new fossil, called datholith, lately discovered by M. Esmark in Norway.

Huth, a Prussian astronomer, residing at Francfort on the Oder, has lately discovered new spots on the sun, forming a groupe which, according to him, occupy in length a fifteenth, and in breadth a nineteenth part of its diameter. These spots assume different forms, and in the space of two or three hours undergo visible changes.

Tham, of Skara, in Sweden, is occupied on the Runic character found on one of the famous lions of Venice, which was not removed to Paris.—Mr. T. is extremely well versed in this branch of northern literature, and has already succeeded in decyphering a considerable part of them.

The Danish government is now building in Iceland a regular town, which is to be called Reykuvig: it is situated on the sea-shore, and is to have a free port. A Latin grammar school has already been established there.

Nisfelsen, the celebrated Danish mechanic, inventor of the musical instrument called melodica, has lately contrived a machine, with which the largest trees may be pulled out of the ground, notwithstanding the strength of the roots.

From the researches of professor Munter, of Copenhagen, it appears that almost all the inscriptions found in the islands of Malta and Gozo, and supposed to be Phœnician by Torremuzza, who published them in his Inscriptiones Siculæ, are Egyptian. Having compared them with the inscriptions which are acknowledged by all antiquaries to be Egyptian, and with the Papyri published in Denon's Travels, the professor found a great conformity between all these different monuments. He pur-

passes to publish his researches, from which we may expect new and curious results relative to the history of these countries. This work will be accompanied with comparative tables of the characters.

Munter has also discovered a weaving instrument engraved on the coins of those islands; where, as appears from Diodorus, the Carthaginians had considerable factories; and is of opinion, that a figure on some coins of Cossura, which has been taken for a column, or candalabra, is nothing else but the *Kanon* of the ancients.

Professor Muller, of Copenhagen, has been presented with the large medal of the Danish Academy, for his memoir on the two large antique golden horns, which some time ago was stolen from the king of Denmark's cabinet, and melted down by the robbers. He considers them to have been of Celtiberian origin, as the characters engraved on them perfectly resembled those found on Celtiberian medals.

The king of Denmark's cabinet of medals has lately been enriched by the acquisition of the fine collection of don Alestio Motta (baron Recupero), at Rome, which consists of about 1600 Greek medals in bronze, for the most part of Sicily and Magna Græcia.

Professor Fiorillo, author of a History of Painting, printed at Gottingen, has lately published an interesting little work, intitled, "Essay towards a History of the Arts of Design, &c., in Russia." The first part contains curious facts, taken from some very rare works, a collection of which is only to be found in the library belonging to the university of Gottingen, on the ancient connection between the Russian and eastern empires; and on the first essays of art in the former of these countries, which was indebted to the latter for the knowledge of them.—He has, for instance, given a comparative view of the magnificence of the empress Irene, and the splendour of the Muscovite court at the same time. The second part is distinguished by a complete history of the Academy of Arts at Petersburg, from the time of the empress Elizabeth, who founded it, to that of the present emperor, who has enacted new regulations for it. Fiorillo likewise makes us acquainted with the most valuable collection of the works of art, ancient and modern, which the sovereigns and grandees of that empire had at a great expence obtained from Italy, France, and even from England. Among these are many of the master pieces, which formerly commanded the admiration of connoisseurs in the gallery of the Palais Royal at Paris, and in the villas Negroni and Mattei at Rome.

Diez, at Emmerich on the Rhine, has invented a new musical instrument, which produces the sounds of the clarionet, hautbois, and bassoon, in the softest piano, or the most brilliant forte movements.

The Chirurgical Society of Amsterdam has awarded the gold medal to Dr. Creve, author of the best treatise on the treatment and cure of ruptures; a subject for which they had offered a prize. Dr. Creve also obtained, in 1798, the prize offered by the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, for the best dissertation on the nature of galvanism; and, in 1799, the prize proposed by the Medical Society at Paris, for his treatise on the reciprocal influence of the various organs of the human body.

The colleges for the education of Irish, English, and Scots catholics, in Paris, have, by a decree of the emperor, been united into one establishment; and a course of lectures on philosophy are now delivered there in the Latin language.

Millin, a member of the French Institute, relates the following particulars concerning the mineral named, by Mr. Harchel, Columbium.—It was found in a spring in America. The spring is in the town of New London, in the state of Connecticut, at the distance of about three miles from the sea up the harbour.

Vauquelin has, in the course of a great number of experiments, disco-

vered that a most beautiful green colour for painting may be obtained from the oxyd of chromium, "which," he says, "by mere admixture with white lead, gives a variety of permanent colours: it seems, however, preferable to employ an earth as a body for it, as by that means the colours of the metallic oxyds acquire more brilliancy and solidity" Besides this, the application of this green chromium pigment for painting in oil and water colours, it might, if mixed with proper fusible materials, be very well adapted for painting on porcelain, without any alteration of its tints being to be apprehended from the action of the most intense heat; also for enamels, painting on glass, and fluxes, and for all kinds of pottery in general.

At Lisle, on the 7th of April, M. Mosment ascended in an air balloon, with every prospect of a prosperous voyage. At a certain height he let down a parachute, to which an animal was attached, and the experiment succeeded admirably. Shortly after the balloon ascended completely out of sight, and the flag which the aeronaut carried up with him was found on the ground, and in one of the fosses M. Mosment was discovered, in the most dreadfully mangled state. On the 9th the balloon had not been heard of, and, of course, the cause of the accident cannot be conjectured.

Dr. Menuret, of Paris, has lately analized the several waters in that neighbourhood; and he finds that of the Seine contains 5 29-33 grains of foreign matter in each pint; that of the river Yvette yields 7 11-13 grains; that of the Arceuil, 7 7-18; that of Ville d'Avray, 9 28-49. Bristol water is said to contain 14 13-49 grains in the same quantity.

Among the manuscripts, dug out from the ruins of Herculaneum, a fragment of a Latin poem in hexameters has been discovered, containing from 60 to 70 verses. They relate to the battle of Actium, and, as it would seem, the death of Cleopatra. The manuscript is written in the large letters called *uncial*, and all the words are separated by points. It is hoped that this will prove to be the poem of Varius, the friend of Horace and of Virgil, and that the whole of that work will be recovered. The following is one of the verses:

Consiliis nox apta ducum, lux aptior armis.

A new edition of Tiraboschi's History of Italian Literature is announced at Florence A supplement will be added, bringing the history down to the present times. The editors are in possession of the manuscripts left by Tiraboschi, and other fortunate circumstances authorise them to attempt this difficult enterprize.

Marini has lately published his famous work on the Papyri of Vatican; it is printed in folio, and sold for eight piastres.

In January last, mademoiselle Clotilda Tambroni, of Bologna, professor of the Greek language and literature, opened the session of the university in that city with an oration full of fire and eloquence. Those who heard her thought themselves transported to the golden age of Leo X, when Victoria Colonna and Veronica Hambara were the rivals of the Bembos and Ariostos!

The pope is erecting a new museum in the palace of Belvidere, for the reception of antiques which have been lately purchased by him.

A literary society has been formed at Manilla, under the auspices of the government. They call themselves "the Friends of Luconia," and intend publishing a journal on the natural history, agriculture, manufactures, and political economy of the Philippine Isles.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

VERS

Adressés à Madame Moreau, à son arrivée aux Etats Unis d'Amérique.

LE grand Ordonnateur du monde,
qui meut toute chose à souhait,
vient d'éxiler, par un arrêt,
la charmante fille de l'onde.
Paphos, naguère aimé des dieux,
soupire sous de nouveaux Scythes.
Echo, jadis silencieux,
à la reine rend ses adieux,
et fixe, en de triste limites,
l'isle qui commandait aux cieux.
Mais, n'en concerons pas d'allarmes!
les dieux de la mer et des vents
ont enchaîné les élemens,
heureux de suspendre les larmes
de la maîtresse des humains.
Mercure et le dieu des jardins,
de Venus guidés par l'étoile,
dès que la nuit reprend son voile,
et bien loin des hauts monts Calpés
qui d'Abyla furent coupés
par le tout-puissant fils d'Alcmène,
Mercure et le fils de Cypris
ont préparé, pour votre reine,
un lieu qu'animeront les ris,
les plaisirs et surtout son fils.
Hâtons-nous pour les sacrifices!
J'entends les fidèles tritons
vers ces lieux diriger leurs sons.
Oui! Oui! les cieux nous sont propices.
Mortels, chantons un si beau jour!
Saluons Venus et les grâces,!
Saluons Mars qui suit leurs traces!
Salut, ô Mars! Venus! Amour!

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES,

Written by a Lady,

On reading a manuscript journal, written by the celebrated little prodigy, J. H. Payne.

SWEET face, where frolic fancies rove,
Where all Youth's glowing graces reign,
Who art thou? Genius, Pleasure, Love?
The smiling vision answer'd, Pain.

I thought *Pain* was a spectre dire,
Was Genius' Love's, or Pleasure's bane:
Thy cheek is health, *thy* eye is fire;
No, beauteous youth, thou art not *Pain.*

Ah! gentle maid, if e'er thy breast
Knew transient Joy, Love's galling chain,
One ray of genius hadst possess'd,
Thou wouldst have known they all were *pain.*

S.

For the Literary Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AN ELEGY.

Written during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever, in 1797.

IMPERIAL daughter of the west,
Why thus in widow'd weeds recline?
With every gift of nature blest,
The empire of a world was thine.

Late brighter than the star that beams
When the soft morning carol flows;
Now mournful as the maniac's dreams,
When melancholy veils his woes.

What foe, with more than Gallic ire,
Has thinn'd thy city's thronging way,
Bade the sweet breath of youth expire,
And manhood's powerful pulse decay?

No Gallic foe's ferocious band,
Fearful as fate, as death severe,
But the destroying angel's hand,
With hotter rage, with fiercer fear.

I saw thee in thy prime of days,
In glory rich, in beauty fair,
When many a patriot shar'd thy praise,
And nurs'd thee with maternal care.

Columbia's genius, veil thy brow,
Guardian of freedom, hither bend:
The prayer of mercy meets thee now,
With healing energy descend.

Chase far the fiend whose burning tread
Consumes the fairest flower that blows;
Bends the sweet lilly's bashful head,
And fades the blushes of the rose.

E'en now ill-omened birds of prey
Through the unpeopled mansions rove;
Quench'd is that eye's inspiring ray,
And lost the breezy lip of love.

Yet guard the FRIEND, who wandering near
Haunts which the loitering Schuylkill laves,
Bestows the tributary tear,
Or fans with sighs the drowzy waves.

And while his mercy-dealing hand
Feeds many a famished child of care,
Wave round his brow thy saving wand,
And breathe thy sweetness through the air;

'Till, borne on Health's elastic wing,
Aloft the rapid whirlwind flies;
The coldest gale of Zembla bring,
And brace with frost the dripping skies.

Yet bid the naiads bring their urns,
Haste, and the marble fount unclose,
Through streets where Syrian summer burns,
'Till all the cool libation flows

Cool as the brook that bathes the heath
When noon unfolds his silent hours,
Refreshing as the morning's breath
Adown the cleansing streamlet pours.

Imperial daughter of the west,
No rival win thy wreath away;
In all the wealth of nature drest,
Again thy sovereign charms display;

See all thy setting glories rise,
Again thy thronging streets appear;
Thy mart a hundred ports supplies,
Thy harvests feed thy circling year.

For the Literary Magazine.

STANZAS

On the Death of a Young Lady.

'TIS finish'd, the sad toil is o'er,
Sickness and sorrow wound no more,
Nor pining cares molest;
From all which wrung the bitter tear,
Which mark'd the path of suffering here,
The happy soul has rest.

Though strew'd with tears the path she trod,
With faith and hope her bosom glow'd,
And panted for the skies;
Now burst from all the bonds of clay,
Triumphant glories gild the way
Where the pure spirit flies.

O, form'd to show the thoughtless fair
How far above each trifling care
Th' immortal mind should soar!
To teach them while bright fortune's day,
And youth and beauty gild the way,
The soul should rise to more.

'Twas her's, with manners mild, refin'd,
Superior sense and sweetness join'd,
To win Affection's smile;
To lure to blest Religion's sway,
And, by her pure celestial ray,
Adversity beguile.

Ah! why subdued the exalted mind,
The sphere of usefulness confin'd,
And crush'd its noblest aim?
To know why thus thy sacred will,
O thou! who rul'st in wisdom still,
We drop our baffled claim.

O, long belov'd! in friendship dear,
While Sorrow sheds the tender tear,
And breathes the parting sigh,
May faith the ardent hope still give,
Like thee, fair excellence! to live,
Like thee in peace to die!

Philadelphia.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 37. OCTOBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

CONTENTS.

	page
The value of beauty	243
Many men, many minds	245
The Adversaria, No. XVIII	246
French burying places	249
The public baths at Paris	250
A sketch of Pittsburgh	252
Sebastian of Portugal	254
Voluntary death	256
An account of George Thomas	257
Philadelphia	261
Remarks on mysteries	262
Homer and Ossian compared	264
Good nature and good humour distinguished	ibid.
Duty of periodical essayists	265
Eulogy of boxing and cock-fighting	266
Artificial taste	267
Why are we pleased with disgusting objects, when painted?	268
Saturn's ring	ibid.
The arbor-unicus	270
Madame Genlis' last work	ibid.
Late revolutions in India	271
Account of the Orkney islands, concluded	272
The village of Broek	275
The French vintage described	276
State of protestantism in France	278
Effects of the Tatler, Spectator, &c.	ibid.
On the merits of sir Richard Steele	279
Talleyrand on French colonies, and the commerce of America with England	280
The Reflector, No XII	287
The tomb of Alexander	288
William Penn's grave	290
Thomson's versification	ibid.
On the standard of taste	291
French legislation	295
Kotzebue	296
Scientific state of Italy	297
The marvellous in poetry	299
William Morgan	ibid.
Present state of Spain	302
Ease in style	304
Theodore, king of Corsica	ibid.
The French and Austrian military character compared	306
Foreign literary and philosophical news	311

POETRY.

Ode to the river Fowey or Foy	318
A wish	319
Hymn	ibid.
Sonnet	ibid.
Disappointment	ibid.
Inscription on a jutting stone over a spring	320
Sonnet	ibid.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1806.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 37. OCTOBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE VALUE OF BEAUTY.

I AM going to ask you a strange question, said I, to a very beautiful woman: Do you think yourself beautiful? answer me, if possible, with candour.

I will do so, said she: I will not reply with a jest or an evasion, or a laugh or a frown, but will tell you, in simple truth, I *do* think myself handsome. If I look into my glass, I behold features which I am sure I should admire in any other person. Nobody ever delivered an opinion of my person, so far as my knowledge extends, which was not favourable. I have often, while passing the street, or standing at a window, caught the eye of a passenger, but if he looked once he was sure to look a second time, and the expression of his countenance clearly informed me that he admired what he saw. I have, times without number, been told that I was beautiful, but never remember to have been told that I was ugly or even plain. My sister who resembled me so much that few people could tell us apart, always appeared beautiful in my eyes, and, so far as I could judge of other people's sentiments, always appeared so to others: and as all this has been uniformly and invariably the case, ever since I reached the age when I was first able to judge of beauty, or to understand others, I conclude, with the utmost confidence, that I am beautiful.—There now; you wanted a candid answer, and I think I have given you one.

And does this persuasion contribute any thing to your happiness?

I can hardly tell you that. The value of any thing, you know, can seldom be judged of by those, who have not likewise experienced the want of it. When age, or casualty, or disease makes me ugly, I shall then be able to tell you whether any part of my present happiness arises from possessing beauty. Till then, it is impossible.

But cannot you judge of its value by the conduct or feelings of those who want it?

I have often heard women say: what would I give to be beautiful! How happy I should be if I could exchange this rough face, or this awkward shape for such a skin or such

a person as yours, miss O.! These wishes once led me to imagine that beauty was a blessing; but this notion was greatly weakened, when I observed as much general cheerfulness and good humour in those plain girls as in any other. They seemed to be as much prized and beloved by their parents and friends, and they acquired the affections of valuable men as soon as they could reasonably wish. On the contrary, when I examined the character and history of those who were commonly reputed beautiful, I have generally found a childish folly, a disgusting haughtiness, a provoking caprice, terminating in guilt or misfortune. I have observed that some of their follies and disasters have arisen from their very beauty, which their narrow understanding has considered as a substitute for every other merit, though, in the actual course of human affairs, it appears to have little or no permanent value.

But do not you derive some pleasure, said I, from that homage and admiration which every where follow you?

I once did, but many circumstances have changed my pleasure either into indifference or pain. Fame becomes indifferent or insipid as soon as it becomes customary and familiar; and this is as true, nay, perhaps, truer, of a reputation for beauty than of any other kind of celebrity. Besides, the homage which my beauty obtains rather mortifies and humbles, than delights or elevates me. I find it almost wholly evinced by impudent staring, and impertinently following. It attracts the gaze of every body, at first sight, but those who have seen me often no longer stare, and the wise and worthy, those whose homage I should value, content themselves with merely staring, while the personal attentions of the less worthy appear to be prompted by nothing further than the outside. The homage and benefits which beauty obtains, in my opinion, constitute the strongest argument against it, since beauty cannot last for ever, and is generally very short lived, and hence we are certain of one day losing the one with the other. What mere beauty has gained, beauty only can keep. A woman that is at once beautiful and rational, and who is loved by a man of worth, is much less fortunate than the plain woman in like circumstances, since the beauty must believe that her charms have had some influence in attracting her lover, and consequently that when time, sickness or familiarity destroys these charms, the husband may cease to love; whereas the homely girl may solace herself with thinking that she is loved for that which cannot be impaired by such accidents. Hence it is that I have long considered beauty as the bane of virtue and happiness.

The greater, then, must be the merit of those who, like you, retain their virtue in spite of the baneful influence of their beauty, and the greater their good fortune who are as happy as others, though more liable than others to misery: but really it seems to be a manifest perversion of language to call *beauty* a *defect*. There are forms and faces that possess what is vulgarly termed beauty, but it is of a kind necessarily transient, and can only attract those whose regard is either worthless or hurtful: but have you never been told that your beauty is of that sort which harmonizes most eloquently with a beautiful mind; and can never fade as long as the heart and understanding continue the same?

Believe me, she replied, if I have the beauty you speak of, it is not *that* which purchases a single gaze or compliment. It chances to be united with the *fair* and the *smooth*, the qualities which constitute what you call vulgar beauty, and which will inevitably take their flight in company with health and youth.

Let them go, said I, as soon as they will. They will leave behind them that eternal beauty which, even when left to itself, must and ought to enchant every rational observer, and which, even when the smooth and

fair are combined with it, constitutes your sole, divine, unfading, and irresistible charm in such eyes.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

MANY MEN, MANY MINDS.

MANY men, many minds, says the proverb. This is true in every sense, in relation to all subjects, moral, political, and religious, and even in our judgments of sensible objects. No two men feel or see the same external, visible, or tangible objects in the same light. So different, indeed, are the impressions made on the senses of different men by the same objects, that we are sometimes irresistibly impelled to say that some men possess a sense intrinsically different from those of other men. There is indeed a discriminating power, created as it were by practice and experience, in relation to sensible objects, that is truly surprising. The sportsman sees a woodcock or squirrel, where his contemplative companion, naturally sharp-sighted as he, can see nothing but a piece of bark or a cluster of leaves. The blind man passes his forefinger over a perforated piece of copper or tin, and exclaims that the holes are not at equal distances, that their diameters are not the same, and that some are square, some hexagonal, some oval, but that none are perfectly round, while his clear-sighted neighbour can only discover a number of holes drilled in a metallic plate by the finest needle, all which, to his nicest scrutiny, appear exactly alike*.

I have often been amused with the different opinions formed of the *apparent* size of the moon. Nobody without experience would imagine there was any difference between men in this particular; but when he comes to investigate the matter, he finds that to one it appears as large as a dollar; to another as big as his hand; to a third it has the size of his hat; and so on to an infinite variety.

Men who are short-sighted in a small degree, either originally or by habit, do not commonly make the discovery very early. They are not aware, till some accident suggest a comparison between their own accuracy of vision and that of others, that they see less, or more imperfectly than their neighbours. In many cases, but, strange as it may seem, not in all, myopism may be read in the shape of the eye, and therefore men may obtain the information of their own ocular defects from others, as soon as they are capable of comprehending it. In cases where this defect is not visible in the exterior shape of the eye, any suspicion we may form concerning ourselves is sometimes repressed by the assurances of others, who pretend to judge on such occasions by the shape of the organ.

My own case is an illustration and a proof of this last remark. I was eighteen years of age before I discovered that I could not see as far and as keenly as my friends. Then, the mere accident of putting on a pair of spectacles, which enabled me to discover that a lady, on the opposite side of the street, had red hair instead of brown, as I had previously imagined, disclosed the secret to me of my own myopism. On inquiry I found, to my great surprise, that my neighbours had long enjoyed a privilege of which I was wholly destitute, without being conscious of my forlorn condition. I had often heard of the man in the moon, but I never suspected that this noted personage had precluded all doubts of his existence, by actually staring in the face of every one who turned his eyes upon that luminary. I never dreamed that the chief lineaments of this gigantic face, the eyes, nose, mouth, were plainly to be seen by every long-sighted beholder, in the round disk of a full moon. I thought the belief of his translation was

* This circumstance actually occurred in this city, to the once famous Dr. Moyes.

founded only on the report of those ancient and grave annalists, whose industry and veracity have rescued from oblivion the memorable exploits of Jack the Gianticide, and the swallow-tamer Tom Thumb. As soon as I put on spectacles, my mind was completely illuminated on this important subject; and, to speak gravely, those mountains and gulphs in the lunar disk, which, in their local relation, bear a fantastic resemblance to the human lineaments, were suddenly unveiled to my view, though, till then, I had never seen any thing in that orb, but a dull, uniform brightness.

But though it be possible, by the the aid of optical instruments, to enable you to see external objects as clearly, perhaps, though not exactly in the same light as the majority of your neighbours, widely different is it with regard to intellectual objects, and to the eye of the mind. There are no spectacles for mental myopism. There are no such accidents as that above described, which suggest the existence of former darkness by its contrast to present light. Without doubt, there is a progress in the history of many minds in this respect. They see more sides of a subject, more of the scope of an argument or a system, to-day than they did yesterday. Former errors are detected and deplored; but surely, surely, to see the whole truth of things; to enter fully into all the arguments relative to many interesting topics, is Impossibility himself, or one of his neighbours.

Absolute scepticism, if it were possible, is equally foolish and unnecessary. An impartial mind, when it contemplates the variety of systems and opinions current in the world, may sometimes be induced desperately to unloose its hold of every system, and suffer itself to fall, like the shapeless and rudderless log, down every changeful and capricious tide; but this is absurd and pernicious. The true lesson to be learned from the *many minds of many men* is not sloth, despair, and incredulity, but, first, an invincible charity and forbearance towards the holders of adverse opinions and repugnant systems; and, secondly, an inflexible resolution to pursue truth for its own sake, to keep the mind ever open to conviction, ever accessible to argument; meanwhile, steadily maintaining and practising the opinion which, for whatever reason, appears, at present, to have most of truth, to be nearest certainty.

A.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XVIII.

Come, EVENING, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
Or make him so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Or twining silken threads round ir'ry reels,
When they command whom man was born to please;
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

COWPER.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the learning and information that may be found in the works of sir THOMAS BROWNE, I believe his ponderous volumes are now scarcely opened but by some curious reader who would examine the style which Johnson did not disdain to imitate. I confess it was this single object which induced me to delve into what I consider a rich mine of English phraseology. Although it was the ambition of sir Thomas to introduce as many exotic terms into our language as possible, and that in the prosecution of this design his taste

has been by no means fastidious, he has yet, by a happy temerity which belongs only to genius, occasionally hit upon single words and expressions which are singularly felicitous. But in general, it must be admitted, his affectation involves his understanding in such a maze of intricacy, or throws such a glare of ridicule around it, that we close the volume with a mixture of laughter and contempt. Dr. Johnson, with his accustomed acumen, describes the style of Browne as "vigorous, but rugged; it is learned," he says, "but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure: his tropes are harsh, and his combinations uncouth."

To the writer on philosophical subjects we must grant the use of erudite or technical terms, when they are appropriate and significant, or pursue his meaning through a labyrinth of circumlocution that would weary and disgust, and defeat the very purpose of language.

Man, it has truly been said, is an imitative animal; and many who could not attain the learning of Browne, could yet surpass him in eccentricity. In the following quotation, the writer has copied all his defects with as much fidelity as the Chinese painter, who introduced a patch in one of his portraits. Terms of art are forcibly taken from their natural places to describe the most common operations of nature, and the words thus oddly jumbled together seem to stare at each other with as much surprise as if they did not belong to the same language; while the reader is as much diverted as we are told the spectator was.

The versatile genius of *the admirable Crichton*, as he was called, has been made familiar to modern readers by one of our classical essayists.

It seems that he once composed a drama in the Italian language, which included no less than fifteen characters. To evince the versatility of his powers, he personated the whole of the *dramatis personæ* himself, and his success in the attempt is thus described by his biographer, sir Thomas Urquhart.

The logofascinated spirits of the beholding hearers and auricularie spectators, were so on a sudden seized upon, in the risible faculties of the soul, and all their vital motions so universally affected in this extremity of agitation, that, to avoid the inevitable charms of his intoxicating ejaculations, and the accumulative influences of so powerful a transportation, one of my lady dutchess's chief maids of honour, by the vehemence of the shocks of these incomprehensible raptures, burste forth into a laughter, to the rupture of a vein in her bodie, &c.

And another young lady it seems, not being able to support the well beloved burthen of so excessive delight and entransing joyes of such mercurial exhilarations, through the ineffable extatic of overmastered apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without the appearance of any other life in her than what, by the most refined wits of theological spectators, is conceived to be exerced by the purest parts of the separated entelechies of blessed saint, in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierarchies.

Sir RICHARD STEELE is the author of a few lines which his accomplished coadjutor never surpassed.

The most active principle in our minds is the imagination; and a good poet makes his court perpetually to it. In a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of fragrant flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them; and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making progress in the severest duties of life.—*Tatler.*

One of the most entertaining tourists I have lately met with, of whom indeed I am inclined to say with Dr. Johnson, "I wish that to travel and

to relate what he saw had been more his business," gives the following brief account of a visit to the tomb of an Italian poet.

On Saturday I made an interesting excursion to Arqua, to visit the tomb and residence of Petrarch.—It is a small village delightfully situated in the neighbourhood of the Eugenean mountains, and not far from the hot-baths of Albano.—The residence of the charming poet is now untenanted; it was shown me by an old woman, who seemed to be perfectly insensible to the value of the treasure of which she kept the key.

The walls of the rooms were almost covered with the scribblings of those who had visited the retirement of this sweet, this favourite bard. His cap, his wardrobe, his elbow-chair, and a bust of his Laura, are still saved from the grasp of time, and shown to the curious traveller. I wrote my name on the walls of his study, and came away. I then went to the church-yard to visit his tomb, of which I took a slight sketch: the date upon it I observed to be 1374. I next saw the chapel, and enjoyed the luxury of kneeling at that very altar, which had been hallowed by the presence of the tender, the elegant, the accomplished Petrarch.

—

A friend of mine, who is fonder of Dryden than Blackstone, and who courts the nine muses more willingly than the twelve judges, has given me a sheet from a manuscript volume, with which I shall conclude *this evening's amusements.*

ON LEYRID'S RETIREMENT INTO THE COUNTRY.

Where lofty forests wave their heads,
And flowrets deck the lowly meads;
Where bold Ilissus rolls along,
In current rapid, clear, and strong;
His waves in rich luxuriance rise,
When gentle zephyrs breathe their sighs;
Where lavish Nature throws around
Whate'er can charm the fairy ground;
And where bright Hope and Joy are ever seen,
And Peace, and Love, and calm Content, with placid mein:

Where summer's suns, with gentle fire,
Shine but to warm—and then retire,
To welcome Autumn's fruitful brow,
Or Winter's not ungenial snow,
And then with gladness swiftly bring
The verdure of the teeming Spring
(Spring—the season of the rose,
When the young ivy round it grows;
And woodbines then their curling tendrils join,
In soft and tender union, with some wreathing vine):

There Leyrid lives, remote from noise,
And rural scenes of peace enjoys;
With those whose fond paternal care
Has polish'd bright the lovely fair;
With those who oft delight to trace
Good-nature beaming in her face;
And love to survey in her mind
All the virtues there combined;
All that with fond delight the poet feigns,
When Love inflames and Fancy thrills his raptured strains.

With friends like these how swiftly glide
The current of life's rapid tide!
How do they sweeten life's dull hour,
How cheer those clouds that often low'r,
When pale Misfortune's palsying hand
O'er Joy and Peace waves high her wand.
Then Friendship's face serenely smiles,
And Sorrow of her pain beguiles.
They make past joys in quick succession rise,
And charm once more the raptur'd gazer's tear-dew'd eyes.

Oh, ye kind Gods! who ne'er disdain
To calm our fears and ease our pain;
Oh listen to my fervent pray'r!
From harm protect my favoured fair.
May LEYRID's heart ne'er feel how keen
The cruel shaft that strikes unseen,
And in an instant clouds the scene,
That sparkled, late, with joy serene
And may she yet avoid pale Envy's flame,
And still preserve, with conscience pure, bright Virtue's name.

May Fancy to her fav'rite child,
Still teach her *native wood-notes wild.*
And Genius crown, with fadeless bays,
The maid who weaves her winning lays.
E'en now, untaught by Wisdom's years,
Her polish'd numbers please our ears;
What then, when more matur'd by time,
Shall be her muse's riper rhyme?
Did but Prediction's voice to me belong,
Each Muse and every Grace would love to claim her song.

May she with deep fix'd scorn deride
The weakness of a silly pride;
Ne'er may she hear base Flatt'ry's theme,
And idly list the soothing dream.
For Flatt'ry, like the poison'd bowl,
First soothes and then destroys the soul.
But to avert the feather'd dart,
And safely shield a *female* heart,
May learning grave her curious mind engage
To pore with toil unwearied o'er the instructive page.

Next shall my feeble pen pourtray,
In artless numbers of the lay?
Oh! then how fondly would I trace
The features of a lovely face.
May each fair lineament declare
That native worth is hidden there.
Give to her cheek the tint that glows
And blushes in the morning rose.
Exert, ye fav'ring Gods your happiest art,
To give those charms that win and firmly bind the heart.

I. E. H.

Baltimore.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH BURYING PLACES.

By Mr. Pinkerton.

BEFORE the revolution, the burying-places in Paris were not numerous, the burials being often in the churches themselves. The churchyard of the Innocents was the largest and most remarkable, a predilection for its presumed holiness having been adopted by the devout. In consequence of this, it was so crowded with bodies, as to infect the cellars in the neighbourhood, and to threaten a disgusting rupture of the walls: the bodies were therefore removed during successive nights, and the whole paved and reduced to the level of the streets.—The reports on this subject are curious, but severe lessons of humiliation.

Since the salutary law, ordaining that the dead should not be buried in the churches, nor even in the city, only two cemeteries are open for this populous capital. One of these is at Clamart, beyond the Garden of Plants, which serves for the southern half of the city, including the Hotel Dieu; the other, serving for the northern half, though this be arbitrary, is in a small irregular vale on the southern declivity of Mont Martre.

The latter repository is not only in a picturesque situation, but variegated by the unevenness of the ground; it is surrounded with a wall of moulded clay, capped with flat tiles, to protect it from the weather, and supported by so many buttresses, that probably a stone wall could have been erected at an equal expense. The sexton lives at some

distance, but it is seldom necessary to wait five minutes, before one of the numerous dead arrives, when the gate is opened. On entering, you see to the left a sandy elevation of the natural soil, declining towards the west. The coffin is let down on the edge of this declivity to a shelf at a small depth, and covered with a few shovels full of sand. A husband, wife, or relation, gives a parting look, sheds a few tears, and turns away. If the body come from an hospital, it is only inclosed in a sack, and borne by two men on a hand-bier, over which two half hoops support a linen cloth. Aware of the indecency of this slight inhumation, the sexton will not permit you to go so far as to command a view of the declivity, interspersed with coffins and sacks. But the smell is offensive at the distance of forty or fifty yards, if the wind blow from the cemetery. Respect is due to the dead, and greater decency would be commendable. The rapidity with which the burials are hastened also deserves reprobation, the bodies never being kept above twenty-four hours, so that the death can scarcely be ascertained; the bodies are, however, exposed in the gateway of the hotel, with tapers and holy water, which is sprinkled over the coffin by the devout visitants.

Towards the right, or eastern part of the church-yard of Mont Martre, there is a little deep vale, planted with weeping willows and shrubs, interspersed with neat tombs of stone. This part is reserved for those of a superior class, and the epitaphs in French are sometimes elegantly concise.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PUBLIC BATHS AT PARIS.

By Mr. Pinkerton.

IN no species of salutary luxury, does London yield so much to Paris, as in the article of baths. In the English capital, they are not only rare, but constructed on a most inconvenient and unhealthy plan. In the French baths, the chambers are very small, about ten feet by six, the height being about seven feet, so that there is no risque of catching cold. The tubs, of tinned copper, also retain the warmth; while our marble baths in large apartments seem contrived for the sake of inconvenience. But a description of the French baths will form the best contrast.

Besides the Chinese baths on the Boulevards, and others in various parts of the capital, the principal and most frequented are those which float on the river itself. These may be had at all prices: and there are even temporary baths erected with awnings, in the heat of summer, that the women may enjoy the refreshment of the water. But the chief are those of Vigier and Poitevin, which are said to belong to the same company of proprietors.

Those of Vigier, the most frequented of any, constitute a wooden edifice, the size of a man of war of one hundred and forty guns, which contains, in two floors, one hundred and forty bathing chambers, often entirely full, especially from five in the morning till nine. As the waiters and female servants are paid by the bathers, it is supposed that the clear gain is not less than fifty thousand francs, or more than two thousand pounds, a year. Each person pays fifteen pence, or less on subscribing for half a dozen times; each towel costs one penny, and you give twopence or three-pence to the waiter. This cheapness is the chief cause of the great gain, as many people go every day; while five shillings for a London bath becomes an object, not to mention five guineas, which a prudent person would lay aside, in order to pay for the cure of the cold which he is about to catch.

This large edifice is accompanied with a smaller, in the form of a rotunda, in which a horse is occupied in turning a machine for raising the water. It is generally moored with strong

nables above the bridge of the Thuilleries; but in December, when the danger of the driving ice begins to be apprehended, it is floated down beneath the bridge, of which the side arch presents a barrier of strong beams, as a security against all injury. Early in the spring the baths resume their station, and are decorated with verdure and flowers.

On descending a long flight of steps from the quay, you find yourself in a little garden by the side of the river, with a neat gravel walk amidst flowers and shrubs. Hence a little bridge conveys you to the baths. There are covered galleries on either side, with flowers and sweet-smelling plants, where you can sit or walk till your turn come, if the baths be full. At the end of this gallery, is a little temple of Cloacina, inscribed with the words C'est ici, "It is here." The entrance on the right hand is for the women; and on the left for the men; and the most complete decency is observed. You pass into a long gallery, into which the bathing chambers open, and divided from that on the women's side only by a large square of plate glass; but as the ladies seldom wait in the gallery, this advantage little enlivens the prospect. This gallery, which is painted in imitation of white and red marble, with pillars of *verde antique*, presents a barometer and thermometer, and contains large stoves for warming the linen, which, unless countermanded, is always presented quite hot. The prices of the various articles which may be had in the baths, such as coffee, tea, chocolate, new laid eggs, soup, wine, &c., are all pasted up in various places. On entering your chamber, your bath is carefully cleansed with warm water and a sponge, which you may insist on seeing done, according to the fixed regulations.—You then mention the temperature you wish, and the bath is instantly filled. In it you sit at your ease, and it is common to read the newspapers. After a quarter of an hour, for the French physicians do not permit the use of the bath after a meal, upon ringing the bell you may have what refreshment you chuse, which is served on a board of cork, swimming in the water. The time is generally an hour, sometimes an hour and a half, and some will remain two hours.

In the baths Poitevin, which are on the other side of the river, you pay forty sous, or twenty pence; but this includes the linen, which, here, is always complete, that is, the tub is lined with a sheet, and when you ring for your linen, the waiter attends you with a *peignoir*, drying robe, &c., and lends you his assistance.

Between the bridge of Thuilleries and that of Concord, is the school for swimming, which may also be regarded as a cold bath. Here a floating arcade, with little chambers for undressing, incloses a little square spot of the river itself. There are men with ropes to assist the learners, among whom are sometimes *petites maîtresses*, or Parisian belles, who begin in the military way to ride, swim, and breakfast on beefsteaks. They are, however, accoutred with decency; and wanton curiosity would find little gratification. Many use this bath in the evening, after dinner, without any impediment to their digestion, so that the axiom of the French physicians may admit of doubts.

A bath absolutely cold, in a chamber, is scarcely known in France, except in cases of phrenzy, when iced water has been found of singular efficacy. The French physicians also regard sea bath as merely a dubious remedy for the bite of a mad dog; or what, perhaps, is as common in France, for that of a mad wolf. So general is this idea, that a man of the law having embraced an advantageous offer in the marine, an old lady, upon hearing he was going to sea, exclaimed with great simplicity, "Poor man! has he been bit by a mad dog?" Our custom of plunging in head foremost is likewise reprobated in France, where it is thought alike unnatural

and unhealthy. In fact, savages and peasants walk into the river or the sea, and the repercussion of the blood from the head, is followed by its return in greater force. The use of the warm bath, even in the hottest climates, has been found far more advantageous than that of the cold; and Dolomica observed, that in Sicily the latter afforded no refreshment, while by rising repeatedly in the warm bath, he produced, by the evaporation from the skin, a delicate coolness and accession of vigour. The first shock of the cold water, here so much extolled, that some medical men regard it as the sole object, is in France esteemed a mere caprice; the purpose being by the absorption of the water, or at least its contiguity, during an entire hour, to cool the blood, fortify the nerves, and restore the animal spirits. So far as I can judge by my own experience, the truth forces me to say, that I never received any advantage whatever from our modes of bathing, with a shower bath, the cold, or the sea, or even a warm bath in the London fashion; but I never returned from a Parisian bath of an hour or more, without feeling a marked increase of appetite and health. In these baths, it is very rare to dip the head at all; and the circulation of the blood renders this a most unnecessary ceremony. It has been observed, that the health of the inhabitants at Paris has been greatly improved since the institution of numerous baths, which are particularly salutary in nervous diseases, and others arising from a sedentary life, so commonly followed in great capitals.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF PITTSBURGH.

THE lands in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, especially the bottoms on the Alleghany, are very rich. When this town was a frontier settlement against hostile Indians, the lands, in consequence, sold very low. A few years since a Mr. Wood first surveyed this country, and was offered an extensive tract of it gratis, which he refused. His son has since purchased a considerable farm in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, and erected a very handsome brick house at the entrance of the town.

Pittsburgh is irregularly built; the streets are narrow, and the houses have the dirty, smoaked appearance of English cities where coals are most used. It is situate on a plain, running to a point, at which the clear stream of the Alleghany and the muddy waters of the Monongahela unite and form a beautiful bason, the source of the far-famed Ohio, or *Belle Rivière* of the French, which, after running 1183 miles, empties itself into the Mississippi.

The Alleghany is at Pittsburgh about a quarter of a mile wide, and runs at the rate of about four miles an hour. The Monongahela is about half a mile wide, its waters being forced back by the more impetuous stream of the Alleghany. At the confluence of these rivers the French erected a fort, which was captured by the English under general Forbes, in November, 1758. It was soon afterwards abandoned, and one higher up the Alleghany erected, which is now in existence. At the point where the rivers meet, the cliff rises about twenty feet above the waters, the Monongahela bearing a south-east, and the Alleghany a north-east direction. Soon after the capture by the British, the town was laid out, named after the elder William Pitt. About seven miles to the S. E. of this town is the field celebrated for the defeat of general Braddock.

Pittsburgh is extremely well supplied with excellent coal, at least as good as the Carmel coal, which are delivered at the houses in town at the rate of five cents per bushel. The blaze of these coals afford so strong a light, that in winter, it is said, neither tailors nor other mechanics burn candles. Coal is furnished principally from the moun-

tains on the verge of the Monongahela, from which they are tumbled into the vessels below. During our revolutionary war one of these coal-mountains caught fire, and was only extinguished by the falling in of its sides, which suffocated the flame. Coals of various quality are found, however, in all directions within seventy miles. The vessels which go down the Ohio use coal as ballast, as it costs only the trouble of digging from the sides of the hills.

Pittsburgh forms one of the great points from which emigrants set out who intend to settle in the immense valley bounded by the Alleghany mountains to the east, the Gulf of Mexico to the south, the frozen regions to the north, and the White mountains to the west. This valley embraces almost every climate, and consequently every soil; but still for its general fertility may be denominated the paradise of the world.

Pittsburgh contained in 1804 about one thousand houses and five thousand inhabitants, many houses being built purposely for the accommodation of emigrants, who, when the Ohio is low, are frequently detained a considerable time. It is however rapidly increasing in size and consequence, and affords many beautiful views. The town is principally built on the Monongahela. This river affords a pleasant sandy margin, of about thirty feet broad: the surface of the cliff is about twenty feet above this strand, and is, when the waters are much out, covered by them. Whenever our population is sufficient to enable us to become a manufacturing people, the situation of Pittsburgh will render it important, the carriage of heavy articles operating as a premium in favour of those there produced. Its situation at the confluence of two mighty rivers, and at the source of an immense inland navigation, with a supply eternal of excellent coal, plenty of fish, and a rich surrounding country, are advantages few places can afford. The new fort has, since the cession of the adjoining country by the Indians, been converted into a store for the United States, in which they deposit the different articles destined to be distributed through western America, and is only garrisoned by a lieutenant and seven men.

House-rent and all the necessaries of life are cheap at Pittsburgh. It contains a handsome court-house, and tolerable market-house. The town is, however, dirty, consequent on the richness of the adjoining soil, the narrowness of the streets, and the profuse use of coal. A branch of the bank of Pennsylvania is established in this town. The best hickory wood sells at a dollar and a half the cord. The taverns are equal to any either in Washington or Baltimore; their charges are reasonable.

The common boats which convey passengers and goods down the Ohio are twelve feet wide, and cost, according to their length, a dollar a foot: when well covered, painted, and divided into apartments, they will sell for a dollar and a half the foot. Some are very elegant, and cost more. Of these I once saw two: one belonging to general Wilkinson; the other to colonel Burrows: both were elegant, the first particularly, being gilt, and highly ornamented. Those destined for use more than show are estimated to carry each about half a ton for every foot in length. Of these boats about one hundred, having about twelve emigrants each, were said to be waiting between Brownfield and Geneva, on the Alleghany, and about as many more on the Monongahela, till the waters should rise, to waft them to their intended settlements.

On the 28th of April, 1804, the Ohio rose four feet: it still, however, wanted twelve of the level deemed necessary to navigate the Ohio boats.

The boats which convey flour from Pittsburgh to New Orleans take from 250 to 300 barrels each, that produced on the Monongahela being considered the best. A company lately established sent 250,000 barrels for sale in the year 1804. In

the same period it is calculated 100,000 tons of manufactured articles passed through this town down the Ohio; and it is asserted the average increase is 2000 tons annually.

It may some years hence be a matter of curiosity to compare the present with the then state of the manufactories of Pittsburgh. On the Alleghany, and opposite Pittsburgh, are colonel O'Hara's glass works. In the town he has a brew-house, two tan-yards, and a yard for ship-building, in which, in 1804, was building one brig of 250 tons, and from which had lately been launched one ship of 350 tons. A tin-manufactory was established, which then employed twenty-eight persons; a nail-manufactory thirty; a cotton manufacturer had recently fixed himself, and employed but twelve; thirty workmen were engaged in ship, and about fifty in boat-building; thirty were also engaged in the rope-walks, which received their hemp from Ohio and Kentucky states.

For the Literary Magazine.

SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

THE young Sebastian burned with zeal to try his hand against the African infidels. A slight invitation led him to the assistance of the expelled king of Morocco, Muley Mahomet. He set sail with a considerable army on midsummer-day, 1578, in spite of the dissuasion of his friends, and the ominous appearance of a comet. The army was landed at Arcilla, and went for Allarache. On the road it met the hostile force of Muley Molucco in the plain of Alkassarquivir. Sebastian and his Portugueze suffered an entire defeat: he himself fell. Such at least was the report.

But what if he did not fall, or at least did not perish? Four pseudo-Sebastians arose one after another, just when Spain had completed the seizure of Portugal. The three first were notorious impostors, and incurred the fate they deserved: the fourth, on the contrary, conducted himself so skilfully, that it will probably for ever remain a question whether he were not the true Sebastian.

He came, in 1598, to Venice, and found credit not merely among the populace, but with persons of condition; especially as some Portugueze who had known king Sebastian voluntarily testified that this person entirely resembled him in face, size, and voice. He found such support as enabled him to live like a man of rank, and such countenance as encouraged him publicly to announce himself for the true Sebastian. The Spanish ambassador at Venice, Domingo Mendoza, consequently applied to the government that Sebastian might be arrested and formally questioned. He related in great detail, that in the unfortunate battle at Alkassar he was wounded, and left for dead, and had thus escaped captivity; that with Christeval of Tavora he had been carried in a small vessel to Algarve, where he recovered from his wounds; but that the sight of those whom he knew being painful to him after so great a disaster, he undertook a journey into Abyssinia. He crossed the Red Sea, visited Persia, and abode long in a cloister of Georgia under a religious habit. Here the desire of seeing once more his country and his subjects became strong: he embarked in the Black Sea for Sicily, where he landed, and whence he dispatched Marco Tullio of Rosenza into Portugal, determining to await intelligence at Rome. On his way thither he was robbed by his attendants, and compelled to seek Venice, where he had more hope of finding resources than at Rome, and had in fact been immediately recognized. All this was no sooner said than proved. He expressed confidence in the Venetian government, recalled to their recollection the correspondence he had conducted with them during the Turkish war,

and pleaded an efficient zeal for their interests. He challenged examination, and took a pleasure in indicating his personal peculiarities: the shortness of his left side, the scar on his right brow, such as Sebastian had incurred in his very childhood, the singular wart, or corn, on his toe.

The Venetian government thought fit to imprison their guest. The fugitive Portugueze presented petitions without end for his liberation. King Henry IV of France applied, through his ambassador Dufresne, to the doge, that some decisive explanation might be given, as the error of the Portugueze might be productive of much personal inconvenience. The Venetians, after three years delay, pronounced a sentence of banishment, and allowed him eight days to quit the territories of the republic. The Portugueze now began to deliberate whether he ought to return to his country by way of Switzerland and France, or by way of Tuscapy. They chose unfortunately the latter. Sebastian, disguised as a monk, was no sooner come into the Florentine dominions, than he was seized by order of the grand duke Ferdinand I, and sent to Naples to be delivered up to the Spaniards.

On being introduced to the Spanish viceroy, don Ferdinand Buiz of Castro, count of Lemos, Sebastian with great dignity bade him be covered. The count inquired by what right he so authoritatively addressed him. By my birth-right, replied Sebastian. He then reproached the count for affecting ignorance, reminded him that the sword he then wore was a gift of Sebastian's to the envoy of Philip, and inquired for a piece of jewelry which on the same occasion had been presented to his spouse. He is said to have opened a secret spring peculiar to this jewelry. Yet the result was, that Sebastian, after examination, was declared to be an impostor; that he was led about on an ass through the streets of Naples, and finally sentenced to the gallies. He was transported to Spain, and lodged in the castle of San Lucar, whence he never emerged. His vicinity excited great ferment in Portugal. The date and manner of his death is unknown.

Two questions are to be investigated; whether the death of king Sebastian at Alkassar be so far vouched that it cannot reasonably be called in question; and in case this remains doubtful, whether the fourth Sebastian ought not to be reckoned among those impostors who have abused a famous name in order to fare sumptuously.

The death of Sebastian at Alkassar is imperfectly proved; from all the testimonies nothing further can be ascertained than that he was wounded in the head, and was seen to fall from his horse. The body which was selected as the king's was too much hacked and disfigured to be knowable; and although some of the king's attendants, especially Sebastian Resendius, recognized this body for the king's in the presence of Muley Hamet, yet to this evidence one may reply, "Nothing more natural than this. Who could have contradicted Resendius in the presence of the barbarian king; especially as, in case of Sebastian's survivance, it would be most for his interest to pass, among the Moors at least, for having been killed." Nor can it be denied that a report originated almost immediately, that not the king's body, but that of a Swiss, had been solemnly buried. The tales which, according to Ferreras and Thuanus, falsely occasioned the suspicion of the king's preservation, are without probability.

The pretended Sebastian therefore cannot on this ground be rejected decidedly. But, on a closer observation of him, are there no traces of imposture? None; and a thousand strong circumstances plead for him. He is in the hands of the *Dicci* at Venice, a severe tribunal, whose first rule was said to be *correre alla pena prima di examinar la colpa.* This tribunal confines him three whole years, is unable in all that

time to find evidence of his imposture, although the Spaniards would assuredly have been active in furnishing proofs against so inconvenient a claimant. When at length this tribunal is pressed for a decision, what does it do? In fact nothing. It finds no guilt in the man; it sets him at liberty; but orders him to quit the territory of the republic, lest it should become a nest of intrigue and conspiracy. This looks more like the treatment of unwelcome innocence than of detected guilt. Nor was it agreeable to the Venetians that the grand duke of Florence should seize the exile, and deliver him over to the Spaniards; for cardinal Ossat expressly says in his letters that they considered it as a heinous affront. When he gets to Naples, there must have been again the same deficiency of hostile evidence, else why so much deference and attention, and so cautious a removal to San Lucar: the former pretenders had been put to death without ceremony.

For the Literary Magazine.

VOLUNTARY DEATH.

THE different degree of power which persons of distinct habits and constitution appear to possess, not only over the feelings and faculties of the mind, but likewise over what are called the involuntary muscles, and even the nerves and the blood-vessels of the body, affords ground for a speculation, curious at least, if not important, how far so desirable a power may be *acquired;* and to what extent, by some yet undiscovered method of education, it may be elevated and improved.

Dr. Cheyne relates an instance, in one of his medical treatises, the accuracy of which is established by irrefragable evidence, in which a person, at any time when he chose, could exhibit every appearance of death; and, after having lain for a considerable period exactly as a corpse, was able, by a voluntary struggle, to restore to himself the appearance and all the various functions of intellect and animation.

He could *die*, or *expire*, says Cheyne, when he pleased, and yet, by an effort or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all *three* felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any, by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us, by turns, examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour, by nine o'clock in the morning in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and, after some further conversation with him and with ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but not able to form any rational scheme how to account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, &c., and calmly and composedly died about five or six o'clock that evening.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF GEORGE THOMAS, A FAMOUS ADVENTURER IN INDIA.

THE history of George Thomas exemplifies, in a striking manner, the caprice of fortune. It exhibits him as rising from the lowest station to high military command, sustaining the rank of an independent chief, placed on a level with the native princes of India, the absolute lord of an extensive territory, commanding an army of his own, carrying on wars, and forming alliances with neighbouring states. We see him displaying the talents of a warrior and a statesman, and frequently employing his power beneficially by extending assistance and protection to weak princes, who had suffered from the violence of foes more mighty than themselves. We then behold the same favourite of the uncertain dame all at once deserted by her, and reduced nearly to his original condition. An unexpected turn of affairs, the union of a vast force, inauspicious incidents, the hatred and unmanly arts of an implacable enemy, occasion his fall from the height of grandeur to the situation of a private individual of very moderate means. For his fall he was indebted to a European adventurer like himself, whom fortune had destined to rise still higher than he had ascended, whom also she afterward reduced to a private condition, but whom she threw down more gently. Lord Wellesley afterward avenged on this man, du Perron, the injuries inflicted on Thomas.

George Thomas first came to India in a British ship of war in 1781-2. His situation in the fleet was humble, having served as a quarter-master, or, as some say, in the capacity of a common sailor.

Shortly after landing in the vicinity of Madras, the activity of his mind overcoming the lowliness of his situation, he determined to quit the ship, and embrace a life more suitable to his ardent disposition.

His first service was among the Polygars to the southward, where he resided a few years. But, at length, setting out over land, he spiritedly traversed the central part of the peninsula, and about the year 1787 arrived at Delhi. Here he received a commission in the service of the begum Sumroo. This lady is well known in the history of the transactions of modern times. Soon after his arrival at Delhi, the begum, with her usual judgment and discrimination of character, advanced him to a command in her army. From this period his military career in the north-west of India may be said to have commenced.

In various and successive actions against the Seikes, and others of the begum's enemies, Thomas, by his courage and perseverance, rendered her authority respectable. By these successes, he obtained a considerable influence over the mind of his mistress, and was, for some time, her chief adviser and counsellor.

But, unfortunately for the mutual interests of both parties, after a residence of six or seven years, Thomas had the mortification to find himself supplanted in the good opinion of the begum. His authority was assumed by a more successful rival.

This conduct in the begum exciting much animosity and many heart burnings between the two rival commanders, Thomas resolved to embark his fortunes on a different service. He, therefore, quitted the begum Sumroo, and, about 1792, betook himself to the frontier station of the British army, at the post of Anopshire.

Here he waited several months, in the expectation of receiving overtures for employment from some of the native powers. He was not deceived in these expectations. In the beginning of the year 1793, Mr. Thomas being at Anopshire, received letters from Appakandarow, a Mahratta chief, conveying offers of

service, and promises of a comfortable provision.

Several purgunnahs, situated in the Mewatty country, south-west of Delhi, were conferred on Thomas by this chief. In his service, and that of Vavon Row, his successor, he continued to the time of his commencing as an independent prince.

At Jyjur, about the middle of the year 1798, he first formed the eccentric and arduous design of erecting an independent principality. The country of *Hurrianah*, which from the troubled state of the times had for many years acknowledged no master, but became in turn the prey of each succeeding invader, appeared to him as best adapted to his purpose.

In the district called *Hurrianah*, 90 miles north-west of Delhi, is the country of Thomas. It extends 150 English miles from north to south, and the same distance from east to west. Northward it is bounded by the possessions of Sahib Sing, chief of *Puttialah*, on the north-west by the *Batties*, west by the dominions of *Beykaneer*, and south by *Jyjore*, south-east by the pergunnah of *Dadaree*, east by the districts adjoining to Delhi, and north-east by the cities of *Rhotuck* and *Panniput*. That part of the country more immediately occupied by Thomas, is in shape nearly oval, and extends from thirty to forty miles in different directions. The northern boundary is formed by the river Cauggur, beyond which are the Siek territories; south it is bounded by the town of *Behal*, east by *Mahim*, and west by *Behadra*, containing in all 800 villages, and about equal in area to Cornwall or Lancashire, in England.

Within this tract of country, as in most parts of *Hurrianah*, water is scarce, especially during the hot season. To remedy this inconvenience, the inhabitants have constructed wells of considerable depth, not unfrequently from 120 to 150 feet.

Each district has likewise two or three tanks faced with stone, which afford a plentiful supply of water till the approach of the hot winds of the ensuing season, when they are dried up. The number of wells differ according to the industry of the respective inhabitants. At *Hissar* for instance are 500, at Hansi 30, at Mahim 100, Tuhana has only 6, and some of the smaller towns from 2 to 5. In this country the Cauggur river is of the greatest service to the inhabitants. It is overflowed during the rainy season by the accession of the streams which issue from the mountains, and on the retiring of the waters, leaves, like the waters of the Nile, a rich and greasy earth, which yields an abundant crop of the finest wheat. Other parts of Mr. Thomas's possessions produce joar, rice, bajerah, and various sorts of pulse, chunah, and barley, but the latter depends on the rain that may fall from the month of October to Christmas. The pasturage is uncommonly luxuriant, and produces perhaps the largest supply of forage to be met with in any part of Asia. The grass in Hurrianah is also of a very superior quality, both as to wholesomeness and nourishment. Hence the cattle excel those of other parts. The climate is in general salubrious, though when the sandy and desert country lying to the westward becomes heated, it is inimical to a European constitution.

The natives of Hurrianah for many ages having been in a constant state of warfare, possess great personal bravery; they are expert in the use of arms, particularly the lance, sabre, and matchlock, but, though brave, they are cruel, treacherous, and vindictive, and when engaged in domestic quarrels, scruple not to kill their antagonist on the slightest and most trivial occasions.

For his capital, Mr. Thomas selected the town of Hansi: this place is situated 90 miles north-west of Delhi, and nearly in the centre of his newly acquired domains. The town standing upon a hill is peculiarly well adapted to a permanent residence.

No water can be procured within

fourteen miles, but the garrison has an ample supply of that necessary article from several wells within the fort. This circumstance renders difficult an attack except at the season of the periodical rains. "Here," says Mr. Thomas, "I established my capital, rebuilt the walls of the city, long since fallen to decay, and repaired the fortifications. As it had been long deserted, at first I found difficulty in procuring inhabitants, but by degrees and gentle treatment I collected between five and six thousand persons, to whom I allowed every lawful indulgence.

"I established a mint, and coined my own rupees, which I made current in my army and country; as from the commencement of my career at Jyjur, I had resolved to establish an independency, I employed workmen and artificers of all kinds, and I now judged that nothing but force of arms could maintain me in my authority, I therefore increased their numbers, cast my own artillery, commenced making muskets, matchlocks, and powder, and, in short, made the best preparations for carrying on an offensive and defensive war, till at length, having gained a capital and country bordering on the Seik territories, I wished to put myself in a capacity, when a favourable opportunity should offer, of attempting the conquest of the Punjaub, and aspired to the honour of planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock."

To carry his plans into effect, and for the support of his troops, Mr. Thomas appropriated a part of the revenue arising from the lands granted by the Mahrattas, and with much judgment and discernment, naturally inherent in liberal minds, endeavoured to conciliate the affections of his men by granting pensions to the widows and children, or nearest relations of those soldiers who fell in his service. These pensions, amounting to 40,000 rupees per annum, were regularly paid to the respective claimants, a mode which reflects the highest credit on Mr. Thomas's character, but which had long since been anticipated by the wisdom of the British government in rewarding their veteran Sepoys. The payments were made every six months, and the nearest relation of the deceased, whether officer or soldier, received the half pay of his rank. This and the expence of casting cannon, the fabrication of small arms, and the purchase of warlike stores, consumed that part of Mr. Thomas's revenues which he derived from the districts granted him by the Mahrattas.

The force brought against him by the contrivance of du Perron, and the treachery created by the intrigues of that insidious adventurer, proved fatal to the power, and extinguished for ever the splendid hopes of our hero, at a time when he was meditating the conquest of the whole of the Punjaub. Never did he appear greater than in the midst of the difficulties with which fortune and his enemies surrounded him, and to which he was rendered unequal solely by the base treachery of those on whom he depended.

Not long after his arrival on the British frontier, where he finally took refuge, Mr. Thomas inspected his affairs, and, on collecting the wreck of his fortune, acquired with so much toil and labour, he found himself possessed of a sum, not more than sufficient to procure the comforts of life in his native country. With this he determined to retire from public life to the enjoyment of domestic ease and quiet; and with this intention was proceeding to Calcutta, when death arrested his progress near the military cantonments of Berhampoor, on the 22d August, 1802. He was interred in the burying-ground of that place, and a monument is now erecting to his memory.

George Thomas was a native of Tipperary in Ireland, about forty-six years of age; tall in his person (being upwards of six feet in height) and of a proportionate strength of body; his countenance was bold and erect; but from the constant and active use of his limbs, during his

long and arduous warfare, he had contracted an elevation of the head which gave him the appearance of stiffness, though, in consequence of this elevation, his look was more martial, and indicative of the intrepidity of spirit which reigned within, and which wholly possessed his mind to the last hour of his life.

Mr. Thomas appeared formed by nature to execute the boldest designs, and though uncultivated by education, he possessed a native and inherent vigour of mind, which qualified him for the performance of great actions, and placed him on a level with distinguished officers of the present days.

That he possessed superior military talents, has we trust been evinced by the relation of the transactions in the preceding pages, and in reviewing his conduct during a long and multifarious warfare, a more competent estimate may perhaps be formed of his abilities, if we reflect on the nature and extent of one of his plans, which he detailed to the compiler of these memoirs, during his residence at Benares. When fixed in his residence at Hansi, he first conceived, and would, if unforeseen and untoward circumstances had not occurred, have executed the bold design of extending his conquest to the mouths of the Indus. This was to have been effected by a fleet of boats, constructed from timber procured in the forests near the city of Ferosepoor, on the banks of the Sutludge river; of proceeding down that river with his army, and settling the countries he might subdue on his route, a daring enterprise, and conceived in the true spirit of an ancient Roman. On the conclusion of this design it was his intention to turn his arms against the Punjaub, which he expected to reduce in the course of a couple of years, and which, considering the wealth he would then have acquired, and the amazing resources he would have possessed, these successes combined, would doubtless have contributed to establish his authority on a firm and solid basis.

His knowledge of the spirit and character of the different tribes and nations that compose the interior of the vast peninsula of India, was various, extensive, and correct; and no man perhaps ever more thoroughly studied, or more properly appreciated, the Indian character at large. In his manners he was gentle and inoffensive, and possessed a natural politeness, and evinced a disposition to please superior to most men. He was, as we have already seen, equally a loyal subject to his king, as a real and sincere well wisher to the prosperity and permanence of the British empire in the east.—He was open, generous, charitable, and humane, and his behaviour towards the families of those persons who fell in his service, evinces a benevolence of heart, and a philanthropy of spirit highly honourable to his character.

But, with these good qualities, the impartiality of history demands that we should state his errors, and endeavour to discover some shades, in a character otherwise splendid; a quickness of temper, liable to frequent agitations, and the ebullitions of hasty wrath, not unfrequently rendered his appearance ferocious, yet this only occurred in instances where the conviviality of his temper obscured his reason; and for this, on conviction, no man was ever readier to make every acknowledgment and reparation in his power.

Perfect correctness of conduct cannot be expected from a character like the one now under consideration, as a seclusion from civilized life, and long absence from the exercise of those duties, which constitute the chief enjoyment of social happiness, must necessarily have tinctured the manners of the man with some portion of the spirit of the barbarians, with whom he was so long an inmate.

Upon the whole, however, we may be justified in remarking, that, on a review of the life and actions of this very extraordinary man, it is difficult which most to admire, whether the intrepidity of spirit, by which he

was incited to the performance of actions, which by their effect raised him from the condition of a private subject to rank and distinction among princes; or the wonderful and uncommon attachment generally exhibited towards his person and interests, by natives of every description, who fought and conquered with him in his long and arduous career, and whose assistance exalted him for a time to a height of respectability and consequence that seldom falls to the lot of an individual.

For the Literary Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA.

"PHILADELPHIA is the most dull, monotonous, uninteresting city on the face of the globe, whose positive advantages it would puzzle a Solomon to discover. The negative catalogue is not however so scanty. It wants more churches, markets, and coffee-houses. Its churches, few as they are, want steeples, and their steeples bells. They also want audiences, and their audiences want zeal. Their choirs want singers, and their singers want voices. Their markets want space, air, and shelter; and their coffee-houses want room, dignity, and convenience. The streets want variety, being too uniformly level, wide, and straight. Of the only curved streets one is too narrow, and the other too is wide. In the one the houses are too high, and in the other are too low. Where the houses are dissimilar, they are too dissimilar; where they are alike, they are too much alike. The city wants more hotels; the few there are are dirty, noisy, dark, and inconvenient. The streets have many trees, but little shade. Their foot pavements are smooth where smoothness is least wanted, and their carriage-ways are rough where roughness is most troublesome. In a town of only eighty thousand people, many must go a mile to market and as far to church. The best and most busy streets are twice a week crowded, for half a day together, with horses and carts. The principal street is lined, all the year round, with waggons, which serve the purpose, while moving, of ships, and while standing, of stalls and inns, and the street has all the furniture of a stable yard.

"Philadelphia has two theatres; one of which is pretty much in the style of a barn, is placed in the dirty and obscene skirts of the city, and is, at least, a mile from the habitations of two-thirds of the inhabitants. It is only opened occasionally, on the arrival of a company of mountebanks, jugglers, or rope-dancers.—The other is open half the year, and about one in two hundred of the people frequent it each night of exhibition, which takes place twice or thrice a week.

"Every thing in this city is in a state of revolution. The only house which deserved the name of a genteel or fashionable residence is lately turned into a tavern. The house occupied by Washington and Adams, in the days of their sovereignty, underwent the same fate. A house designed as a palace for the government of the state, has lately become a college, and the hall of the revolutionary congress is now a depositary for stuffed birds and beasts.

"The only magnificent public buildings are characteristic of the genius of the place: they are *money-shops*, vulgarly called banks. One of them is a mass of hewn marble, disposed, most ridiculously, into the form of a Grecian Ionic temple, thus exemplifying the most preposterous incongruity between the form and the purpose. The other is not liable to this objection, but is built, in the interior, of such materials, that a random spark would speedily reduce the whole into a heap of ruins.

"The people are composed of mechanics, lawyers, merchants, physicians, and so forth. They are a dull, sober, plodding race; suspicious, sordid, and inhospitable. What they earn with labour and economy, they spend with pride and ostentation."

Such were the sentiments lately expressed concerning us by a foreigner, who, upon inquiring into his character, I found to be a moody, sullen wretch, who was introduced by the letters he brought with him to many respectable persons, but by constantly indulging his spleen and ill humour against the country, created coldness and disgust in every one whose lot it was to entertain him.

He landed at New York, in the depth of a hot summer, just upon the eve of a yellow fever. His terrors, aggravated by the novelty of such a situation, soon drove him to Philadelphia. In crossing the causeway, his legs were stung by the musquitoes to such a degree, that the pain and inflammation confined him to a tavern at Elizabeth-town for several days, during which time the persecuting buzz of the same insects frightened away both sleep and patience, and greatly retarded his cure.

When he reached Philadelphia, most of the wealthy and idle class of the citizens had retired into the country, and his ill luck fixed him at a boarding-house in Second-street, where the heat, dust, and noise, foul airs, and venomous musquitoes had free access to his bed-chamber, and their hostilities were aided by an old bedstead abounding with bugs, a pilfering waiting boy, a drunken cook maid, a scolding landlady, a dark, steep staircase, a low cieling, and noisome water from a yard pump.

After receiving this account of matters, I confess I was only surprised at the candour and forbearance displayed in the above description. There are few persons who would not have drawn, in similar circumstances, a much more hideous caricature.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON MYSTERIES.

NOTHING is more agreeable to all readers than mystery. A fictitious performance cannot recommend itself more to general attention than by exhibiting and gradually unfolding some tissue of mysterious incidents. A thousand transactions daily occur in common life, which excite interest only by involving some unfathomable mystery. Without this seasoning, by which the agreeable employments of wondering and conjecturing is afforded, many circumstances which now engage attention would be soon entirely forgotten.—People will employ themselves laboriously, day after day, in searching for a clue to some labyrinth, when, the moment they catch it, they relinquish it with indifference.

The lapse of near forty years has not damped, or at least extinguished, the ardour with which many people still inquire and conjecture concerning the true author of Junius. Should this mystery be cleared up, that work will lose half its attractions.

Who has not heard of the famous mystery connected with the man in the iron mask? Voltaire and Gibbon thought this matter worthy of a formal dissertation, and yet nobody would think of this affair a second time, if the person of this incognito were once identified.

Is a man detected in the very act of murdering another? He is arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, and we hear no more of him. But is the body of a murdered person found, and can no plausible guess be formed with respect to the murderer? A whole city, nay, a whole nation shall be busily employed in inquiring, discussing, and conjecturing about the guilty person.

There is one sort of mystery, however, which lays higher and peculiar claim to our attention: I mean the questions that concern the identity of some important person. When kings and other eminent persons have disappeared, in such circumstances as to leave the world in some doubt whether they are actually dead, the mind cannot find more agreeable employment than in weaving conjectures, collecting testimonies, and weighing probabilities up-

on the subject. Impostors are sure to take advantage of this temper, and, by personating the great man in question, aspire to raise their own fortunes.

The history of most nations affords striking examples of these mysteries. In England, three hundred years were not sufficient to destroy, in vast numbers of minds, the belief that Arthur, their favourite, hero, was still alive, and that, one day, he would return to his country, and avow himself.

The uncertain fate of Edward the sixth and his brother, gave rise to one famous imposture, or, as some historians believe, to two of them.—However, the identity of Perkin Warbeck has always been a topic of no small controversy, and the whole abilities of many ingenious men have been devoted to the unravelling of that celebrated mystery.

A little library has been written to determine whether Mary of Scotland had any hand in the murder of her husband; and this continues still a favourite subject with many speculative inquirers. Many *more* centuries must elapse before the interesting obscurity that hangs about the conduct of that celebrated personage, will fail to engage the attention of literary idlers.

Even in our own times, a considerable stir was made in some parts of Holland and England, by the appearance of a person who called himself the dauphin of France.—The nature of the case, however, allowed the mystery but a short reign.

Literary mysteries have supplied food for learned curiosity and subject of learned occupation in all ages. In our own age, and our own language, the authenticity of Rowley and Ossian has been discussed by the most zealous, erudite, and laborious pens. The controversy about Rowley has been settled, and Rowley, accordingly, is heard of no more. Ossian, his antiquity, and Gaelic parentage, are still controverted points, and the scores of volumes which have been issued from the press already on this subject, will probably be augmented by another score, before the debate is at an end. If the question should ever be decided against the genuineness of Ossian, and that is the most probable decision, this poet, so much read and admired, will speedily sink into oblivion.

A very famous and perpetual mystery is the institution of freemasonry, an institution whose long duration and extensive diffusion are, themselves, as great mysteries as any which their secret conclaves are witness to. Were we to pretend to account for its continuance through so many ages, we should perhaps be obliged to ascribe it solely to the mystery on which it is built. The mystery, when known, would probably would turn out to be trivial or ridiculous, but, as long as it is known only to the initiated, it will always be a stimulus to the curiosity and ambition of those without the pale.

Mysterious fraternities seem to have abounded in all ages. In many cases, this mystery has been prompted by considerations of personal safety; but, in many cases, also, societies have been formed merely for the pleasure of having a secret, and of obtaining that importance in the eyes of others, which the possession of a secret is sure to confer.

The history of mysterious fraternities, if the very attribute does not preclude the possibility of making them the topics of history, would be an interesting and amusing task.—Such fraternities have been much more numerous than is commonly imagined. An industrious inquirer would discover hints and traces of their existence, in numerous cases where, at present, they are, generally, unsuspected. The catalogue of religious and political sects, that have hitherto existed, would be greatly enlarged, if the collector were able to add to those which think publicity a duty, those whose fundamental rule has been concealment. W.

For the Literary Magazine.

HOMER AND OSSIAN COMPARED.

THE author of the Iliad has described every thing, in which error or inaccuracy might be detected, either by experience or demonstration. The structure of the human body; the effects of wounds; the symptoms of death; the actions and manners of wild beasts; the relative situations of cities and countries; and the influence of winds and tempests upon the waters of the sea, are all described with a precision, which, not only no other poet, but scarcely any technical writer upon the respective subjects of anatomy, hunting, geography, and navigation has ever attained. The hyperboles are all in the actions of his gods and heroes, in which exaggeration could not be detected: but in every object and every circumstance, which it was possible for his audience practically to know, the most scrupulous exactness in every minute particular is religiously observed. There are near twenty descriptions of the various effects of wind upon water—all different, and all without one fictitious or exaggerated circumstance: no *fluctus ad sidera tollit*; or *imo consurgit ad æthera fundo*, which even Virgil, the most modest of his imitators, has not avoided, but the common occurrences of nature, raised into sublimity by being selected with taste, and expressed with energy.

A judgment enlightened by this remark can easily trace the boundaries of poetical licence even in unpolished nations, and may venture to pronounce that certain poems, published as the productions of a remote age, are modern forgeries.

In the early stages of society, men are as acute and accurate in practical observation, as they are limited and deficient in speculative science; and in proportion as they are ready to give up their imaginations to delusion, they are jealously tenacious of the evidence of their senses. Macpherson, in the person of his blind bard, could say with applause, in the eighteenth century, "Thus have I seen in Cona, but Cona I behold no more—thus have I seen two dark hills removed from their place by the strength of the mountain stream. They turn from side to side, and their tall oaks meet one another on high. Then they fall together with all their rocks and trees." But had a blind bard, or any other bard, presumed to utter such a rhapsody of bombast in the hall of shells, amid the savage warriors, to whom Ossian is supposed to have sung, he would have needed all the influence of royal birth, attributed to that fabulous personage, to restrain the audience from throwing their shells at his head, and hooting him out of their company as an impudent liar. They must have been sufficiently acquainted with the rivulets of Cona or Glen-Coe to know that he had seen nothing of the kind; and have known enough of mountain torrents in general to know that no such effects are ever produced by them; and would, therefore, have indignantly rejected such a barefaced attempt to impose on their credulity.

For the Literary Magazine.

GOOD NATURE AND GOOD HUMOUR DISTINGUISHED.

THOSE persons who are most prone to laughter, and most ready to enjoy every kind of social pleasantry or ridicule, without reflecting at whose expence it is indulged, are commonly called *good natured*; while those, on the contrary, who show no such disposition, but who chill with grave looks, or check with moral observations, the mirth, which a gay circle is deriving from a ludicrous display of the follies and foibles of a person, whom they, perhaps, all reverence and esteem, are as commonly styled *morose*, *sour*, *ill natured fellows*. But, in this case, we confound two qualities, which are extremely different, *good*

nature and *good humour*. *Good nature* is that benevolent sensibility of mind, which disposes us to feel both the happiness and misery of others, and to endeavour to promote the one, and prevent or mitigate the other: but as this is often impossible, and as spectacles of misery are more frequent and obtrusive than those of bliss; the good natured man often finds his imagination so haunted with unpleasant images, and his memory so loaded with dismal recollections, that his whole mind becomes tinged with melancholy; which frequently shows itself in unseasonable gravity, and even austerity of countenance and deportment; and in a gloomy roughness of behaviour, which is easily mistaken for the sour morosity of the worst species of malignant temper. *Good humour*, on the contrary, is that prompt susceptibility of every kind of social or festive gratification, which a mind void of suffering or sorrow in itself, and incapable, through want of thought or sensibility, of feeling the sufferings or sorrows of others, ever enjoys. A certain degree of vanity, or light pride, is absolutely necessary to feed and support it; and, though it is never allied to dark envy or atrocious malignity, it is never, I believe, entirely free from a certain share of sordid selfishness; for, as the perpetual smile of gaiety can only flow from the heart which is perpetually at ease, it can only flow from *that* which carries the ingredients of perpetual ease always within itself; and these are affections, which never diverge far from its own centre.

For the Literary Magazine.

DUTY OF PERIODICAL ESSAYISTS.

By Dr. Drake.

AS the cultivation of letters and science is mostly confined to a few professional individuals, it should be the aim of the periodical writer to introduce and diffuse a taste for useful and ornamental learning, in the engaging form of short and popular essays, which may be perused without much effort of intellect, and without encroaching on the engagements of the higher or stated employments of the middle classes of society. There are virtues, too, and vices, which lie without the sphere of legal influence, and to which the solemn eloquence of the pulpit is too often directed in vain, but which may be successfully enforced or reprobated in the compass of a few pages of classical humour or playful satire.

To introduce and support a taste for elegant literature; to paint Virtue in her most alluring form; to inculcate attention to the decencies, proprieties, and minuter graces of domestic life, and to dissipate by well-turned ridicule and humour those fashionable follies and lighter shades of vice, which, though apparently trivial, undermine the foundations of our happiness, form the legitimate objects of a periodical paper. That these, however, may produce their full effect, no common-rate ability is demanded on the part of the author. To beauty, accuracy, and vivacity of composition, must be added strength of imagination and versatility of style. The tale, the allegory, the vision, should relieve or clothe the dryness of didactic precept; and the pages animated by the glow of sentiment, or the brilliancy of description, should be succeeded by the smile of satire, and the pleasantries of comic painting.

Something more than scholarship is requisite to succeed in this department of public instruction and amusement: the periodical writer must mingle in the world, and note with a penetrating eye the different classes and individuals of mankind, and he must select with discrimination the proper objects of censure and of praise. Even in the present age, when literature is more generally cultivated, and when refinement almost borders on fastidiousness, many petty faults and striking foibles remain to be corrected; our manners

still betray peculiarities of character; and a taste for cadence of period and harmony of style, for the luxuries of fiction and the elegancies of critical discussion, now so widely disseminated, presents an ample field for variety and grace.

Previously to the publication of the Tatler, the writers of periodical papers in England were contented to exercise their talents on the news of the day, and on theological and political controversy. In the reigns of James and Charles I, the daily vehicles of political information appear to have been borrowed from the model of the *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*, a Dutch newspaper. These *Mercuries*, which multiplied during the civil wars, were followed by L'Estrange's *Observator*, Lesly's *Rehearsals*, and De Foe's *Review*, a publication far superior to any thing of the kind which had hitherto appeared.

The first number of this paper was printed on the 19th of February, 1704, in quarto, and was repeated every Saturday and Tuesday until March, 1705, when, from the encouragement it received, Thursday was added to the former days of publication, and thus it continued to visit the public thrice a week until its termination in May, 1713, forming, at its decease, nine thick volumes in quarto. The chief topics were, as usual, news foreign and domestic, and politics; to these, however, were added the various concerns of trade; and to render the undertaking more palatable and popular, he, with much judgment, instituted what he termed, perhaps with no great propriety, a "*Scandal Club*," and whose amusement it was to agitate questions in divinity, morals, war, language, poetry, love, marriage, &c. Yet, borne down by the rude mass of temporary and uninteresting matter, defective in unity of design and delineation of character, it appears, notwithstanding its more varied form, to have soon sunk into oblivion; and perhaps in the present day, as a late biographer has conjectured, a complete set of De Foe's Reviews is no longer in existence.

For the Literary Magazine.

EULOGY OF BOXING AND COCK FIGHTING.

BOXING and cock fighting are generally thought, by persons of education and reflection, to be of all barbarities the least defensible and excusable, and yet, strange to tell, they have had their advocates among men of taste and knowledge.

The following remarks upon these games, are by a celebrated writer, Mr. Payne Knight.

How much soever the calm energies of virtue, called forth by exertions of passive fortitude, may interest the philosophical and contemplative mind, its more active and violent efforts, displayed in feats of strength, courage, and dexterity; in the tumultuous battle, or deadly combat; are always far more interesting to the vulgar. When the abbe du Bos, therefore, asserts that the Romans, by prohibiting human sacrifices, indirectly condemned their taste for the fights of gladiators, he confounds two things which are extremely different; and thence attributes to those sanguinary destroyers of mankind an inconsistency, which only existed in his own ideas.

A lover of cock fighting would think it very strange to be told that he condemned his own taste for so heroic a diversion, by expressing a dislike to see cocks killed in a poulterer's yard; and the frequenters of bull-baiting in England, or of bull-feasts in Spain, would by no means allow that a butcher's slaughter house could afford them equal or similar amusement.

To render such spectacles interesting, there must be a display of courage, vigour, and address: for it is by sympathising with the energetic passions, that the spectators are amused or delighted: and although the energies of passive fortitude

might have been displayed by the victims of superstition, as well as by those of justice or injustice; they must, nevertheless, have been very flat and insipid, compared with those which shone forth in the varied and animated contests of the amphitheatre, where the contention was equal, and life and honour the prize contended for.

Boxing matches are contests of the same kind upon a lower scale; and the frequenters of them would probably feel as much horror and disgust as any other persons, were they to see men deprived of the power of resistance, or opposed to very unequal force, beaten as the several combatants beat each other: but the display of manly intrepidity, firmness, gallantry, activity, strength, and presence of mind, which these contests call forth, is an honour to the English nation, and such as no man needs be ashamed of viewing with interest, pride, and delight: and we may safely predict, that if the magistrates, through a mistaken notion of preserving the public peace, succeed in suppressing them, there will be an end of that sense of honour and spirit of gallantry, which distinguishes the common people of that country from that of all others; and which is not only the best guardian of their morals, but perhaps the only security now left either for their civil liberty or political independence.

If men are restrained from fighting occasionally for prizes and honorary distinctions, they will soon cease to fight at all, and decide their private quarrels with daggers instead of blows; in which case, the lower order will become a base rabble of cowards and assassins, ready at any time to sacrifice the higher to the avarice and ambition of a foreign tyrant.

For the Literary Magazine.

ARTIFICIAL TASTE.

BY habit and mental association, a degree of skill and a power of discrimination are acquired in the exercise of the organs of sense, which do not appear to belong to their first and untutored efforts. This acquired faculty may be called artificial or improved perception; and all refinement of taste in the liberal arts arises in the first instance from this faculty.

Though the mind depend on the senses for all communications, and though their report be, in a certain degree, necessary, yet, when by experience its perceptions are improved, it requires less assistance from the organs of sense. A musician, whose hearing is become defective, will tune an instrument with more accuracy than a person with the nicest ear who has not been accustomed to discriminate sounds; and a vintner, even when his palate is vitiated, will be able to distinguish between the flavours and qualities of different wines, with more precision than an unexperienced person whose organs of taste are unimpaired. In these instances, the mind displays its superiority; and, by an observance of others, we may perceive the manner in which sensual gratification becomes amalgamated with and lost in that which is mental.

The pleasure derived from the arts is at first the simple effect of imitation, exciting novelty and surprise; by degrees, however, men look in the imitative arts for something of character and expression, which leads to the immediate study of mind, requiring a knowledge of science, and displaying peculiar skill and execution. A taste for these higher productions of the arts is thus certainly acquired, in which the vulgar do not participate, and which affords the most exquisite satisfaction.

No person unacquainted with music, ever preferred the tone of a violoncello to that of a flute: yet, when it is perceived to be so much more copious, and so much better adapted to all the scientific as well as expressive compositions in music, which require a more extensive scale of harmony, and a more refin-

ed display of chromatic variation, the understanding so far influences the ear, that we frequently meet with persons, who have learned to think even the tones of it pleasanter. On the same principle, no person unacquainted with the art of painting ever preferred the colouring of Titian to that of Denner or Vander Werf: but, nevertheless, when it is discovered how much better adapted it is to fulfil all the great purposes of the art, the eye by degrees assents to the testimony of the mind, and learns to feel it more pleasant.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHY ARE WE PLEASED WITH DISGUSTING OBJECTS, WHEN PAINTED?

IN many of the objects of our mixt sensations, there must necessarily occur a mixture of pleasing and displeasing qualities; or of such as please one sense, and displease another; or please the senses, and offend the understanding or the imagination. These painting separates; and in its imitations of objects, which are pleasing to the eye but otherwise offensive, exhibits the pleasing qualities only; so that we are delighted with the copy, when we should, perhaps, turn away with disgust and abhorrence from the original.

Decayed pollard trees, rotten thatch, crumbling masses of perished brick and plaster, tattered worn out dirty garments, a fish or a flesh market, may all exhibit the most harmonious and brilliant combinations of tints to the eye; and harmonious and brilliant combinations of tints are certainly beautiful in whatsoever they are seen; but, nevertheless, these objects contain so many properties that are offensive to other senses, or to the imagination, that in nature we are not pleased with them, nor ever consider them as beautiful. Yet in the pictures of Rembrandt, Ostade, Teniers, and Fyt, the imitations of them are unquestionably beautiful and pleasing to all mankind; and as these painters are remarkable for the fidelity of their imitations, whatever visible qualities existed in the objects must appear in their copies of them; but, in these copies, the mind perceives only the visible qualities; whereas, in the originals, it perceived others less agreeable united with them.

For the Literary Magazine.

SATURN'S RING.

By Professor Robison.

THE most singular phenomenon exhibited in the solar system, is the vast arch or ring which surrounds the planet Saturn, and turns round its axis with the most astonishing rapidity. It is above 200,000 miles in diameter, and makes a complete rotation in ten hours and thirty-two minutes. A point on its surface moves at the rate of 1000 1-2 miles in a minute, or nearly seventeen miles in one beat of the clock, which is fifty-eight times as swift as the earth's equator.

La Place has made the mechanism of this motion a subject of his examination, and has prosecuted it with great zeal and much ingenuity. He thinks that the permanent state of the ring, in its period of rotation, may be explained, on the supposition that its parts are without connexion, revolving round the planet like so many satellites, so that it may be considered as a vapour. It appears to me that this is not all probable. He says that the observed inequalities in the circle of the ring are necessary for keeping it from coalescing with the planet. Such inequalities seem incompatible with its own constitution, being inconsistent with the *equilibrium* of forces among incoherent bodies. Besides, as he supposes no cohesion in it, any inequalities in the constitution of its different parts cannot influence the general motion of the whole *in the man-*

ther he supposes, but merely by an inequality of gravitation. The effect of this, it is apprehended, would be to destroy the permanency of its construction, without securing, as he imagines, the steadiness of its position. But this seems to be the point which he is eager to establish; and he finds, in the numerous list of possibilities, conditions which bring things within his general equation for the *equilibrium* of revolving spheroids; but the equation is so very general, and the conditions are so many, and so implicated, that there is reason to fear that, in some circumstances, the *equilibrium* is of that kind that has no stability, but, if disturbed in the smallest degrees, is destroyed altogether, being like the *equilibrium* of a needle poised upright on its point.

It is a much more probable supposition (for we can only suppose) that the ring consists of coherent matter. It has been represented as supporting itself like an arch; but this is less admissible than La Place's opinion. The rapidity of rotation is such as would immediately scatter the arch, as water is flirted about from a mop. The ring must cohere, and even cohere with considerable force in order to counteract the centrifugal force, which considerably exceeds its weight. If this be admitted, and surely it is the most obvious and natural opinion, there will be no difficulty arising from the velocity of rotation, or their regularity of its parts. La Place might easily please his fancy by contriving a mechanism for its motion. We may suppose that it is a viscid substance like melted glass. If matter of this constitution, covering the equator of a planet, turn round its axis too swiftly, the viscid matter will be thrown off, retaining its velocity of rotation. It will therefore expand into a ring, and will remove from the planet, till the velocity of its equatoreal motion correspond with its diameter and its curvature. However small we suppose the cohesive or viscid force, it will cause this ring to stop at a dimension smaller than the orbit of a planet moving with the same velocity. These seem to be legitimate consequences of what we know of coherent matter, and they greatly resemble what we see in Saturn's ring. This constitution of the ring is also well fitted for admitting those irregularities which are indicated by the spots on the ring, and which La Place employs with so much ingenuity for keeping the ring in such a position that the planet always occupies its centre.—This is a very curious circumstance, when considered attentively, and its importance is far from being obvious. The planet and the ring are quite separate. The planet is moving in an orbit round the sun. The ring accompanies the planet in all the irregularities of its motion, and has it always in the middle. This ingenious mathematician gives strong reasons for thinking that, if the ring were perfectly circular and uniform, although it is *possible* to place Saturn exactly in its centre, yet the smallest disturbance by a satellite or passing comet would be the beginning of a derangement, which would rapidly increase, and, after a very short time, Saturn would be in contact with the inner edge of the ring, never more to separate from it. But if the ring is not uniform, but more massive on the one side of the centre than on the other, then the planet and the ring may revolve round a common centre, very near, but not coinciding with the centre of the ring. He also maintains that the oblate form of the planet is another circumstance absolutely necessary for the stability of the ring. The redundancy of the equator, and flatness of the ring, fit these two bodies for acting on each other like two magnets, so as to adjust each other's motions.

The whole of this analysis of the mechanism of Saturn's ring is of the most intricate kind, and is carried on by the author by calculus alone, so as not to be instructive to any but very learned and expert analysts.—Several points of it however might have been treated more familiarly.

But, after all, it must rest entirely on the truth of the conjectures or assumptions made for procuring the possible application of the fundamental equations.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ARBOR-UNICUS.

LESCALLIER, who is at once a great traveller and a great botanist, during his various voyages to foreign countries, has never let slip any opportunity to make interesting observations relative to the progress of natural history and agriculture. These have been regularly communicated by him either to the French Institute or to other learned societies. He at the same time has enriched the Museum of Natural History at Paris with several valuable specimens, and embraced every occasion to elucidate whatever is interesting in the arts and sciences.

Lately he has favoured the public with the history of a very singular tree, of which but one individual, which has existed from time immemorial at Tolucca, a city of Mexico, was formerly known. This account is extracted from a work in the Spanish language, printed in Mexico, and to it he has added two coloured plates, one of which represents a branch, and the other the flower and the fruit of this superb vegetable production.

The name of chiranthodendron, which he has bestowed on it, is composed of three Greek words, one of which signifies the hand, the other the flower, and the third the tree; it exactly answers to the Mexican appellation of *macpalxochiquauhit*, according to Hernandez, which signifies "the tree, the fruit of which resembles a hand." In the different stages of its progress, the flower, which is a deep red, and extremely brilliant, appears first like a shut hand, and then an open one; but the resemblance has a closer affinity to the hand of a monkey than of a man. We are informed that the inhabitants of the country where it is produced are eager to obtain it, and travel from a very great distance expressly for this purpose. As their eagerness renders the fruit very scarce, sentinels have been actually placed around the tree; some of the seeds have thus been procured, but notwithstanding all possible care, they could never hitherto be brought to germinate.

The botanists employed in the expedition to New Spain repaired, in 1787, to Tolucca, merely for the purpose of viewing, describing, and sketching this famous tree. They succeeded, at length, in obtaining a very fine specimen, which was placed in the garden of the royal palace of Mexico, and is now forty-five feet high. It is supposed that it will be possible to multiply this scarce production, so as to introduce it into the hot-houses of the north, and the pleasure gardens of the south of Europe.

For the Literary Magazine.

MADAME GENLIS'S LAST WORK.

AMIDST the good qualities for which madame de Genlis is distinguished, her perseverance ought not to be forgotten. Since she first consecrated her pen to the important duties of instruction, she has never once wavered in her opinion, like many others. The same principles have ever been uppermost in her thoughts and writings, and her harmonious and correct style has not failed to ornament them. In her last work, "Alphonsina or the Tender Mother," she illustrates the following positions, that a reasonable woman ought not to be in *love* with any one, and, above all things, she is to be careful not to have any affection for her husband.

That it is, however, necessary, on the other hand, that ladies, at once so dignified and discreet, should be

passionately beloved, because by means of this they obtain an increase of their authority; for

Il faut toujours que la femme commande.

That it is sufficient, on the part of the fair sex, to have no *repugnance*, and that, above all, every thing should be made to contribute to the *propagation of the faith*.

That this faith, the only source of happiness, requires that children should be imbued with the least possible portion of physical and moral knowledge, because they will then be more *blindly devoted*, and thus young women will prove more obedient to their mothers.

Such is the doctrine which our celebrated author enforces anew, in three volumes, the first of which is unhappily very strange, and the last very feeble: the second however possesses many real beauties. It is here intended to present a model or an example of a sensative education (*education sensative*), an expression which is neither very clear, nor perhaps very good and perfect French: and in the opinion of madame de Genlis, this education would have been more sensitive, if the pupil possessed *but one sense less*.

Not wishing, however, to borrow any thing from the abbe Sicard or M. Hauy, who make use of all the advantages resulting from the other senses, in order to supply what nature has refused to their scholars, this illustrious instructress has thought fit artificially to deprive her Alphonsina of sight, by making her live till she had attained the age of thirteen in a cavern, during which period a tender mother was accustomed to place a bandage over her eyes, whenever she lighted a lamp for her own particular use. Accordingly, the poor child is utterly ignorant of the existence of any other living creature than herself, her mother, and a little dog. She is acquainted with her cavern alone, and even in respect to that she is entirely ignorant, save what can be obtained by groping her way through it. It being necessary to bring her mother into this unhappy situation, and to bring her thither also while big with child, this event alone employs a whole volume.

For the Literary Magazine.

LATE REVOLUTIONS IN INDIA.

IN 1765, there was a nabob of Bengal, who held the Nizamut by the same title which gave the British the Dewanne of that opulent kingdom. He and his family are extinguished. There was a raja of Benares, and a rich domain called Ghazipore. He is gone, and his country melted into British. There was a nabob of Oude, vizier of the empire, and the greatest of all the Mahomedan princes in that part of India. If any of his family survive, they are mere cyphers, subsisting, in disgrace and obscurity, on such pensions as the British think fit to allow them. *His* country also is annexed to theirs. There was a nabob of Ferrokabad, whose name is now hardly known, though once an eminent person among the princes of India. He and his country have shared the same fate. Beyond him, the Rohillas were a considerable independent nation. They are extirpated, and the whole of Rohilcund is English. This last possession carried the frontier and the armies of Britain to a situation considerably north of the latitude of Delhi. In that direction, the next step must have been into Tartary. Returning to the sea, the whole line of coasts from Bengal to Cape Comorin, with only one little interruption which has since been filled up, is possessed by the English. The northern Circars have been theirs for many years. The lawful nabob of the Carnatic was their old and faithful ally, as long as he could pay for it. He once had many friends in England, and even in parliament. All that we know of him

now is that his debts have been paid by the India company, and that his creditors are as numerous as ever; that, by some means or other, his family is dispossessed, and that their inheritance is absorbed into the British dominion. We have heard of a rajah of Tanjore. In former times he had the title of king. In whatever form he may still be permitted to exist, he is England's vassal, and nothing more. The rajahs of Tinnevelli, Travancore, and others of that rank, are hardly worth mentioning. Their names and titles are all that is left of them. Northward of Bombay they had the city of Surat, with a rich and considerable territory in the Guzzarat, held directly or in effect by them, under the name of a prince called the Gwicowar. This state has for its present native ruler a chieftain of avowedly weak intellects. British support therefore must be extended to all the operations of its government, holding as they do the immediate charge of the Gwicowar chieftain's own guard, and dividing with his troops the garrison of his capital. In addition to all these possessions, the effective government and a great portion of the revenues of the Decan were united to the British dominion by a subsidiary treaty, concluded in 1798 with the late Nizam, who had long been superannuated. They furnished him with an army to be stationed in perpetuity in his capital, and in return he ceded to them a tract of territory, the revenues of which were to pay the army. This force, in a year or two after, was augmented, and of course the subsidy and a new cession of territory along with it. After that, it signified very little what they kept, or what they left him. This measure carried the British arms and power into the heart of the peninsula. Tippoo Sultan was the last of all the Mahomedan princes who preserved his independence. In 1799 they attacked his capital, destroyed his government, and disposed of his kingdom by the right of conquest. The merit of this act consists in its being in some measure provoked, and still more in its being, what it professed to be, an act of open force without any mixture of fraud in it. Part of the kingdom of Mysore was annexed to the Carnatic. The remainder was placed under the pretended government of an infant raja, descended, as it is said, from princes, who had been dispossessed by Hyder Ally. The whole of the country is British. The name of the raja is a mere shadow.

Such have been the mighty revolutions which have taken place within the short period of forty years. The utter expulsion of the French from that continent, which is to be added to the changes already enumerated, has opened a door to an unlimited extension of dominion in Asia, and hereafter the British progress may be expected to be much more rapid than at any former period.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

Concluded from page 216.

THE North Isles consist of sandstone, sandstone flag, schistose clay, and limestone; in some instances of basalt; and, in some, of breccia. The sandstone is in some places red, in others grey, or of a dirty white, and sometimes approaches the argillaceous, sometimes the silicious genus. Only two veins of lead have been discovered; one on the north-east, the other on the south-west side of Shapinshay. The South Isles consist nearly of the same strata; but they have little or no basalt, and nearly as little limestone. Limestone abounds near Melsetter, and in Faray; and probably exists in many other places.

In Little Waas there are tokens of hæmatites; and near the church of Hoy there is a large vein of this species of ironstone, of an excellent quality. In three places of South

Ronaldshay, attempts have been made to work lead, though with little success. Burray is thought to possess coal which has not been explored.

In the Mainland the strata are nearly similar to those in the other islands. Indications of lead are visible on the south side of the island; and at Yasnaby, on the west, veins of barytes and calcareous spar are seen traversing the sandstone, having pyrites and galena interspersed. Lydiad stone occurs in schistose clay, near the manse of Stromness, and galena in a rock intermediate between schistose and indurated clay. But this ore has no where been found in sufficient quantity. The stratified limestone of these islands is generally of a dark blue, or black colour, probably from bitumen, as it frequently contains pieces of coal, or jet. Marble and alabaster occur in Birsay. Granite is only found at Stromness and its neighbourhood; also gneise, micaceous schistus, and hornblende rock.

There are only a few trees in Hoy, and a few in the gardens of Kirkwall; but that trees formerly grew here, is evident from those found in mosses.

There are sixty-five species of fish which abound in the lakes and rivulets, or in the seas around. The quality is in general excellent; but their abundance has been more a bar than a stimulus to the industry of the people. They seldom think of turning them to profit, as an article of commerce. A few, for their own use, is all they take; and, with an apparatus costing a penny, a man can, from the point of a rock, take as many in a few hours as will maintain his family a week. The only reptiles are frogs and toads, and the leeches used in surgery. No serpents or venomous creatures are known.

There are upwards of a hundred sea and land birds, which are either perennial in these islands, or visit them at certain seasons of the year.

The brown Norwegian rat, which has been introduced by ships, has nearly extirpated the ancient, small-sized, black rat from these islands, as from other places. This rat is about 18 inches from the point of its tail to its snout, with size and strength of body in proportion. Having much more ability of doing mischief, it is much more formidable than the original black rat. Rabbits abound in all the sandy islands and downs; and considerable profit has lately been made from their skins. Hares formerly abounded; but through the destruction of woods and bushes, by exposing them to the birds of prey, they have long since vanished. The same cause has extirpated roes and red-deer; the horns of the latter being found in great numbers in mosses and morasses, where woods once grew.

The native breed of sheep seems to have been imported by the original conquerors of the islands. They are small, white-faced, and without horns. Parts of the fleece are very fine; and due attention might possibly raise this into a very valuable breed. At present they do not form an article of commerce; and it is wonderful how the race has subsisted under the savage treatment which they generally receive.

The earl of Orkney directed a muster to be made of the people about 1620, by which it appeared that ten thousand fighting men might be raised on any emergency, excluding those necessary to agriculture and the fisheries. If every tenth person might be spared as a soldier, the whole population amounted to one hundred thousand. The present population is only twenty-four thousand, and has been nearly stationary for the last sixty years. This diminution is owing chiefly to the non-residence of the proprietors; the cessation of piracy, and the consequent diminution of vessels, either for trade or for fishing; and perhaps to the gradual deterioration of the soil, which no means have been employed to improve.

The general state of agriculture may be understood from the usual mode of ploughing. This is com-

monly done by four horses yoked abreast. A driver walks backwards before, dragging them after him with a rope, and strikes them in the face to make them come forward.

The obstructions to improvement are numerous. A great part of the arable land is possessed in alternate ridges, and much of the pasture in common. There is no draining, and scarcely any fences or rotation of crops. The rents of the earldom are also paid in kind, which operates as a sort of bounty for the production for inferior grain; and the weighing and measuring machines are defective and irregular beyond all example.

The usual crops are black or grey oats, bear or bigg, and occasionally peas, of which the white succeed best. Red oats have succeeded admirably where the land was in tolerable order. Barley and rye, and even wheat, are cultivated with much success; the last has hitherto been managed in a very unskilful manner. The soil and climate, however, seem best adapted to green crops and sown grasses. In the garden, roots and pot-herbs attain great perfection. Potatoes are much cultivated, and their management might be much improved. Turnips succeed admirably; and, from the mildness of the winter, remain on the ground till late in spring, when they are as greedily devoured by the cattle as in autumn. Flax was planted in ancient times, and its cultivation has lately been revived with much success.

Limestone abounds in various places, and peat well adapted for burning it. Shell-marl is found, in the greatest abundance, in many of the swamps and lakes; and shell-sand, not inferior to lime, occurs in various places. The people, however, are prejudiced against the use of this sand, because it is often blown by the wind, and destroys land by its excess. Excellent clay marl occurs in various places. This, or swampy earth, should be substituted in place of the surface-turf, for making composts, and the most rigorous penalties imposed on those who pare and demolish the surface of the waste land. Their putrescent manures are sea-weeds and the dung of cattle.

Unfortunately, the crown lands here, as in other places, are occupied in such a way, as not only to render their own improvement impracticable, but also to prevent the improvement of other lands with which they are intermixed, or to which they are contiguous. The occupants say they have no power to alter either their mode of occupancy, or of culture.

The only manufactures of any consequence here are those of linen and kelp.

In 1799, about fifty thousand yards of linen were stamped; and, besides the yarn that was bartered, no fewer than fifty thousand spindles were sold, and as much sent to the thread manufactory.

The kelp manufacture employs more than three thousand people, for two months in summer. Three thousand tons is the average quantity manufactured, in price from nine to ten pounds, and sometimes brings nearly 30,000*l.* sterling in one season. This manufacture commenced about seventy years ago, and during that period, it has brought into the islands about 595,000*l.* sterling.

Other valuable products, besides alkaline salt, may be extracted from sea-weeds. Some gentlemen have introduced the mode of burning the plants in close kilns, which is a great improvement. It would be still better to have these kilns constructed on flat-bottomed boats, paved with bricks or flags to prevent fire, which might be moved round successively to the several creeks and bays where the weeds abound. This would convert kelp-burning into a distinct profession, to be followed all the days of the year; instead of being carried on, as at present, by people withdrawn from agriculture at the most important season.

The principal exports from these islands are beef, pork, butter, tal-

low, hides, calf-skins, rabbit-skins, salt, fish, oil, feathers, linen yarn, and coarse linen cloth, kelp, and, in years of fertility, corn, meal, and malt, in no small quantity. The imports are wood, iron, flax, coal, sugar, spirits, wines, snuff and tobacco, flour and biscuit, soap, leather, hardware, broad-cloth, and printed linens and cottons. The value of exports exceeds that of imports in various proportions, from one to above five thousand pounds *per annum*.

The fisheries are in a very languishing state, though calculated to be a great source of industry and wealth. About a hundred boats, with ten men in each, are employed in the lobster fishery. They are sold at 2d. each to vessels which convey them alive to London. A good fisher will gain ten pounds during the season. Herrings swarm here at particular periods, but few are caught. The cod and ling fishing are equally neglected; though the farmers in Waas, during their leisure, have been known to catch and cure more than forty thousand excellent cod-fish in one summer. From twenty-five to thirty smacks resort to this fishing during winter, and carry them alive to the London market.

To improve the fishery, it should be made a separate profession, and the fishers collected into villages, in convenient situations. Decked vessels should be used in place of small open boats; and a great magazine of all the materials used in fishing should be established in these islands. This would prove a most convenient station for the whale and seal fishery, and for converting the blubber into oil. Already these islands furnish a considerable number of excellent hands to the Hudson's Bay Company, to the Greenland fishery, to the merchant service, and the royal navy. Were the land and the fisheries but tolerably improved, they might, on any emergency, furnish from seven to eight thousand brave and expert seamen to the navy.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VILLAGE OF BROEK.

A VERY recent traveller gives us the following curious account of a village in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam. The houses, says he, amounting to about three hundred, are entirely isolated; nor are any two of them alike. Each house generally stands in the centre of a little garden, containing parterres laid out in scrolls and figures, bordered by box-shrubs, shells, coloured beads, and glass, which, being intermingled with verdant turf, produce a very curious effect: some of these beds were varied with the choicest flowers. The houses are built of wood, and in the most grotesque forms: they are painted with different colours, but the green seemed to predominate. The slates or tiles upon the roofs are glazed, and, when the sun shines, they produce a dazzling and very unpleasant effect. The church is situated in the centre of the village, and is a neat structure, with windows of painted glass, representing the cruelties that were perpetrated in this place by the Spaniards. The narrow streets are all smoothly paved with bricks of a pale colour, that are kept as clean as the floor of a drawing room: no person is even permitted to spit in the streets, and they are not of a sufficient breadth to allow the passage of any carriage.

A little rivulet called *de Havenrak* passes through the village to the Vyver, which is a lake surrounded by the best houses, and whose banks partake of the general local neatness. Delighted as we were within this extraordinary place, we were absolutely astonished at the universal silence which every where prevailed; not the smallest noise was to be heard, nor a human form to be seen; and, though in broad day light, the stillness and solitude of night reigned all around. We even entered the gardens, gathered the flowers, and took

up the shells and beads which composed their variegated beds, without molestation.

Though the population of this village is estimated at a thousand persons, this traveller asserts that, in the whole of his perambulation through it, he saw only one old woman, two men, and a boy; the inhabitants of Broek always hiding themselves on the approach of strangers. They are united by some political and religious opinions peculiar to themselves.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FRENCH VINTAGE DESCRIBED.

By a recent Traveller.

THE vintage throughout France generally commences with the new year, the first day of Vendemiaire, which takes place on the autumnal equinox, after the complementary days, which this year amounted to six: an. 12 de la republique Frangaise, therefore, began on the 24th of September, 1803, and with it the vintage in Touraine, a country every where abounding with vineyards. The extensive plains, the gentle hills, and winding vallies, fertilized by the Loire, the Cher, and the Indre, however they may locally vary in corn and pasture, all produce wines of different quality, price, and flavour: indeed the whole aspect of this highly-favoured district is a perfect garden; or rather a continued succession of villas, farms, and cottages, situated in the centre of a little domain, which extends from two to fifteen or twenty acres; although the general proportion is perhaps from five to ten. These are diversified, according to the nature of the soil and aspect, into patches of corn, vineyards, gardens, and orchards; but the vine every where predominates: here no "desert idle" is to be seen, nor indeed a single acre of heath or useless plain; but for miles together you walk from vineyard to vineyard, amidst a profusion of nature's choicest gifts. You may eat as much fruit as you please without interruption. It is even thought a good omen, by the owners of the vineyards, when a stranger enters them, and refreshes himself with the fruit. But if the grapes should cloy, every tree you see is an apple, pear, peach, plumb, or almond: these, with walnuts and filberts, are the autumnal regale, after the summer months have presented a succession of strawberries, cherries, apricots, and smaller fruits. In India, during the season, I have seen a profusion of mangoes, and known them sold in Guzerat at a rupee for one hundred and forty pounds weight; and in Italy the luxuriant vines display their purple clusters hanging in rich festoons from tree to tree, in a more picturesque manner than is seen in the dwarfy vineyards of Touraine; but never did I behold such abundance and variety as on the banks of the Loire, where we must exclaim,

> Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
> And spreads a common feast for all that live!

Such is the delightful picture of a country now heightened by the joy of the vintage; a season of pleasure throughout all the south of Europe, but carried to the greatest height in France, from the peculiar propensity of its inhabitants to the enjoyment of music, dancing, and festivity.

The vineyards in France are so extensive as to produce annually about 483,840,000 gallons of wine, of various quality and price. The wines most esteemed for the table are from Champagne, Bourgogne, and Bourdeaux. Provence and the southern provinces produce Muscat, Hermitage, Frontignac, Lunel, and many other rich wines. From the worst, in various departments, they make brandy and vinegar. A few vineyards in the vicinity of Tours sometimes yield five and twenty casks, of

sixty gallons each, per acre: but the average in a good vintage is from ten to twelve. The frost during the two last springs has so injured the vines, that, this autumn, an acre seldom produces more than three or four of these casks. The vallies and low lands furnish the most grapes, but the wine is of an inferior quality; while the vines on the stony hills, though less abundant, produce a liquor of superior strength and flavour: the best vineyards at Vouvray are valued at a hundred pounds an acre; those in the lower situations only at forty, fifty, or sixty; but there are some vineyards near Bourdeaux estimated at five hundred pounds sterling per acre, from the very superior quality and high price of the wine. The white grapes are all pressed immediately on being gathered, and the juice poured into casks to ferment and refine. The black grapes for the red wine are generally kept a week or ten days in large tubs, to heat and ferment, before the juice is expressed; which in itself is white, but by continuing so long in a state of fermentation with the dark skins, acquires its rich colour; and if not red enough, the crimson juice of the Tent grape is added to heighten it. Some of the poor white wines are transformed into red by a mixture of the Tent grapes, which, in small patches, are planted in most vineyards for this purpose; and their crimson leaves and black clusters, intermingled with the verdant foliage of the other vines, produce a pleasing variety. After the white wines are expressed from the grapes, the remains are given to the vine-dresser; who adds a certain proportion of water, lets them stand for some time, and then extracts a small wine for his family.

The annual produce of the wines and brandies in France is immense. The best oil is produced in Languedoc, the best honey in Narbonne; and while Touraine is so abundant in its excellent fruits, there is no scarcity of them in any part of the republic, according to the variation of soil and climate, in so great an extent of country. The southern departments of France are indebted to François Francat for their silks: in 1564 he planted the first mulberry trees for the food of the silk worms, which have since increased in an almost incredible manner in those provinces.

The weather was too mild, and the country too replete with novelty, to allow us to remain in the house. We were more particularly charmed with the very delightful prospect from the summit of the hills near the river, which in this parish and all the adjacent banks are excavated into cellars, wine-vaults, cottages and even gentlemen's houses, with the different offices hewn in the rocks, and presenting a very singular spectacle. I took a few sketches in this picturesque district; and particularly of a villa, consisting of three stories, each containing a suite of four or five large rooms, with recesses, chimney-pieces, and other ornaments, cut in the rock; the front being neatly fitted with doors and glass windows; the ascent to each floor is by a flight of rocky steps without leading to a terrace in front of the apartment; the stairs and general face of this singular habitation were softened by vines, trained over the windows, in flaunting festoons of purple grapes, enriched by the autumnal leaves of crimson, green, and gold, in endless variety. The wine-vaults and caverns beneath this house are of great extent; and its rocky surface is covered with vineyards, and orchards of apples, pears, peaches, almonds, walnuts, and mulberries, which actually form the roof of this romantic villa, and the surrounding cottages.

In another part, a huge fragment of rock, detached by a late concussion from an adjacent cliff, descended perpendicularly upon a horizontal part of the hill below, which was occupied by the gardens and vineyards of two peasants: it covered part of the property of each, nor could it be easily decided to whom this unexpected stranger belonged;

but the honest rustics, instead of troubling the gentlemen of the long robe with their dispute, wisely resolved to end it, by each party excavating the half of the rock on his own grounds, and converting the whole into two useful cottages, with comfortable rooms and cellars for their little stock of wine: and there they now reside with their families.

The revolution, as may be naturally imagined, has caused a very great change in landed property; the large estates of the nobility and gentry which have not fallen into the hands of generals and bankers, are divided into small lots, from the fourth part of an acre upwards; and many a humble villager, living in these rocky cells, looks down upon his little domain below, comprising vineyard, orchard, garden, and cornfield, within the compass of half an acre; and a continuation of these small estates for many miles together, on the banks of the Loire, gives a singular effect to the landscape.

For the Literary Magazine.

STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

THE ministers of the protestant congregations in France receive salaries from the government: those of the clergy, who reside in small towns, have an income of about one hundred pounds per annum, while the city pastors receive about double that sum. I am told that there is a great want of protestant ministers, and that, on this account, there are forty-three churches unattended. A seminary for the education of young clergymen is consequently about to be established, by subscription, for the protestants in France in general; and it is proposed that it shall be maintained by an annual charity-sermon in each congregation, as well as by voluntary contributions amongst the members, and it is expected that from such sources may be derived an ample fund for the permanent support of so excellent an institution. An increase of the protestant faith may, therefore, be rationally expected throughout the whole empire of France.

For the Literary Magazine.

EFFECTS OF THE TATLER, SPECTATOR, &c.

WHAT effect had the Tatlers and Spectators on morals and taste? In answer, we might dwell on the classical models of composition, and on the sources of bad writing, which they pointed out in a popular and insinuating manner; on the familiar and pleasing spirit which they imparted to criticism; on the specimens of acute analysis and elegant disquisition which they first presented to the world; and, especially, on the firmer tone and finer polish which they communicated to public and private virtue.

The result, indeed, of the publication of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, has been of the first national importance. The diffusion of private virtue and wisdom must necessarily tend to purify and enlighten the general mass; and experience in every age has proved, that the strength, the weight, and prosperity of a nation, are better founded on knowledge, morality, and sound literature, than on the unstable effects of conquest or commerce. Rational liberty, indeed, can only be supported by integrity and ability; and it is of little consequence to the man who feels for the honour of his species, and who knows properly to value the character of a freeman, that his country has stretched her arms over half the globe, if, at the same time, she be immersed in vice, in luxury, and sensuality, and subjected to the debasing caprices and controul of tyranny.

It is but just, therefore, to infer, that the periodical writings of Addison and of Steele have contributed more essentially to the national good, to the political influence and even stability of the British empire, than all the efforts of her warriors, however great or glorious. By expanding the intellect, and improving the morals of the people, by promoting liberal education and free inquiry, they have enabled the public to understand, and to appreciate duly, the principles of genuine liberty; and consequently to value highly, and to defend strenuously, the constitution under which they live.—They have, by directing and invigorating the energies of society, given a manly tone to the national character; an effect which can never be elicited beneath the clouds of ignorance and immorality, and which depends not upon the abilities of a few solitary statesmen, or the fleeting consequences of military prowess, but upon the majority of the people thinking and acting justly for themselves, from that knowledge of political good, and that rational love of their country, from those pure principles and virtuous motives, which could only have been disseminated through the medium of writers, who, like the authors of the Spectator, have permanently and extensively exerted their moral and intellectual influence over the general mind.

In short, if we compare the state of society, private and public, as it existed previous and subsequent to the appearance of Addison and Steele, we shall not for a moment hesitate to assert, that not only Great Britain is indebted to these illustrious writers, for a most salutary revolution in the realms of literature and taste, for a mode of composition which in a mere literary view has been of great and progressive utility; but that a very large portion of the moral and political good which she now enjoys is to be ascribed to their exertions—to efforts which entitle them to the glorious appellations of genuine patriots and universal benefactors.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MERITS OF SIR RICHARD STEELE.

By Dr. Drake.

THE style of sir Richard Steele is more animated than correct, more easy than harmonious, and more familiar than elegantly simple. It improved, however, as he proceeded in his literary career, and would probably have attained to purity and excellence, had not the greater part of his life been passed in hurry and dissipation. Glaring instances occur in his writings of awkward involution, disregard of verbal selection, and extreme carelessness of composition. Many examples might also be given of passages distinguished by energy, perspicuity, and modulation.

Steele's great misfortune has ever been the comparison so perpetually drawn with regard to style between himself and Addison. The proximity of their productions has naturally led to the consideration of their respective merits in point of composition; and though it must be allowed, that from the best manner of Addison Steele stands widely apart, yet are their several papers which, having been written by sir Richard with more than usual care, and with evident marks of emulation, appear to have imbibed a portion of Addisonian grace. It is, therefore, by no means an easy task, as has been affectedly pretended, to distinguish accurately, and without hesitation, their respective papers, merely from the contrast of style. Addison is not always equal to himself in diction or construction; he is now and then feeble and remiss, and were the initials of designation withdrawn, those most familiar with the differences of style, with the shades of idiom and expression, might sometimes be foiled in the attempt.

With respect to the *taste* and *critical abilities* of Steele, the understanding and sensibility requisite to constitute a pure and correct taste

were by no means wanting in him, but the cultivation of excellent models was in a great measure precluded by the habits of a military and bustling life; it was a much easier task for sir Richard, hurried as he usually was by politics or pleasure, to sketch with a rapid though masterly hand the striking portraits and peculiar manners that he had actually witnessed, than to enter upon discussions which imply much previous study and research, and that delicacy and discrimination of taste which can only be the effect of voluntary and habitual cultivation. At the same time, it will not be denied that he could accurately appreciate the beauties and defects of painting and poetry, and that he was from principle an admirer of simplicity, both in sentiment and design.

In the effusions of *invention*, *imagery*, and *pathos*, he seems to have rarely indulged. Yet the language of genuine tenderness occurs not unfrequently in his dramatic, and sometimes in his periodical writings. Numbers 82 and 117 of the Tatler might be here quoted as examples.

It is, however, in the departments of *humour* and *delineation of character* that Steele eminently excels. The multiplicity and graphic discrimination of his portraits are truly astonishing, and could result only from a very varied and frequent intercourse with mankind. His characters, too, are uniformly sustained, and contribute to dramatize and enliven the series of papers in which they are exhibited. The foibles, the vanities, the virtues, and the vices of the female sex, have furnished sir Richard with an inexhaustible mine of observation and description. He has studied the female character in all its mutations, as influenced by passion, fashion, or caprice; and there is scarcely a deviation from propriety or decorum as they existed in his days, but what has been noticed in some parts of his works.

Whatever were the errors and defects of his private character, in *preceptive ethics and morals* Steele was luminous, pointed, and correct. While he attacked with unsparing severity the great and predominant vices of his day, he by no means omitted to inculcate a due attention to those minor duties which are so intimately connected with domestic comfort and tranquillity. *Few men have deserved better of society, and no one, every circumstance considered, can with greater propriety be termed a benefactor to mankind.*— But let us never forget that precepts lose half their value if not confirmed by example; and that he who, endowed with an exquisite sense of right and wrong, and invested with the responsible and important character of a public monitor, can yet materially deviate from his own maxims, is chargeable with double censure, and faithless to the best interests of his fellow-men.

For the Literary Magazine.

TALLEYRAND ON FRENCH COLONIES, AND THE COMMERCE OF AMERICA WITH ENGLAND.

A TREATISE on the benefit of colonial possessions to France, and on the commerce between the United States and Great Britain, by Talleyrand, the present French minister, must be a considerable curiosity at any time, but especially at present. Two essays on these subjects appeared in the Transactions of the French Institute during the last year, of which he was the author.

Instead of giving an account directly of these performances, the American reader will probably be more gratified by seeing how the speculations of a French statesman are treated by an English politician. We shall therefore give some account of these performances, chiefly in the words of a celebrated British critic, whose publications on colonial subjects prove him to be a master of his trade*.

* Mr. Brougham.

On his return from America, whither he had emigrated during the first stage of the French revolution, Talleyrand seems to have been strongly impressed with the situation in which he found his countrymen, after the violence of the jacobin times had subsided. Their minds were still in an unsettled and turbulent state; and there seemed great reason to dread both the commotions of those restless spirits whom the times had engendered, and the effects of that apathy which, in the great mass of the people, generally succeeds to extreme irritation. The latter topic, however, is but slightly touched, and, without considering the fatal consequences of the co-operation of these two evils, or reflecting on the impossibility of preventing a few factious men from placing their leader on a throne which the general indifference might prepare, and the universal dread of new revolutions might fortify, Talleyrand (at the date of his work, only a speculative inquirer) directs his regards entirely to the means of providing a safe retreat for those unquiet spirits whom the revolution had left behind it. The state of the country in which he had lately resided, struck him as somewhat analogous to that of his own. He reflected on the singular ease with which all the violence of a revolutionary civil war had there subsided; and was naturally led to conclude, that industry is the grand pacificator, both of individuals and of nations; the best conservator both of domestic tranquillity and social peace. The impossibility of adopting direct measures for promoting new exertions of labour among the people at home, was too obvious to require any exposition; and the observations which he had made upon the fabric of society in the infant settlements of the American continent suggested, as the best means of accomplishing the great end in view, a recurrence to the colonial system, then almost overthrown by the crimes and follies of the revolutionary government.

The papers before us are evidently dictated by this train of reflection; but they have assumed a more general form, and contain a variety of discussions on the principles of colonization. Independent of the epigrammatic force and eloquence of their style, and their substantial merits as sound and ingenious speculations on a subject of equal difficulty and importance, they cannot fail to interest us in their practical applications. They were the result of actual observation in countries where the author had access to the best information, or was actually engaged in affairs. They were drawn up with a view to influence the conduct of France, under a government in which he now bears an active part. Subsequent events prove, that they were not without effect in shaping the measures of that ambitious power.

These tracts, however, appear in a form purely speculative; their reasonings are general and philosophical; formed indeed on facts, but guided by large, scientific views; by an appeal to principles at every step; and by the kind of argument that inferior statesmen deride as theoretical, while their adversaries are conquering the world by the combinations to which it leads.

The views of political economy by which our author seems to have been guided are liberal and enlightened. He knows thoroughly the best doctrines of the science, and is fully impressed with their truth. It will be difficult indeed to believe that the writer of some of the passages is a leading personage in the present fiscal administration of France. And, however much the recollection may lead us to lament so striking an instance of talents and knowledge enslaved by sordid principles, it is comfortable to think, that there are, among the rulers of that country, some whose lights are superior to their conduct, and that the justness of their original views may one day triumph over the gross ignorance and petty ambition of their more powerful coadjutors.

The first is a general essay on colonies, and contains a deduction of the advantages which must accrue to France, from a careful attention to the colonial system; and points out the principles that ought to guide her in the formation of new settlements. The second, on the relations between England and America, is an attempt to explain several facts which the author remarked during his travels over the greater part of North America; and truly, if the former of these papers makes us wish that every statesman, and especially the present rulers of France, were actuated by such liberal views as the author inculcates, it is impossible to read the latter, without lamenting that no traveller has ever appeared so capable as M. Talleyrand, of instructing his country by the scientific observation of foreign nations; and that he himself has not devoted his life to a pursuit pointed out alike by his genius and his acquirements. We express our admiration of this man's writings without any fear of misconstruction. It would be as foolish (were it as possible) to shut one's eyes to the lustre of talents, as to despise an enemy who is strong by their aid. Great as the resources of France are, if they were not wielded by such men as Talleyrand, she would soon cease to be the object of that watchful anxiety, which, in the actual posture of affairs, is the wisest part of wisdom.

Two great objects, according to him, are to be gained by the planting of new colonies, in the present state of France. A vast body of people has been either thrown idle by the revolution, or so corrupted by habits of intrigue and excesses of violence, as to be now incapable of regular industry. To open an egress for these troublesome spirits, and at the same time to derive profit from the qualities which render them useless and dangerous at home, is the double advantage of planting new settlements. The example of America, by a striking analogy, points out the former benefit; the latter is sufficiently clear of itself. In the United States, Talleyrand was surprised to observe, that a long and violent civil war had left scarcely any trace of its existence in the character or intercourse of the various factions which divided the people. No hatred or animosity was perceivable among individuals; no turbulence or agitation of character had been permanently engrafted on the sober, solid habits of the colonists. None of these symptoms, in short, were observable, which, for ages after a violent and general conflict, always endanger the internal security of nations whose structure has assumed a regular form and consistency. The peculiar situation of the American people furnishes an easy explanation of this fact, though the change no doubt excited all those revolutionary dispositions which in other countries have prolonged the reign of anarchy, and formed abundance of characters fitted for profiting by such an alteration of popular habits; yet the vast extent of the country afforded a constant vent for the most restless activity in projects useful to the community, and tempting to the individual; drew off to a distance from the theatre of dissensions, those whose violence had not been calmed by victory, and secured an agreeable retreat to the numerous remains of the royalist party.

Now, as France, with much more of that turbulent spirit, has not at home the same opportunities of quenching it, he infers that it should be drawn off by colonial establishments, the only expedient which can enable a well peopled and cultivated country to unite the advantages peculiar to new settlements with those possessed by full-grown communities. He rapidly sketches the reasons that have induced the various emigrations recorded in history, and finds that they all owed their origin to far less pure motives than those which at present concur in recommending the scheme to France. The violence in which many of those plans originated, and

the total failure of every one that did not soon assume a milder and juster aspect, he holds up as a lesson well worthy of attention All colonial measures should begin with the fair offer of a settlement from government; and he states it as a striking proof, how essential freedom of choice is to the success of such plans, that those ancient republics which were constrained to send out colonies, by the narrowness of their territory, proposed the emigration as an allurement, and did not enforce, by positive law, even what was necessary for the existence of the state. Let us imitate the policy to which the most prosperous of those establishments owed their origin, and avoid the errors which modern nations have committed in following the example of the ancients. From sage measures of this sort, he expects every advantage will result to France. She has only to propose a colony, and the offer will be joyfully received. In describing the probability of this favourable reception, he enumerates rapidly all the motives which concur to recommend such an emigration to so many classes of the French.

But if the finding employment for the idle and restless is a great advantage to the mother country, he conceives the acquisition of rich and flourishing colonies to be no less important. The natural tendency of colonial settlements to throw off their dependence is great and manifest. The loss of America to England he deduces from causes neither accidental nor peculiar, and he views the attempts to restore order in the French West Indies as neither likely to succeed, nor, if attended with temporary success, as sufficient to ward off long the blow which circumstances beyond the reach of edicts and armies have prepared in the western wing of the French empire. While, therefore, he recommends a due attention to the restoration of St. Domingo and Guadaloupe, he enforces the necessity of being prepared for the more likely event, the total destruction of the French colonial power in the new world. Let France look about her, and see if there are no other countries where new settlements may conveniently be undertaken, and let those colonial establishments be formed upon principles which shall prevent the disasters that have befallen the West Indies. To show what are the right kinds of colonies, the settlements most safe and secure in themselves, and most likely to ensure a continuance of commercial intercourse, even after they may have become independent of the mother country, the memoir upon the United States was composed. He decides in favour of agricultural settlements, where the natives of the soil are able to cultivate it; and warns mankind against all such schemes as those to which the negro system owes its origin. The territory where these plantations may be settled is plainly described. After a few words about the islands along the coast of Africa, M. Talleyrand seems to fix upon Egypt as the proper spot. Choiseul, it is well known, foresaw the probable separation of all the American colonies, without exactly predicting the manner in which the islands were to be lost; but he was so impressed with the likelihood of this event, that he entered into measures for the acquisition of Egypt, as a settlement which might serve to France instead of all her West India territory. Talleyrand asserts, that sooner or later the emancipation of the negroes must overthrow the cultivation of the sugar colonies; and adds, "il est politique d'aller au-devant de ces grands changemens, et la première idée qui s'offre à l'esprit, celle qui amene plus de suppositions favorables, paraît être d'essayer cette culture aux lieux mêmes où nait le cultivateur."

The Egyptian expedition was undertaken a few months after this memoir had been read to an assembly to which the captain of the enterprise belonged; and the author of these opinions was engaged in

the government which planned the conquest; little doubt will then remain that the ultimate object of the capture of Egypt was the settlement of a colony which might serve as a refuge for the agriculture of the West Indies. It is difficult to say whether France had a view of proceeding against India from that quarter. Enough was surely gained by that memorable expedition, if it had but secured to France the finest colony in the world; raised her to the height of commercial prosperity, from an almost total annihilation of her trade; enabled her to sacrifice all her expensive and fickle dependencies in America, and gave her the certainty of ruining in a few crops all the colonial prosperity of her rival.

The object of the memoir upon the North American commerce is to point out the system best calculated to secure a beneficial intercourse between the mother country and the colonies, after all political dependence is at an end. Viewing a separation as the natural consummation of all such plans, he is anxious to explain how the relations of trade may be made to survive this event; and he examines, at great length, the circumstances which have maintained the connection between England and the United States, long after the cessation of their political ties. Why, since the American war, the trade between England and the United States has more than doubled, is explained in a manner perfectly satisfactory. The American colonies were entirely English. They were knit to the mother country, not by laws and governments, but by identity of origin and language, similiarity of character, habits, and political institutions. The English manufactures were necessary to countries utterly destitute of all but agricultural industry; the English merchant sold cheaper and on longer credit than any other in the world. Not only the best goods for the money were to be had from him, but goods of such excellent quality were not to be had for money in any other quarter. Not only prompt payment was dispensed with by the English trader, when all other dealers insisted on it, but the former regularly allowed his American customers to retain the use of his capital until it had yielded the gross profits, and then was satisfied with a smaller portion of the gain for his net allowance than other lenders could afford to take. All these advantages, the consequences of established skill and long experience, with a great stock, and old habits of mutual dealings, were sufficient to preserve the mercantile connections between the mother country and her late colonies, in full force, even if the powerful ties of language, manners, and blood, had not united their influence in the same direction. Compared with these bonds of attachment, what were the obligations which the colonies owed to France for assisting them in throwing off the yoke of Great Britain? The Americans, indeed, never believed that France was their real friend; they only gave her credit for being the enemy of England. But, although they had acknowledged the full extent of their debt, and felt the utmost gratitude of which their nature admitted, would such feelings have followed them into their counting-houses and warerooms? With every eye streaming out in love for their deliverers, would they have altered one inch the course of a single penny, destined, like all the pence of all the traders and all the consumers in the world, to follow, not the objects of their attachment, but the cheapest goods, and the easiest creditors? There is no wonder, then, that the trade between England and America should have continued in its wonted channel, in spite of their political separation, and of the political services of France. That channel is never open to any public influence, and feels only the force of one motive, individual interest.

He blames the old government of France, for having prepared, by its

impolitic conduct, the renewal of the commercial relations between England and the United States.—France, according to him, should have endeavoured to multiply and extend the connexions which, during the war, she had established with the people of America. Instead of this, she began to fear the introduction of those principles at home which she had fomented abroad, and discouraged all further intercourse. Now, although this discouragement of intercourse was certainly a ridiculous as well as an impolitic measure, it would be difficult to show what active means could have been used to prevent the renewal of the trade with England, or even to increase, in any sensible degree, the French commerce with America.—In the face of all the circumstances already stated, the force of which must have been omnipotent in favour of the English market, even if France had spent her whole revenue in senselessly pushing her American trade by encouragements, how can it be supposed that the new relations between America and England could be in the least degree affected by any measures which the French government might pursue? Unless the *ancienne regime* possessed the power of making the merchants richer, the manufacturers more skilful, and the people more English than the English themselves, a feat which *lettres de cachet* have never been known to perform, it cannot be blamed for not having drawn away the Americans from the markets of Great Britain.

In mentioning the long credits allowed by English traders to their American correspondents, he remarks, that they no doubt are obliged to make up for permitting their capital to lie out, by charging so much more profit on the transaction. Yet if the English capitalist reimbursed himself by an advance of profit for the long credit which he gave his customer, this surely cannot be called an accommodation.—The long credit is exactly a diminution of profit; it is one of the ways in which a great competition of capitals, in a well stocked country, tends to bring down the gains of each trader. France or Spain could give as great credit as Holland or England, were they to charge higher in proportion as the term of payment was delayed, were they to charge interest for the loan. It is because, without this additional charge, England can afford to sell at long credits, and to buy at ready money, that she pushes her trade where France cannot reach. So far, then, from the English merchants repaying themselves the long credit for which they give their American customers, this credit unrecompensed is the cause of their capital finding employment in the American states, and the consequence of that capital being very extensive. Talleyrand seems to think it voluntary on the part of the creditor; an accommodation which he allows his debtor for a certain consideration. On the contrary, it is a matter of necessity, and is forced upon him by the competition of other capitalists, while it is rendered practicable by the great extent of his own stock.

The author falls into an error of a much more general and fundamental nature, in stating the progress of the American commerce with England. Instead of simply asserting that the mercantile intercourse between the two countries, interrupted by the war, was revived after the peace, and continued as close after the independence of the United States, as it had been during the colonial government, he maintains that this intercourse was enlarged by the separation, and that Great Britain was therefore a gainer by that event.—He only takes care to warn France not to reckon upon a similar gain when she gives up her colonial dominions; observing, with great justice, that the cases of the continental and insular settlements are by no means parallel.

The fact, however, by no means warrants such an inference. The consumption of English goods in America had increased when Tal-

leyrand wrote, to three millions sterling, from less than one half the sum, its amount after the peace of Versailles. But where is the proof that the same augmentation would not have taken place though the colonial system had been preserved? It surely is not in consequence of the change, that the population of the states goes on doubling every twenty-five years; for, before the rupture, the increase of numbers proceeded at a rate somewhat more rapid, from the mere circumstance of the total amount being considerably less. Nor can the substitution of a primary for a subordinate form of government have promoted the clearing of the forests, when, before the revolution, ground was constantly prepared for the tens of thousands which each year added to the mass of the inhabitants. And if the freedom of navigation be suspected of having augmented the American wealth, it must be shown, in the first place, that all our author's own reasonings on the closeness of the voluntary connexion between England and America are false; and that what he justly terms the *voluntary monopoly*, has no existence. In truth, this monopoly, which has survived the navigation laws, is the clearest possible proof, that the only effect of those laws was to enforce what must have taken place naturally. If a trifling commerce be now carried on by American traders with foreign nations; and if, in consequence of its profits, the Americans are enabled to buy a little more from England than they otherwise could have done, the difference is probably more than counterbalanced by two circumstances, both effects of the revolution—the exclusion of the Americans from a free trade with one of their best markets, the British West Indies, and their receiving the articles of foreign growth at first hand, instead of getting them, as formerly, through the medium of the mother country. The former of these circumstances has injured both the growth of the United States, and of the colonies which remain dependant; the latter has been favourable to the United States, but has been attended, of course, with a slight direct detriment to Great Britain; and this must be set off against the indirect advantages which she reaps from the benefit which the same circumstance confers on the North Americans.

The effect of both these circumstances upon Great Britain, taken together, must obviously turn the balance of the profit and loss arising from the free trade of the Americans somewhat against her. She indeed retains the power of admitting them to a full share of the West India commerce; but the question is, whether, in fact, the increase of demand for British goods has been owing in any degree to the independence of North America; and, indeed, the possible advantages which England may derive from a change of her navigation laws, in favour of the United States, can no more enter into a list of the good effects produced by the revolution, than the advantages she might have derived from a change of the same laws in favour of the North American colonies can enter into a list of the good effects which would have accrued from a continuance of their dependence.—Talleyrand's opinion, therefore, of the superior closeness of mercantile connexion between Britain and America, in consequence of their political separation, is entirely groundless. That the natural circumstances of relationship, which arose out of the original connexion, maintained unbroken the intercourse between the two countries, and permitted their commerce to go on increasing as rapidly as it would have done, had the ancient ties of colonial subordination subsisted, is the utmost extent of the conclusions which the facts and arguments warrant, even as stated by Talleyrand himself. No attempt is made to demonstrate, that the change has augmented those relations of commerce; and though it were proved that such had been the effects of the revolution, still it would remain to show that Great

Britain had been a gainer by the loss of her American dominions; in other words, that profit on stock is all a great nation has to think of, in the management of its affairs.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XII.

TO a mind of sensibility, there are few recollections so mortifying as that of having lived only for selfish purposes, of having passed through a large portion of life without ever being of service to mankind; with the prospect of descending to the grave unnoticed, and being soon forgotten, as something which has never existed but in the imagination of the fanciful dreamer, or ardent enthusiast. To a person thus constituted, who wishes he had been able to perform some action which would not have been swept away amidst "the wrecks of time," but would have borne down his memory to distant ages, and enrolled his name on the illtrious list of human benefactors, how dreary is the retrospect of life! He seems to have lived without having fulfilled the end of his existence; he feels himself alone in the world, for he has no claim on the services, the attentions, or the sympathies of his fellow; he thinks these things cannot be given, except for some equivalent consideration, and knowing he has never given it, thinks he cannot reasonably expect any return.

At the first glance of the subject, it appears as though there were many persons thus situated, but a more attentive consideration will convince any one, that the number is fewer than we have imagined; that few have lived, who were not, and few live who are not actually serviceable to mankind in a greater or lesser degree: it is true all do not contribute in an equal proportion; some have not the inclination, others have not the power, and it is equally unreasonable to expect to contribute largely with scanty means, as it is to expect a large crop (abstractedly) from a small field; and viewing the subject in a religious light, we may venture to reverse the scriptural phrase, and say, "to whom little has been given, of him little will be required," and if death puts an end to our exertions, we must remember that He who shortens the span of existence is satisfied with the fruit it produces.

But let those who are inclined to dwell on human depravity not decide too hastily; let them look around with an eye of observation, and they will perceive on the desert many fertile spots, where the virtuous have flourished even in the unfriendly shade of obscurity, without the hope of reward, or the prospect of celebrity. It is true, many have not been eminently useful to society, nor would any have been so had great numbers possessed the virtues, and performed the services of the eminent; for men are not apt to consider that a virtue which is common to many, for the same reason that they esteem those things *less* which they do possess, than those they have possessed and possess no longer. But though many have not been eminently useful, yet a much greater number have been, and are so, than we are at first view willing to allow.

I was induced to make these observations by the perusal of the epistle of my correspondent Maltronio*, who laments the uselessness of his own life, and sees no merit in any of the actions of it; he accuses himself for having lost so many days, and infers the degree of his own culpability, by comparing his situation with that of the emperor Vespasian, whose conduct he seems to have endeavoured to imitate, without bearing in mind that the opportunities and resources of this prince were immeasurably greater than his own; without reflecting that even Vespasian unjustly accused himself of having lost a day, for he faithfully performed the important duties of his

* See No. V.

station: if he enacted wise laws for, and attended to the prosperity and happiness of his numerous subjects; if he guarded them from foreign violence and domestic commotions; if he governed them with justice and humanity; if he encouraged them in the practice of virtue, and the discountenance of licentiousness, he certainly found sufficient employment every day of his reign; and days thus occupied, though none of them were distinguished by favours bestowed on individuals, were certainly not days which deserve to be ranked among those, which are lost their owners or to humanity.

My correspondent seems to be one of those who do not think they have done enough, when they have supported by their exertions themselves and their families, and performed all those things which would entitle them to the appellation of good citizens and honest men. He seems to aim at something more, at distinction justly acquired, a sure proof that he possesses an elevated mind; a grovelling one aims at nothing but self gratification, and if a love of distinction has by some unaccountable accident entered into it, the possessor builds his hopes of celebrity more on external show or great possessions, than on intrinsic worth or great actions. But Maltronio has mistaken the means of effecting his purpose; his whole attention seems to be occupied in forming plans to promote it. What was the determinate object of his wishes, we are not informed, and can only conjecture that he intended to peform some great action. This is the mistake into which many a benevolent projector has fallen: they are continually revolving in their minds some mighty project, in the (too often) vain hope that futurity may enable them to execute it.—This is the case from day to day; every opportunity of conferring small and cheap favours is neglected, as though they were collecting their strength for one great effort. Time however steals on, unmindful of human resolutions and human designs; age arrives without the advancement of the work, and then they regret that they have wasted their time to no purpose.—They remember with regret how many opportunities have passed by, and will not return, and die without having done any thing but formed good resolutions.

It is certainly praiseworthy to do for our fellow creatures what few, either from want of inclination or of power, are able to do; and perhaps, at the time when the minds of some men are busily engaged in forming vast designs for the good of society, they would be executed with pleasure, were the means placed within their immediate reach; but when, by constant and unwearied toil, for many an anxious year, they are at last in their power, the possessors seem just then to become sensible of their value, and how little they can spare from their resources after their own wants are supplied. By this time they have become old; all the visions of their youth are dissipated, and they have reached that period which Maltronio so much dreads, when all the more delicate sensations which agitate the youthful breast are chilled by the winter of indifference.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER.

THE discovery of the supposed memorial of a western conqueror, in a country which entombs so much native greatness, wealth, and learning, is itself a very striking incident; while, on the present occasion, we need not say that the images of Grecian and Egyptian story mix themselves very finely, in every English mind, with the recollection of other victories and other tombs than those of Alexander the great. Researches, therefore, into the history of this valuable bequest of ancient times, are in some degree useful, when considered merely as ministering to the pleasures of imagination. Whe-

ther their utility stops here, and whether the imagination be not the faculty principally concerned in them, are questions not very easily answered. Yet, when it is once settled that the study of antiquities, however overvalued, is not without its use, and prefers, on this ground, a clear title to our regard, it certainly is not necessary to make out this title in every particular instance.—To demand this, were about as reasonable as to ask, why care is taken to turn, with the finest precision, every volute and olive-leaf on the capital of a lofty column, although these minuter graces are hardly distinguishable from below? Every thing must be done carefully, that nothing important may be done ill.—Besides this, the spirit of experimental philosophy requires us to accumulate observations, although we should not always be able to figure out to ourselves the specific shape and magnitude of the benefits which may accrue from them. If we fail in our principal inquiry, we are often rewarded by obtaining some unhoped collateral advantage, which overpays our labour and our disappointment.

This sarcophagus was forcibly taken from the mosque of St. Anthanasius, in Alexandria, by the French, in spite of the howlings and lamentations of the inhabitants, to whom it was the object of superstitious veneration; and on the capitulation of Alexandria to the British, it fell into the hands of the conquerors. It had then been long removed from the sight and adoration of the people of Alexandria; it was already destined for Europe; however it might have been obtained by the French, it was to the British the prize of war; lastly, it was a most tempting article; and on all these accounts, it was seized, brought into England, and placed in the British Museum, where it now lies, a wonder to the ignorant, and a riddle to the wise. Though the acquisition of this treasure by the victorious English stands on very different ground from the lawless seizure of it by the pretended deliverers of Egypt, yet it seems a nice inquiry, whether conquest strictly conferred the right of taking it away, and whether the feelings of those, to whom it had previously belonged, were sufficiently consulted in this transaction.

The capitulation of Alexandria being already on the tapis, Dr. Clarke was commissioned by lord Hutchinson to enter the city, and obtain the surrender of the monument of Alexander, which report had already made known to the English. Dr. Clarke set forward on this expedition, accompanied by two other gentlemen. The following extract from his account of it, will give our readers a very favourable idea of the manner in which an antiquarian can draw up a narrative.

They had scarcely reached the house in which they were to reside, when a party of the merchants of the place, who had heard the nature of their errand, came to congratulate them on the capture of Alexandria, and to express their anxiety to serve the English. As soon as the room was cleared of other visitants, speaking with great circumspection and in a low voice, they asked if their business in Alexandria related to the antiquities collected by the French? On being answered in the affirmative, and, in proof of it, the copy of the Rosetta stone being produced, the principal of them said, "Does your commander in chief know that they have the tomb of Alexander?" They were desired to describe it; on which they said it was *a beautiful green stone*, taken from the mosque of St. Athanasius; which, among the inhabitants, had always borne that appellation, The instructions from Cairo evidently referred to the same monument. "It is the object," they continued, "of our present visit; and we shall show you where they have concealed it." They then related the measures used by the French; the extraordinary care they had observed to prevent any intelligence of it; the indignation shown by the Mahometans at its

removal; the veneration in which they held it; and the tradition familiar to all of them respecting its origin.

They were then told that it was in the hold of an hospital ship, in the inner harbour; and being provided with a boat, it was there found half filled with filth, and covered with the rags of the sick people on board. Nothing could equal the admiration with which they viewed this beautiful tomb, having never seen, among the fine works the ancients have left, an instance in which nature as well as art vie with each other to such perfection. True indeed are the words of Denon, *Qui peut être regardé comme un des morceaux les plus précieux de l'antiquité:* and strictly does the appearance of it correspond with the description given by Diodorus of the shrine constructed for the body of Alexander.

This sarcophagus is one entire block of green Egyptian *breccia*, and is covered with hieroglyphics. Its dimensions are as follows: its height is three feet ten inches; its greatest length, for it swells out towards the head, ten feet three inches and a half; its greatest breadth near the head, five feet three inches and a half; its least breadth, at the foot, four feet two inches and a half.

For the Literary Magazine.

WILLIAM PENN'S GRAVE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Alexandria, in Egypt, and our own Philadelphia, are, I believe, the only eminent cities in the world, the founders of which are certainly known, and whose foundation may be considered as springing from the will of one man. In old times, the founders of cities were revered as deities, within the cities they founded, and though christianity has abolished all claims of this nature, it has not destroyed the propensity natural to mankind of revering, with a sort of fanciful idolatry, the memory of public benefactors. In Europe, it is still fashionable to consecrate the remains of eminent persons, by placing them within what is called holy ground, and marking the spot where they lie by tombs, monuments, and inscriptions; but this is not the case with the honest people of Philadelphia. Their friends and relations are indeed respectfully enough treated, but as to eminent persons, where are their ashes deposited? what monument signalizes and distinguishes the spot? Penn, whose genius founded our city, lies nobody knows where. We cannot tell whether he died on this side of the ocean or the other. Like philosophers, we are satisfied that he existed to our benefit; that he died like other men we readily believe, but where his bones rest nobody asks or cares. Yet I own I have so much curiosity as to make this inquiry of your readers. Some of them perhaps can tell me where he died, and where he was buried.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOMSON'S VERSIFICATION.

ONE of the most striking faults in Thomson's versification is its resemblance to rhymed verse. Sometimes, indeed, his periods take a wider sweep; but, for the most part, he is contented with blank couplets, interspersed with now and then a triplet, or a broken connecting verse. His lines are not absolutely *bachelors;* but he rarely admits polygamy in his versification. Take an instance near the commencement of his Spring.

To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till all involved in smoke his latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the bloom the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;

Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest:
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

These lines are undoubtedly blank verse, but they have not its peculiar character; and the ear is disappointed at the end of each couplet by the failure of rhyme.

The objection to rhyme is the restraint which it throws on the fluency of periods; but Thomson has injudiciously sacrificed the ornament, without profiting greatly by the liberty. Some expressions in his description of Lavinia have great beauty; but the whole bears the appearance of having been written with rhymes, and afterwards *done into blank verse*.

Another glaring defect in the work of Thomson is that singular incoherency which pervades the whole poem. The author seems indeed to have thought that the introduction of the word *now* was a sufficient link to connect subjects most widely separated by nature. For instance, after more than a hundred and thirty lines on the golden age, the depravity of modern times, the deluge, and the Pythagorean predilection for vegetables, he suddenly transports his reader to the side of a trout-stream, equipped with rod and line.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brook, &c.

Again, after a long address to lord Lyttleton, he abruptly breaks off with

Flush'd by the spirit of the vernal year,
Now from the virgin's cheek, &c.

The third important error in Thomson's style is the laboured, pedantic, and injudicious phraseology, which frequently destroys the effect of ideas the most happily conceived and skilfully detailed.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE STANDARD OF TASTE.

SOME are inclined to deny the existence of a standard of taste, from the versatility of fashion, in dress, building, furniture, and the like. But dress and furniture are not, generally speaking, the objects of that mode of judgment or feeling, which we call taste. There is nothing naturally gratifying to the imagination in the shape and workmanship of a chair or a chest of drawers, a pelisse or a petticoat. Ruffs have given way to lawn handkerchiefs, and velvet suits to plain broad cloth; green, blue, and red have succeeded each other scores of times in the approbation of the fashionable.—What then? Are there no real grounds, in such matters as these, for preferring one fashion to another? There are, very frequently; and for the following reasons:

Good sense, which is a necessary ingredient in good taste, prescribes that every work of human art should be calculated to promote its own proper end, whether that be pleasure, as in the fine arts, or the prevention of evil, as in most of the mechanical. Every thing, therefore, in the decorations of dress, building, or furniture, which is repugnant to health, comfort, or convenience, is clearly wrong; and such fashions have seldom been permanent, even with the multitude.

In such of the fine arts themselves as are connected with purposes of utility, eloquence, architecture, and gardening, any palpable deviation from those purposes, even though attended with pleasure to the imagination, is offensive to taste itself. Further, if articles of furniture or dress can be so ordered as to suggest delightful trains of ideas to the cultivated mind; ideas, for example, connected with classical or feudal antiquity; or to present graceful forms and agreeable combinations of colour to the lover of painting, they become, in the strictest sense,

objects of taste, because they aim at that end, the pleasure of the imagination, their tendency towards which it is the province of taste to estimate. Fifty years since, this seems to have been little more thought of in Great Britain than ornamental architecture in the days of Alfred; and it is as unreasonable to bring either of these *improvements* as proofs of mutability and caprice in matters of taste, as to infer a like caprice in agriculture and manufactures, from the introduction of the drill-plough and the steam-engine. The high state of practical art in England, and, much more, their increasing attention to the sculpture, great and small, of that marvellous people, from whom their knowledge of excellence, in almost all the objects of taste, has been derived, have wrought an uncommon revolution in their decorations of every kind. But this is rather like a newly-acquired sense than a change of taste: for it should ever be remembered, that neither an individual nor a nation can be said to show a preference, in point of taste, to one thing above another, unless the two have been fairly set before them at the same time. With regard to the notions of female beauty, obvious examples of diversity in human taste are drawn from the repugnant sentiments in these matters of a voluptuary of Congo and one of France or England, but we cannot help thinking that the colour of the Europeans is intrinsically superior to that of their sable rivals. This has been proved in an elegant and satisfactory manner by Uvedale Price, in the third volume of his Essays on the Picturesque.

Varied and harmonious reflections of light and colours are certainly not immaterial in beauty, since beauty of colour consists in nothing else. But, what is far more important, the physiognomical expression, the eloquence of the countenance, the symbols which, by a kind of natural telegraph, indicate the transitory motions of love, modesty, and delight, or the more permanent glow of healthfulness and youth;

> The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love;

are intimately allied with that complexion, which could never be praised in a toast of Tombuctoo. As to *form*, it would be difficult to prove the inferiority of the Ethiopian. Many negroes, from their symmetry, strength, and activity, give us the idea of masculine beauty. But in the beauty of women, we are led away by sympathies and associations of a peculiar kind. A woman of a different colour seems at first a creature of a different species; and as our opinion of beauty in that sex is commonly attended with some degree of love or desire, it cannot exist where any circumstances excite associations of disgust. But this cause can never be fairly tried, unless the two races were intermixed in a state of civil and intellectual equality with each other: an experiment which has not yet been made; since, in the East and West Indies, the moral relations of the two are so dissimilar, that full scope has not been given for the determination of physical preference.

After all this, however, has been cleared away, there still remains a prodigious difference in the sentiments of mankind in matters of taste. This will not be found in the decisions of men as to models of acknowledged excellence, where a hardy rebellion against established authority would bring down on their heads the penalties of critical high treason. It is not quite safe to call Handel an indifferent composer; and nobody but Mr. Pinkerton treats Virgil as a poetaster. But, where the public voice has not had time to declare itself, it is not surprising what variety of opinion is sure to be expressed. Let any one, conversant with literary society, go over in his mind the opinions which he has heard from his acquaintance, as to the chief works of poetry that have been published during his time.

How frequently he finds, that, of two men, who esteem alike the great masters of the art, one will raise a living poet almost to the level of those masters whom the other treats as quite contemptible. Nor is this confined to poetry. The stage is deservedly accounted an object of elegant criticism. Yet, as to the art of declamation, we have had very recent experience, that men of discriminating and cultivated intellects may discover transcendant excellence, where others, equally gifted, can see nothing but mediocrity. We have been often struck, at an exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, with the various characters which are conferred on the same pictures by the motley multitude who flock to criticise them; till, after some days, a few pictures obtain, from those who are real judges, a decided character, which cannot afterwards, without the imputation of bad taste, be contravened. Even those, however, who in poetry claim a right *to please themselves*, as their phrase is wont to be, acknowledge the authority of positive rules in painting: and the fact of so great a diversity of opinion as to the latter may lead us to suspect, that there is some way of accounting for that which exists as to the former, without giving up the reality of a right and a wrong in matters of taste.

There are three causes to which we may ascribe most of this contrariety of sentiment, with respect to the productions of the fine arts. The first is want of feeling; that is, inability to enjoy, in any great degree, the pleasures of the imagination. Every body knows, that persons wholly destitute of a musical ear cannot have any relish for the excellencies of that art; and their pretensions to criticism in it, if they are unwise enough to make any, only tend to render themselves ridiculous. But it does not seem to strike every body, though it is equally true, that the souls of a great portion of mankind are just as obtuse, with regard to poetry and other matters of taste, as the most ill-constructed organ can be to the distinctions of tones and semitones. The judgments of such men must be perpetually wrong, because, as they are incapable of receiving pleasure themselves, they can only know by conjecture what will excite it in others. It is true, that there are few candid enough to confess this general insensibility to the works of imagination. But we are persuaded, that those who look narrowly, will find it exceedingly common; and the prevailing manner of the time, the contemptuous apathy, which stops so many pleasures in their source, is at once the proof and the effect of what we have advanced.

Men are often mistaken in points of taste, through want of knowledge. The principles of the fine arts are founded partly on general nature, and partly on arbitrary rules. But to judge of general nature requires much attention and experience.—Whether, for instance, the character of Achilles in Homer is justly and naturally delineated, cannot be decided by every one. We meet with no such men in the streets.—We must previously form notions of human nature, as general as possible, dropping all local and individual characteristics. We must enlarge our views of it, by the study of ancient manners, and of its state in countries remote from our own. Arbitrary rules, it is still more evident, must be understood, before we can know whether they are preserved. But these rules are, in all the arts, numerous and complicated, and very easy to be confounded by unskilful judges.

Men are often misled, through hastiness of decision. It seems to pass for ignorance or dulness, if a man hesitates to give his opinion in a moment on a poem or a picture.—Men of reflection are sometimes astonished at the readiness with which people pass sentence upon works, which it would take them some days to appreciate. For, when we consider the comparison of ideas, the ana-

logies of language, the parallelisms of former poets, which it is often necessary to run over in the mind, before we can ascertain the justness of a single metaphor, we may well think the power of deciding instantaneously on any given passage, a surprising proof of natural genius.—It is some consolation to dull mortals, that Mr. Burke seems to have wanted this faculty, and not given much credit to those who profess to exercise it.

Of these three sources of critical error, want of sensibility, most naturally leads men to dispraise what is good; and want of knowledge, to praise what is indifferent. This is, however, nothing like a general rule. Some are afraid to censure what they cannot relish; and a great many condemn what they cannot judge of. Precipitancy is an impartial failing, and scatters smiles and frowns at random.

Women are not often deficient in critical feeling, though it is not often much heightened by exercise. They have rarely, however, observed with sufficient comprehension, and scarce ever reflected with sufficient steadiness, to become knowing in the laws of taste. From these causes, and from having more modesty and good nature than men, they are apt to err on the side of admiration. Among men, on the contrary, among those particularly who aspire to be critics, a tone of fastidiousness seems pretty general.

The remedy for error in criticism is precisely the same as for error of any other kind: a diligent inquiry into truth. Criticism is a science, and taste can only be rendered accurate by much study and attention. As astronomy is not learned by casting our eyes on the heavens, so a taste in poetry cannot be acquired by lightly running over poems.

What is called, sometimes invidiously, metaphysical criticism, is the only real foundation for the principles of taste. For the more superficial style, such, for example, as the Prelections of bishop Lowth on Hebrew, or the Commentaries of sir W. Jones on oriental, poetry, will never satisfy the reader who would search to the bottom, nor afford an answer to those who deny the existence of any positive standard. Something, indeed, has been said by Johnson, whose critical notions, when not warped by personal prejudice, were usually acute and profound, about "the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception." Without animadverting on the strange phrase of "judging by perception," it is a pity he has lent the sanction of his name to those, who, confiding in their own good taste, despise all philosophical inquiry into principles, as chimerical and unnecessary. Nothing is more truly *cant*, either in morals or criticism, than the language of those, who profess to decide from the impulse of their immediate feelings, without listening to so cold an arbitress as reason.

The laws of taste are partly natural, and partly arbitrary. Under the former class fall, in poetry and eloquence, whatever suggests associations generally delightful and interesting, or awakens sympathies which the constitution of mankind leads them to feel; in painting, truth of imitation, and forcibleness of expression; in music, gratification of the ear, and power over the affections. Under the latter may be reckoned what is called style in writing; and the observance of those rules with which critics are conversant, in the other arts. Architecture, in particular, mainly depends upon such rules; there being scarce any foundations in nature for the exact proportions of columns, limitations of ornaments, and the other *costumi* of the art.

Independently of these principles of approbation and disapprobation in the objects of taste, all men are more or less influenced by circumstances peculiar to themselves. Every one is, in many cases, the slave of accidental associations; and these operate even more powerfully in matters of taste where few are sufficiently used to reason, than in the conduct of life. The most vulgar in-

stance of this, is in our feelings of the beauties of nature. The house where we were born, the village where we have lived, the trees which have sheltered us, the mountains we have wandered over, have a claim on our hearts, more powerful than any which mere taste can create, but which we are apt to confound with the dictates of taste itself. It is the same energy of habitual sentiment that misleads us in many other subjects. In poetry, we often take a casual liking to a passage, for which, if we were to analyze our thoughts, we could give no reason We repeat lines over, till we cannot get the chime of their sound out of our ears; and though we may gain from them no ideas worth attending to, we make up for it by associations of feeling.

Prejudices of education, so very common in critical decisions, seem to fall under this class. It is a general law indeed of our natures, that wherever ideas are the instruments of suggesting, by way of association, sentiments of pleasure or pain, we consider these sentiments as springing from the ideas themselves, without attending to the intermediate associations. It is plain, therefore, that such persons, as have never formed these associations, will not be affected by the corresponding feelings; and will falsely accuse themselves of want of taste, where taste, in a strict sense, has not been applied. The more hastily men judge, it must be clear, the more liable they will be to mistake their accidental associations for those of reason and comprehensive experience. It is for all men a matter of difficulty to be on their guard against such delusions. The imagination is the source of all error; and it is hard for taste to keep a rein over so restive a faculty. The state of our spirits and temper will make a mighty difference: a new poem is the worse for an east wind; and a good critic may execrate a good actor, when he found nothing but standing-room to hear him.

As there are rules of taste, which are absolute and universal, and founded only on the common nature of human beings; so the rules of ethics are universal, and obligatory on all intelligent creatures who have received the same constitution as ourselves.

As there are rules, which were originally arbitrary, and which are observed in conformity to certain standards, but the authority of which is not recognized in all ages, nor every where; so there are positive enactments, and customs prescribed by usage, in each particular country, by which those who live under them are bound to regulate their actions, though they cannot reasonably condemn others, who have never assented to their authority. Finally, as there are prejudices and associations which lead some individuals to admire and dislike, in points of taste, what would not excite kindred sentiments in others; so there are particular habits of thinking and acting, which every one acquires for himself: such as walking with a stick, or without one; eating mutton rather than beef, or beef rather than mutton; liking pink ribands better than blue, or the contrary; in which he does very well to please himself, and very absurdly if he attempts to impose the same opinions on his neighbour. But as, from the pride and obstinacy of mankind, such intolerance, absurd as it is, is far from unusual in trifling matters, it cannot be wondered at, that many should set down their acquaintance as dull or ignorant, who happen not to have formed the same associations with a tune or a poem as themselves.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH LEGISLATION.

THE tumultuous manner of proceeding, among the legislators of the French revolution, reminds us of nothing but a zealous mob or a factious town-meeting in old Rome.—

Every circumstance amazes and afflicts an observer who has been accustomed to the dignity, solemnity, and good order which characterize the deliberative bodies of England and America. We are unable to conceive how public business could possibly be transacted amidst so much clamour and confusion, and are compelled to think meanly of a nation whose assembled representatives are total strangers to the common maxims of propriety and decency.

We are very familiar with the disorder of the convention. Their meetings appeared for ever verging to complete anarchy. It was extremely common for rival orators to enforce their rhetoric by grinning teeth, clenched fists, and brandished daggers; and a debate frequently ended in the president's abruptly putting on his hat, and the members rushing from the hall with one deafening roar of rage and phrenzy.

But though this is well known to have been the outrageous *costume* of of the convention, we have been disposed to consider the manners of the constituent assembly as somewhat less disgraceful. Let us hear an account of a meeting of the constituents, as given by the president, the celebrated Bailly, in his curious memoirs of his own life.

Upon a question which occurred June 16, 1788, about proceeding immediately to constitute the assembly, Bailly observes, "they had just begun to call over the names by my direction, when they were interrupted by cries and clamours, which made it impossible to hear any thing. They paused for a moment; but, as soon as the reading of the list was begun again, they were resumed more violently than ever. The scene of that evening gave me the impression of two armies on the eve of battle. A large table went across the hall. Before me, were those who insisted upon proceeding to the vote, to the number of three or four hundred. Behind were their opponents, about a hundred in number, all standing up, and crying and bellowing louder than the more numerous band of their antagonists. From this party I was assailed, with the most clamorous entreaties, to put an end to the sitting; and tumultuous cries and menaces resounded from all quarters of the hall. The large table was fortunately between the contending parties; *and, but for that obstacle, I am persuaded that several of them would have come to blows.*"

It is curious to observe the reflections which a scene like this excited in the wise and philosophical Bailly. They are truly characteristic of his nation. "The assembly (says he) never was more truly grand: and presented, indeed, at that moment, a most *august* and *imposing* spectacle. The president, calm and tranquil, and the great majority of its members in a profound silence and resolute serenity, which the cries and violence of their opponents could not disturb."

We have reason to think highly of the wisdom of Bonaparte, in making his legislators dumb, in prohibiting them from saying any thing but yes and no. We cannot conceive any other expedient for preventing riot and disorder.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

KOTZEBUE.

KOTZEBUE is an indefatigable writer, who, true to the character of the literary German, only lives to print. I doubt whether any thing has of late years happened to him in life, or any idea has entered his mind, without a corresponding movement of his pen. Nothing stops by the way; nothing is treasured up for reflection or correction; and that any thing should be written down without coming to the press, is a case not to be supposed. Hence the vast quantities of bad paper, which are yearly made still more useless by the addition of bad printing, all over the German empire; hence

the careless and clumsy workmanship of almost all their treatises; and the multitude of strong men, who are withdrawn from the more useful and lucrative employments of common industry, to share the miserable pittance of the literary labourer.

Justice will not rank Kotzebue in this numerous and nameless rabble; but had his lot been cast in a country which manufactures only a tenth part of the books which are made in Germany, and had he, in consequence, written proportionably fewer himself, his name would have stood ten times higher in the estimation of men of sound judgment and correct taste.

Nobody can fail to remark the shortness of the interval which separates the performance of his journies from their appearance in print all over Europe. His execution has of late become still more rapid. He began his journey in autumn, 1804; and, after traversing Germany and Italy, landed of course in the printing-house before the end of winter.

For the Literary Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC STATE OF ITALY.

IT is singular that the intercourse and communication of science and knowledge should be more obstructed, than any other kind of intercourse, by local boundaries. We see, on many occasions, the difficulty with which works the most highly esteemed in one country become known, even to the most learned men of states situate in its immediate vicinity. Every one knows how long the immortal works of Bacon took to make their way across the British channel. The commentator on Kant's Philosophy has informed us of the slowness with which a system that occupied every head on the right bank of the Rhine, crossed over to the left; and all Germany had been for twenty years busily occupied with romances and freemasonry, before it was suspected in England that such was the passion of the Germans.

When we compare with this tardy and difficult communication of tastes and scientific lights, the rapid and hourly intercourse of ordinary commerce which unites the most remote quarters of the globe, we shall at least find reason to conclude that the interest excited by speculative pursuits is of a kind very different in vivacity from the common desire of gain, and the gratification of our more sensual appetites. The bill of exchange which Mr. Bruce drew in the depths of Abyssinia, where no European had ever before penetrated, was duly presented for payment in Lombard-street. The small gold coins of ancient Greece and Rome have survived the lapse of ages, when objects of infinitely greater real value, and of far more easy preservation, have only left the renown of their names to the present generation; and the trifling boundary of the Alps has locked up from the rest of Europe the knowledge of many scientific works, which, on the northern side of those mountains, would have spread themselves with rapidity over all the studies of England and France.

There are, in the different states of Italy, a greater number of scientific institutions, important for the ardour of their researches and the regularity and value of their publications, than in any equal portion of territory in the rest of Europe. Neither the multiplied divisions of political society which have place in Germany, nor the more compact monarchies of England, France, and Spain, nor the crowded and busy population of Holland and the Netherlands, furnish any thing like the same number of distinguished academies. Besides a multitude of minor institutions devoted to the cultivation of the fine arts, and several medical academies, which have not as yet published memoirs, for example, those of Pisa, and Pavia, there are, in the north of Italy alone, a ve-

ry narrow district, and placed in circumstances not the most favourable to the calm pursuits of science, no fewer than five learned bodies, only one of which is ever mentioned in the north of Europe, and even that one very seldom referred to. The memoirs of the academies of Mantua, of Milan, of Padua, and of Turin, are all works of great merit. The latter is the only one ever quoted in England and France, probably because it is the only one that publishes its transactions in French.

But more important than all these is the fund of original science contained in the transactions of the Italian society of Verona. They are published in large volumes with great regularity, and contain a succession of most interesting memoirs on all the subjects of physical and mathematical science. Nothing can be conceived more perfectly rigorous, and at the same time more simple and elegant, than those geometrical investigations of the Italian mathematicians.

The societies of Bologna and Florence are famous, especially the latter, for their scientific researches; and, not to extend the catalogue of this bright constellation of genius, the transactions of the Neapolitan Royal Academy contain some of the finest researches, particularly on mathematical subjects, of which any modern institution can boast.

The insulated labours of individuals have kept pace with the progress of public institutions. Of these, except a few anatomical tracts, and the late astronomical discoveries, none have as yet been made known in the northern parts of Europe.

All the scientific researches of the Italians display the most happy capacity for the pursuits of true philosophy. There is a distinctive character in their speculative inquiries, as well as in their schools of the fine arts. We meet with the same chasteness of style in the rigour of their induction, utterly void of that love of dazzling novelty, and that proneness to flimsy hypothesis, which distinguishes many masters of the French school; and equally remote from that dull and unprofitable fondness for mere facts, which characterizes the German daubers. We are not, it is true, so often astonished by grand discovery. We do not meet with the hand of a Black or a Lavoisier, any more than in their galleries we can expect to be arrested at every step by the vigour, the mighty force of a Rubens. But we find nothing to disgust by its tasteless flatness or its unchaste ornaments. We are constantly delighted with elegance, subtlety, ingenuity—with that which best deserves the name of fine genius: a proneness to reason and combine, but to reason by combining facts: a love of speculation, but joined to a nice capacity for observation: a strong passion for the exercise of the rarer and more beautiful powers of the mind, without any unfitness for the patient work of persevering and long sustained attention to details: a preference equally strong for efforts of original genius, and of that kind which partakes of the fancy, and bears a relation to refined taste: a considerable degree of contempt for the mere exertion of memory and labour—the business of the linguist and the verbal critic—the work, the bodily toil performed hourly in all the book-maker shops of the three hundred states of Germany. In short, if nothing very sublime in the walks of scientific discovery has appeared among this fine and ill-estimated people, they have given birth to numerous and varied works of great beauty and exquisite ingenuity. They can show, even among the masters of their present school of philosophy, many Titians; and, as they once produced a Raphael to guide the pencil, we may expect to see them worship their own Newton, perhaps before either France or England shall have given birth to a great master in the fine arts, and long before any one has arisen in Germany, capable of cutting the canvas, or mixing the colours.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MARVELLOUS IN POETRY.

POSSIBILITY is used in two senses; one absolute, one relative. That is not possible, in the first sense, which implies a contradiction, and which therefore no power could perform: that is not possible, in the second sense, which human, or some other given power, cannot perform.

It is possible, in the second sense, to build a bridge over the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia: it is possible, in the first sense, to remove New York into Jersey; that is, it implies no contradiction, and might therefore be done by indefinite power.

A credible impossible is nonsense, if *impossible* be taken absolutely; for what is contradictory cannot be believed. But it is sense to say that a relative impossibility, that is, an action assigned to a power really inadequate, may be rendered credible in poetry: and of this the Homeric fictions are very good instances.

The prowess of Achilles, Orlando, and Arthur is impossible; that is, beyond the power of man: but, by the art of the poet, we are made either to overlook that impossibility, or to overcome it, by enlarging our conceptions of the power.

For the Literary Magazine.

WILLIAM MORGAN.

AN original letter written by a quaker is a real curiosity, when published; for such a thing I scarcely ever remember to have met with, except in works which are entirely confined to the quaker library. The following, therefore, may interest some readers on this account, as well as on account of the singular character and extraordinary adventures of the person to whom it relates.

Staines, 5th month 11, 1747.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I return thee thanks for the perusal of these four volumes of Plutarch, and beg the favour of the other four, with that wrote by Nathaniel Rowe; and, if it be not too much trouble, Burnett's History of his Own Times.

I should have sent these sooner, but since the time called Christmas we have had a flood, that the row-barge could not go to London for some time, and then the master of the barge broke, which made me defer sending until I thought I might do it with safety.

I intend to order the waterman to call at thy house in about two weeks for the above. If it does not suit thy leisure, please to appoint him any further time.

When I was at thy house, I was talking about William Morgan, once a hireling priest, but now a friend, that went with a message to the king of Prussia; thou desired me to inquire where he lodged; I did so, but could not hear, only that he was going to Holland to study physic; he did so, passed examination, wrote a thesis, and commenced graduate. He was introduced unto the duke* in Holland, and had a long conversation with him. The duke asked him what he intended to do now he had thrown off the gown? William Morgan told the duke he intended to practise physic, and that he had wrote his thesis. And who do you intend to dedicate it to? says the duke. To the duke, if he pleases to give me leave. Then be sure you don't flatter me, and tell me what you intend to say unto me. The duke offered him money, but he modestly refused, and told the duke he could not accept of any thing out of his own way. Then, replies the duke, you shall be my physician, and attend me in the army. But, says William Morgan, I must first consult my friends in London; if I can obtain their consent, I will obey the duke's commands, for I shall be unwilling to break with the society for any temporal consideration.

Friend Morgan has liberty from his friends to attend the duke. I

* Of Cumberland.

presume he is gone again to Holland to take his degrees as licentiate and wait on the duke, though he apprehends it to be a post of great danger, and doubts whether he shall see us any more. Yet he confides and trusts in that gracious Providence that has preserved his life through so many distresses and wants, and I hope will still protect the duke and him in the day of battle, when death and destruction are flying round.

About a month or six weeks ago, friend Morgan called to visit a friend in this town, as he went to visit his brother in Winchester, who is a clergyman, and has preferments in the church to the value of 800 per annum. He had a meeting here, so by that means I had the pleasure of hearing him preach and pray: a very good preacher we think him to be; he spent one evening at our house, and very agreeable company he is. He has the advantage of being very personable, of a fair, beautiful, and sweet aspect, very affable and free in conversation; much of a gentleman; one who, I presume, did great honour to his religion and country in foreign nations. He gave us a short relation of his travels in an elegant style and with great freedom. He says the king of Prussia took him for a spy, and asked many questions about his uncle king George, and if he did not send him, and behaved exceedingly rough, and is a very fierce man, and the queen mother a very stern woman. The king often sent one of his ministers to his lodgings to examine him very close.

Friend Morgan was taken prisoner at Prague, while in the hands of the French, and used very cruelly, almost with the loss of his life, by the jesuits; when marshal Belleisle heard of it, he was so kind as to send a hussar, and took him away by force. I think it was the second time of his going into Germany, that he had an audience of the empress queen. She asked him many questions concerning the principles of his religion, and spoke with great judgment and good sense, and highly commended the charity of the quakers, and thought it great pity they did not put themselves under the wing and protection of the church. Friend Morgan had a long conversation with her with great freedom. He says he met with none that speaks Latin so correct and elegant as the empress queen, except the pope, and that she is an exceeding fine woman.

She ordered him a passport and letter to cardinal Albani at Rome, which gained him admittance unto the pope. The cardinal told the pope there was a quaker, an odd sort of a man, that desired an audience of his holiness, but refused to submit unto the usual ceremonies in such cases. The pope had a curiosity to see so strange a sight as *a quaker at Rome*, therefore, to avoid giving offence, he granted him twice the favour of a private audience, without any ceremony, in a house in his garden, in the morning before the time of his levee, alone without any company, and behaved with great civility, good nature, and exceeding free in discourse. The pope told friend Morgan that he had heard of an ignorant enthusiastic sort of people in England called quakers, but had no notion they were such a society, and maintained such principles as he assured him they did. The pope seemed very well pleased with his conversation, and ordered him an ample passport through his dominions. Friend Morgan says he heard the pope has several times attempted to make a reformation in the church, but the cardinals always oppose him, and have even dared to threaten him with the inquisition, so he thinks it not prudent to proceed.

William Morgan was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and stripped of every thing except his passports; before they set him at liberty, they made him promise to go home through France. 'Twas in the Spanish camp he heard the first news of the intended invasion from France, and the expedition into Scotland, and wrote unto the duke of Newcastle and lord Carteret, and gave

them the first notice they received about it, but they gave no credit unto his intelligence. Since he came home he has been introduced unto the king, and he showed the king the copies of the letters he wrote to his ministers. The king was displeased because they had not communicated them unto him, and said he was of opinion, they might have taken proper measures, and prevented the rebellion. Henry Pelham offered him money as a reward, but he refused, and said he had no other view but to serve his king and country. Friend Pelham would have persuaded friend Morgan to put on the gown again, but he told him he did not leave it off with any such design.

According to his promise to the Spaniards, friend Morgan came through France 600 miles, 300 on foot, sometimes almost starved, and forced to beg. When he came to Lyons in France he was almot naked; no shoes, hardly any stockings, his feet bleeding, his beard long, a Spanish cap on his head, his spirits quite low and sunk; with some difficulty he got courage to speak to some persons he saw talking together in the street, to inquire where there was a banker lived: one of them took pity on him, called a coach, and went with him to the banker's; but when the banker came to the coach side, and saw such a poor miserable creature, he started back.—But friend Morgan by his eloquence and tears melted him to compassion and tears also; then he handed him into his house; when friend Morgan had told him the extreme want and distress he was in, ready to perish, this stranger was so uncommonly generous as to order his servant to fetch a bag of money, and desired friend Morgan to take as much as he wanted, and then sent his servant with him to the best inn in the town, and bid his man get a tailor, barber, &c., and send unto him to furnish him with every thing necessary.—Friend Morgan, as soon as he could get himself clean and dressed, went to pay his respects to his good friend the banker, but he did not know him again, until he assured him he was the same poor distressed man that came in the coach; he invited him in, and was pleased with his conversation. Since friend Morgan came home, he has returned the money with great thanks and a handsome present.

Since I came home I very often reflect with great pleasure on thy felicity and uncommon good fortune in meeting with thy husband, one who, I humbly presume, suits thy taste in every respect. While I was reading the following beautiful lines in the Museum on Conjugal Love, the idea of your exalted happiness came into my mind. "Of all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love. When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a transport that is inconceivable to all but those that are in this situation; from hence arises that heart-ennobling solicitude of one another's welfare, that tender sympathy that alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure that heightens prosperity and joy itself. This is a full completion of the blessings of humanity! 'Tis here that the noblest passions of which the human soul is susceptible join together, virtuous love and friendship; the one supplying it with a constant rapture, and the other regulating it by the rules of reason." Hearts like yours, glowing with religion and virtue, must be sensible of a peace and satisfaction unknown to those who seem to have no ideas or taste beyond the narrow limits of this momentary life. Yours extend to infinite duration, and will be ever blooming, ever new, to millions of ages. That agreeable complaisance on one side, and easy condescension on the other, makes your conversation all over charms. May the sweet union be long, very long here, and at

length may your love and virtue be crowned with glory and immortality is the sincere wish of

Thy very obliged friend,

SARAH BOCKETT.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN.

DIAMETRICALLY opposite to the French, the Spaniard of to-day is the same as in the time of Charles V: he retains the same customs and the same manners. So far from boasting of being the ape of Europe, the *servum pecus* of English manners, he is ambitious of being at all times consistent with himself, and of preserving and transmitting to his posterity the habits of his forefathers. Even the national costume has undergone only a trifling alteration; the principal officers of the country, as the judges, alcades, and corregidors, preserve the same dress as that which was worn by those of the kingdoms of Castille, Leon, and Arragon, before their union under the same crown. The native of Andalusia, Valencia, Catalonia, and Navarre, has his particular dress, to which he is attached, and which he associates with the valour and the glory of his ancestors. Even such of the young men as are styled *currutajos* (coxcombs), when they shape their coat according to the Parisian fashion, still contrive to adapt it to the Spanish taste. This *Gallomania*, which has spread over most of Europe, has hitherto made little progress in Spain; and, in spite of the crowds of Frenchmen which have inundated that country, since the peace of 1795, no visible change has taken place in any thing but dress. I mean not to assert that Madrid contains *no* subscribers to the *Journal des Modes:* but they are very few.

The peace establishment of Spain is 59,796 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, 5,400 artillery, and 1,400 miners. During war, the infantry is augmented to 98,200, and the artillery to 6,000. There are, besides, 2,100 provincial grenadiers, and forty-two regiments of organized militia, which are computed at 32,000 men. The prince of peace, generalissimo of the land forces, has introduced some wholesome reforms into the military department, and has established a regular staff, which was formerly unknown in the Spanish army. The command of the troops is vested in the generalissimo, seven captains-general, one hundred and three lieutenant-generals, one hundred and sixty-two maréchaux-de-camp, and two hundred and sixty-three brigadier generals. The pay of a private soldier is equivalent to 5d. sterling per day. There is a school for the artillery at Segovia, and one for the engineers at Zamora.

The Spanish navy, two years ago, was reckoned at fifty ships of the line, and fifty-seven frigates. According to Jobellanos, an economical writer, the Pyrenean districts might supply the royal dock-yards with building timber for several centuries. The vessels constructed at the Havannah are of cedar, which possesses the convenient property of admitting a shot without splintering.

If from temporal we pass to spiritual warfare, we find a muster of 69,170 secular, and nearly 100,000 regular clergy. As the grandees and the church share almost all the lands in the kingdom, we need not question the strength of their influence on the people at large. Most of the prelates, however, have urgent claims on the esteem and affection of the public.

They are all rich, from the great possessions attached to their sees: but their wealth is that of the poor. Instead of gilded carriages, and footmen covered with lace, you find at their palace gates none but the wretched, who wait for the hour of the distribution of alms. Indigent females, though of a respectable situation in life, and unfortunate men, who have been plunged into distress by unforeseen accidents, crowd their antichambers, and never depart un-

relieved: "for, throughout Spain, the prelates are the principal benefactors in their districts, and all of them expend a large portion of their revenues in alms[*]."

In the season of affliction, when the wrath of heaven weighed down a kingdom formerly "most christian," the faithful priests, who fled from unavailing martyrdom, found comfort and assistance in the charity of these virtuous prelates. What insensible heart would not have melted into pity in the palace of the bishop of *Orense;* a palace converted into religious barracks, occupied by three hundred ecclesiastics, the bishop confining himself to the narrowest apartments, eating in common with those who were proscribed for the faith, supplying them with all the necessaries of life, defraying the board and lodging of those whom his mansion could not contain, and all this without diminishing his ordinary charities to the poor of his diocese.

The archbishop of Toledo, cardinal Lorenzana, during the whole time of the persecution, not only employed a very considerable revenue, but contracted debts, that he might lodge and maintain the French ecclesiastics in his diocese: for the archbishop of Toledo is, at the same time, bishop of Madrid.

The same archbishop, out of his own revenue, repaired the Alcazar of Toledo, an ancient residence of the Gothic kings, and, in this palace, founded establishments for the support of the indigent, from infancy to death. Two hundred children were here educated with care; seven hundred poor people were here employed in the weaving of silk; and here the aged found a hospitable asylum.

The bishop of Cordova, in the dearth of 1804, the principal cause of the maladies which afflicted southern Spain, distributed among his poor diocesans twelve thousand rations of bread daily. These were his equipages, these were his retinue.

In Spain there are no formal invited parties, except at stated periods of the year, as on the name-day or birth-day of the master of the house, or on the marriage day of his eldest son *(mayorazgo)*. These days are celebrated, not by a dinner, as elsewhere, but by a *refresco*, or afternoon's repast. All the relations and guests repair in the evening to the house of the entertainer. In a saloon, richly decorated and well lighted, the women take their places on one side, and the men on the other. There is no blending of the sexes, nor any general conversation; every one whispers to his neighbour. After a short interval passed in this manner, valets de chambre, and footmen in full livery, arrive in procession, and hand a silver plate to each of the guests. When every body has been thus provided, the same servants return, with large silver salvers loaded with glasses of water, *esponjados*[*], and chocolate. This first offering is generally ill received, as the party reserve themselves for the second. The same salvers then again make their appearance, but charged with ices, sherbet, and iced waters of all kinds, as lemonade, orangeade, &c., sweet-meats, biscuits, and cakes. This distribution lasts longer than the first, because each salver makes a pause before each individual, who never leaves his place, in order to prevent confusion; and as, in such a great variety of dainties, each requires time to chuse according to his taste, this second scene is long. A third opens, but it is merely a repetition of the second, and destined for those whom one service of ice could not satisfy. At the fourth, nothing is seen but baskets full of paper wrappers, of all sizes, and each guest helps himself according to his views. The fifth scene at length commences, and displays to the admirers the same salvers and

[*] Tableau de l'Espagne Moderne, vol. iii. p. 31.

[*] A sort of light, sugared, and perfumed bread.

baskets profusely heaped with cakes, comfits, biscuits, and every conceivable variety of sugar plumbs. Each person concerned fills his wrappers, of which the number is usually determined by that of his acquaintances, who ought all to partake of the *refresco*. When all have made up their parcels, a last service is presented, but only for the sake of form, for it goes off untouched, and is destined for the domestics, who repeat in the anti-chambers what has just been transacted in the saloons: they too eat their ices and fill their wrappers. While the servants are thus intent on the booty, the company in the saloon mingle together, and make ample amends for the silent constraint to which they had been subjected during the ministration of the refreshment. An hour thus passes.

The *refrescos* are infinitely superior in point of magnificence and cordiality to the English *routs*, the merit of which consists in silently jostling one another in apartments too small for one half of the people invited. The end is the same, but the means are very different and less agreeable.

For the Literary Magazine.

EASE IN STYLE.

—Ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As he moves easiest who has learned to dance.

IN poetry, painting, and the rest, we measure the excellence of the workman, and in a great degree of the work, by the supposed difficulty of its performance, and consequently the rareness of the talents which must have been exerted on it. With the greater ease such a work seems to have been executed, the greater is our estimate of the power applied; but the *ut sibi quivis speret idem*, is quite another sentiment. Who flatters himself that he could have chiselled the Apollo, or written the Iliad? And it is on this account that what is called simplicity and ease, in the lighter kinds of writing, is seldom sufficiently prized by inexperienced persons. There seems to them nothing more than what they could have done themselves; and it is a curious fact, that, while we seldom fail to rate our own productions high enough, we scarce ever bestow much praise on such works of others, as we think ourselves capable of equalling. It is not till, by trials of composition, or by observing the frequent failure of others, we learn its real difficulty, that the masters of unaffected grace, Xenophon and Cæsar, Addison and La Fontaine, acquire that esteem, which we give at first, in an excessive degree, by a similar misconception of the talents required, to a brilliant and figurative style, whether in verse or prose. Of a certain sort of excellence, then, *ut sibi quivis speret idem* may be a characteristic; but that which is transcendant seldom fails to bear the stamp of those rare and inimitable energies, by which it has been created.

For the Literary Magazine.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

THEODORE, rendered so celebrated by his exploits and misfortunes, was the son of Anthony, baron Neuhoff. His father claimed his descent from one of the most noble and illustrious houses in the county of *la Marck;* but he had disgraced himself in the eyes of his family, and excited the indignation of the neighbouring nobility, by following the dictates of love and honour, and marrying the daughter of a merchant of Niseu! In consequence of *this offence*, which may be termed a *German crime*, since it is less easily expiated there than any one in the decalogue, he repaired to France, where he soon after died, leaving a son, *Etienne Theodore*, and a daugh-

ter, Elizabeth, behind him. The duchess of Orleans took the orphans under her own immediate protection. The boy was appointed page to the duke regent, who gave him a company in the regiment of *la Marck*, and the girl, after attending for some time on the person of her benefactress, as maid of honour, was married to the count de Trevoux.

Young Neuhoff, who is said to have imbibed a heroic ardour from the perusal of Plutarch, served under Charles XII, and was employed by his minister, the famous baron Gortz, in a diplomatic capacity at the court of Spain, whence he was sent, by cardinal Alberoni, to England, in order to sound the jacobites.

After this, we find him a colonel in the Spanish service, and the husband of lady Sarsfield, daughter of lord Kilmallock, of the kingdom of Ireland, who had taken refuge in Madrid, and become a maid of honour to the queen, in consequence of the attachment of her progenitors to James II. By this lady he had a son.

Theodore, who had been disappointed in his expectations of riches, from an alliance with the noble family of Lucan, repaired to France, entered into Law's wild projects respecting the Missisippi company; and soon after the bubble had burst, set out for Florence, where he remained some time as minister plenipotentiary for the emperor. There he formed an acquaintance with prince Louis, of Wurtemburg, then commander in chief, and many of the principal families of Corsica; and having landed in Aleria, one of the ports of that island, on the 15th of March, 1736, to the surprise of all Europe, he was unanimously elected king, on the 15th of April following. His crown consisted not of gold and precious stones, but of a branch of laurel, after the manner of the ancient heroes; and the joyful inhabitants, hoping for a speedy deliverance from the yoke of Genoa by his means, pierced the air with the shouts of "LIBERTY FOR EVER!—LONG LIVE THEODORE!"

His proclamation is worthy of the occasion, and breathes a masculine spirit, well suited to the deliverer of an oppressed people.

Soon after his elevation, he instituted one of those military companionships whose traces are to be found among our German ancestors, but which philosophy has nearly brought into contempt, and termed it the ORDER OF DELIVERANCE; he also struck money with the arms of his kingdom on one side, the reverse was in express conformity to the ignorance of the people, who were, and still are, abjectly superstitious, merely because they are contemptibly ignorant. It consisted of the image of *the blessed virgin!* The legend was strictly appropriate, and the idea that it conveyed, criticism apart, must be allowed at least to have possessed aptitude:

MONSTRA TE ESSE MATREM.

SHOW THYSELF A MOTHER!

Another coin may be still seen in the cabinets of the curious, impressed with T. R. (THEODORUS REX) in Roman characters, and dated 1736. The reverse is PRO BONO PUBLICO, with the value *(sol di cinque)* expressed in the field.

After a variety of adventures, this unfortunate prince repaired to England, where he found a prison and a grave; for John Baptist Gastaldi, the resident from Genoa, contrived that he should be arrested for 400*l.* for which he had procured him credit with a merchant in the city, and after lingering for some time, in great misery, in the King's Bench, he was finally cleared by an act of insolvency, in which he delivered up his kingdom to his assignees! He died soon after this, at an obscure lodging, No. 5, Little Chapel-street, on the 11th of December, 1755, and was buried in St. Ann's church-yard.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN MILITARY CHARACTER COMPARED.

THE discriminating feature of the French army appears to be individual intelligence and activity; and it is a striking proof of the genius and talents of their generals, that they always either adopt or invent a system of military movements, suited to the discipline and composition of their troops.

The revolution deprived the French army of many of their best officers. Their places were supplied by men hastily chosen for that purpose, and in many instances incapable of commanding. Dumourier's army was composed of raw and undisciplined troops, who had no confidence in their officers, and were sometimes seized with a panic, even when no enemy opposed them.

Had France been a country of limited extent and population, she might have experienced the fate of Holland, the Netherlands, and Poland. Notwithstanding the discordant views of the allied powers, there was a moment when every thing was possible; but they suffered that moment to be lost. Some facts related by Dumourier himself tend to support this observation; and it is not easy to determine what momentary success the combined armies might have had, if they had acted on a more vigorous and enterprizing system.

It is almost impossible, however, in forming an estimate of the probable issue of their designs, to lay out of view the difficulties arising from the local circumstances of the country, its almost impregnable frontier, and the population and extent of the interior. A most desperate and enterprising invader alone could have looked for success. A regular, cautious, calculating general had difficulties to encounter, which he could not overcome with the system on which he acted.

The retreat of the allied army gave the French confidence and courage; and the system of terror recruited their armies, and made them act with energy, even after a long series of defeats. Their generals were placed in a situation in which the loss of men was no object. The immense numbers which fell were replaced by successive levies; but the army was not in a state to execute manœuvres, or to make any movement at all complicated. A new system of warfare was therefore adopted, and pursued with success.

There were, in each of the fourteen republican armies, a few ancient officers, particularly engineers, and of the artillery, possessed of military acquirements: necessity, reflection, and the natural genius of Frenchmen taught them to devise a new species of warfare. Turenne, Condé, and their pupils had carried on a war of movements; next came that of sieges. Frederick the great had introduced a system of tactics and manœuvres, which he had brought to perfection. The French, fully aware that they could not give battles in regular order, sought to reduce the war to important affairs of posts. By a strange fatality, which attended the allied army, this system of desultory warfare seemed to be encouraged by the very foes they had to encounter. Instead of lines, that could not be preserved without difficulty, the French formed close columns. They reduced their battles to attacks on certain points, and sometimes on one only. By brigades constantly succeeding each other, and fresh troops supplying the place of those who had been driven back, they in the end succeeded in forcing the point attacked; and the Austrians made a *masterly* retreat.

The French were not less indebted for their success to the talents of their own generals, than to the stubborn indocility of their enemies. The Austrians, instead of availing themselves of the superior discipline of their troops, uniformly adhered

to their system of forming immoveable lines; and the French, by keeping themselves in a mass, were secure against the attacks of their cavalry.

When the seat of war was transferred to mountainous or difficult countries, close columns could no longer be made use of: the French at once perceived this, and, abandoning the system of close columns, formed immense bodies of *sharpshooters*, light infantry, and chasseurs. The French soldiers are peculiarly well adapted for this species of warfare; and, by availing themselves of the most trifling advantages of ground, they frequently forced large bodies of Austrians to retreat.

In the course of a few campaigns, the French armies, though they did not acquire a regular system of tactics, became able to move with great rapidity. As they did not pay much regard to regularity and precision, their movements were executed with greater velocity. In the midst of a movement that appears confused, individual intelligence enables every man to find his place; the manœuvre, instead of being performed in a body, is executed individually, and, for that very reason, with greater rapidity.

Moreau was the French general who adhered most closely to the old system of warfare. His military character differs from that of the other French generals: he was chiefly distinguished by his superior talents and science, while the others owed their reputation to the bold and daring manner in which they formed and executed their plans.

The effects of the revolution were not less conspicuous in the subordinate arrangements of the army. Their wants were supplied by requisition. When they entered a country, they had little or no baggage. Their losses from fatigue, disease, and famine, were never regarded by their generals; and, as most of their officers had been raised from the ranks, they received some consolation for the hardships and privations they endured, by reflecting on their former situation.

The French began to support their armies by levying contributions in the countries they came to. By abandoning the old system of forming depots and magazines, they certainly exposed their troops to famine, want, and disorder, and in many instances suffered from the fury of the inhabitants, who were exasperated by their excesses. With all these inconveniences, however, they appear to have reaped very important advantages from this mode of supplying their armies. Formerly, the movements of armies were anticipated from the magazines they had formed, and the position of their depots; and their route was retarded by the attention which it was necessary to pay to them. The inroads of the French armies were unexpected, and their progress was rapid. They calculated only on success; and they obtained it, by the unlooked for celerity of their movements, and the boldness and enterprise of their plans.

The idea of supporting an army in that manner was fully developed by Guibert; and the revolution, which has been a school of bold and daring experiments, has shown the correctness of his reasoning upon that and many other military innovations.

When we see these volunteers of liberty dragged to the armies with an iron collar fastened to their necks, when we consider that they are in great part composed of royalists or enemies to government; when we reflect on the disorder, the waste, the want of discipline, the misery, the maladies, and the state of the hospitals, which consume six times the number of men that perish in battle; when we see the soldiers incessantly on the point of mutiny, and sometimes freely indulging themselves in it; their officers, some of whom cannot even read; their generals, many of whom are grossly ignorant; while several who have risen to the rank of commanders

in chief were originally dealers in thread and needles (Jourdan), monks (Pichegru), physicians (Doppet), barristers (Moreau), common soldiers (Massena), dancers (Muller, Victor), carmen (Brune), quack doctors (Massot), painters (Cartaux), fencing masters (Augereau), cooks (Championet), &c., &c.; when we see soldiers of uncouth appearance, without the smallest show of subordination, and in rags, we cannot but ask ourselves the question, how it has been possible, that such an assemblage could have achieved military exploits of so distinguished a stamp?

In the explanation of these facts, it is to be observed, that the want of discipline among the French soldiers is more apparent than real. Though a French soldier is not chatised for ordinary offences, but is allowed to sell his effects, to be dirty, and to commit disorders, yet whatever is considered as an essential breach of military discipline is punished with the utmost severity. A distinction is thus made between what is personal to the soldier, and what relates to the service. His conduct on service is as exemplary as in any other army; and he makes it a point of honour to be vigilant and strictly observant of countersigns.

In their battles the French derive great advantage from keeping a body of reserve, composed of the best troops, and commanded by an able general. By concentrating their forces on the point of attack, instead of forming extensive lines, they are enabled to spare troops for that purpose. They generally commence the action with light troops. In that situation the courage of every individual is displayed; and the emulation excited leads men to the most daring actions. One great excellence which French soldiers possess, is that of penetrating into the state of the adverse forces, and of making an attack with rapidity and precision the moment they seem disposed to give way. Their sharp-shooters frequently succeed in deciding important actions; and if they are repulsed, they are protected by the reserve, which supports them, or attacks in its turn.

The battle of Marengo is a striking instance of the advantages which the French derive from their reserve; and on more than one occasion it has been the means of recovering a battle which was considered as lost. The French are much indebted for their victories to the use of horse-artillery, which was composed of picked men, and exposed on every occasion. Their other artillery, during the course of last war, was greatly inferior to what it had formerly been: it was however disposed in such a manner as not to retard the movements of the infantry; and no field pieces were attached to their battalions.

Secrecy, commonly considered important in military operations, was no object in the French army. When the general had a movement in view, the whole army knew of it; while at the same time a thousand other plans were talked of and discussed. A spirit of enterprise was thus kept up in the whole army, and their camps became schools of military instruction. In other armies, the officers and soldiers who have made a campaign are in general more ignorant of the movements which their army has made, than their countrymen at home. It is deemed necessary to conceal from them, as much as possible, not merely the movements to be made, but even those which have taken place.

History furnishes us with many instances of great successes arising from the discoveries and observations of common soldiers: and, indeed, where the minds of so many men are employed on one object, valuable suggestions must frequently be produced by their united efforts. In few armies is any care taken to discover or collect their observations. The French army affords every facility for that purpose. The commander has opportunities of availing himself of the information of the whole army. The generals of division, during the engagement,

receive the same assistance from the intelligence of the individuals who compose their columns. Their observations pass from rank to rank; and while those which were just were circulated, there was discernment enough to arrest the progress of those which were unfounded. It was thus that, amid the disorder and confusion which seemed to render the French armies ungovernable, and incapable of executing a plan, astonishing results were produced, because every one contributed to forward the common object, from his voluntary as well as personal exertions. Every officer and every soldier fought as if the orders they were executing had been their own. These circumstances have given a peculiar character to all the operations of the French army.

When a company arrives at a post, or on the ground which it is to occupy, the soldiers, from curiosity, example, the desire of appearing intelligent, and from the vanity inseparable from the French character, instead of lying lazily on the earth, examine the post in every point of view; they proceed to reconnoitre, and form their several plans of attack or defence. If attacked, they have the incalculable advantage of being acquainted with the ground, and of knowing beforehand all that can be done. It frequently happens, that the soldiers, without officers, conduct themselves not only with bravery, but with infinite ability.

The rapid advancement of generals from the ranks, is not surprising in such an army; and one campaign, in such circumstances, would form more officers than twenty in an army where promotion depended on purchase or court favour, and where every disposition to discuss the movements of the army was regarded as a crime. An officer, who afterwards rose to a very high command in the French service, is said to have sent to Paris a plan for an approaching campaign, when he was only a sergeant. It was remarked by officers who had occasion to converse with the prisoners taken by the Austrian army, that they seldom met with a French soldier who had not made some calculation of the force of the army he belonged to, and of the division he served with. An Austrian or British soldier seldom knows any thing beyond the sphere of the company in which he is posted; and in the old school this is considered as the perfection of military discipline.

The enemy does not seem to have derived any advantage from the want of secrecy which prevailed in the French operations. It was afterwards observed, indeed, that they had announced what they had done. True: but, amidst the infinite number of projects which were published, how was it possible to discern the real one? and, in many instances, a resolution is formed at the moment, in favour of one plan instead of another, as circumstances seem to favour it. It is a great mistake that the plans of the campaign were formed at Paris, and that Carnot directed the most trifling movements of the armies. Disputes about the execution of orders must have occurred, if the commanders in chief and those under them had acted on minute and detailed plans. In fact the latitude of the orders was such, that though the generals might go wrong from ignorance or design, they could hardly be guilty of formal disobedience. The French made their officers responsible for the event, not for the means which they employed. The instructions given to Dugommier, who commanded at the siege of Toulon, by the committee of public safety, were, *Vous prendrez Toulon, ou vous meriterez nos regrets.* These are very clear instructions, but, at the same time, very general.

It is much wiser to leave to the general the free choice of the measures which he is to adopt, than to tie him strictly down to the most perfect plan of a campaign that ever was formed in a cabinet. If any thing is prescribed beyond the general object in view, it is the result of

jealousy, of vanity, or of a fatal desire of commanding.

This system of plans and detailed orders, which the French were too wise to incumber themselves with, appears to have pervaded the whole Austrian service. The generals were there fettered by the instructions they received, and looked to the council of war with greater apprehension than to the enemy. They were always impressed with their responsibility for the event, and continually calculating the loss they might sustain, not only in men, but in military effects and artillery. A general who was defeated when attacked, was acquitted; but if he was defeated in an offensive operation, he was undone for ever: as if an army became secure against an attack by not making one itself. Their artillery, which was excellent, was made an incumbrance, instead of an assistance. It was a point of honour to preserve it at every risk; and the Austrian infantry would on some occasions have avoided defeats, if it had either had no artillery, or had consented to lose it.

The merits of the Austrian army, however, are not to be underrated. Though its defects, and the degraded state of their soldiers, who are reduced to the condition of automatons, must be acknowledged, it is as much superior to the French army considered as a body, as a French soldier, considered as an individual, is to an Austrian. The two great causes of the defeats of the Austrians were, the want of genius and enterprise in their generals, and their deficiency in light troops. Instead of adopting an original mode of fighting, calculated to display the superiority of their troops in discipline, they kept themselves in cordons and lines, in which their cavalry could be of no use. The French, who were thus enabled to calculate on their movements, exposed themselves in a manner which they would not have ventured to do had they been opposed by an enterprising enemy. Even when acting on the defensive, the Austrians ought to have made campaigns of movements, not of positions. This is illustrated by the example of Turenne, prince Eugene, and Frederick of Prussia, who, during their defensive campaigns, kept up all the activity and appearance of offensive operations.

The want of light troops was the chief cause of the defeat of the Austrians. Even when commanded by the archduke Charles, they suffered severely from this circumstance. By converting their light troops, which were so famous in the wars of 1740 and 1757, into a sort of regular battalions, they lost the qualities which fitted them for that species of warfare.

The Austrians might have supplied this defect in Piedmont, in Switzerland, and in Italy, by employing the inhabitants of these countries as light troops; but, though their adherents were more numerous than those of the French, they made less use of them. Their losses, from want of light troops, were enormous when the war was carried on in mountainous countries. They acted on the principle, that a sufficient number of men will always defend their ground; whereas, among mountains, the advantages of ground are of more importance than numbers. From the desire of adhering to a system of regularity which could not be preserved, instead of occupying the heights, and placing their troops according to the nature of the ground, they remained collected at the bottom: they were in consequence outflanked and surrounded.

The French soldiers, who are more active, more enterprising and ready in availing themselves of every advantage of ground, will hang round bodies of men that are much more numerous than themselves; they molest, harass, and advance upon them, by means of the smallest shelter. The Austrians, in the mean time, preserve their rank and file; but their oblique firing has not the least effect upon men who

are either scattered about, or advantageously posted; while every discharge of the latter, being levelled at a considerable body, cannot fail of telling. When the Austrians advance, the riflemen withdraw, but return to the charge as soon as the Austrians retire again: the Austrian troop is thus harassed by an enemy that keeps out of its reach, and whose numbers, upon looking at the extent of ground which they occupy, appear more considerable than they really are. This method of fighting continues, until the losses they have experienced, and the inutility of resistance, produce discouragement and confusion; and, at length, the troops overwhelmed with fatigue, and thrown into disorder, either disperse, or lay down their arms. The French who would not have dared to meet the same Austrians in open field, have often defeated and taken thousands of them with some hundreds of men only: for, the instant their ranks are broken, the Austrians become like a flock of sheep dispersed, and incapable of reuniting. The coolness of the Austrians is inexplicable. The humiliation of surrendering their arms does not seem to affect them any more than the dangers of a battle. One would suppose, in considering their indifference, that it was nothing but the *finale* of a pantomime or ballet. The Austrians carry their fear of being outflanked or turned, to a degree which is at once ridiculous and extravagant; it might indeed be called a national disorder or weakness. They fancy themselves outflanked, or enveloped, at the very moment in which they might surround those, who have had the rashness to outrun them.

For the Literary Magazine.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL NEWS.

EARL Stanhope has just printed at the stereotype office, for private circulation among his friends, a small work entitled, Principles of the Science of tuning Instruments with fixed Tones. Among many other observations that seem to merit the notice of musicians, his lordship says, "musicians and tuners are in the habit of talking of *the wolf* in the singular number. I shall, however, show in the sequel that there are as many as *five* wolves, in the quints, and major thirds, taken together, in all those instruments which have exactly twelve fixed keys, or exactly twelve fixed tones in each septave." He then gives directions how to distinguish these five wolves, with a table founded on them: and adds, "We have been in the habit of considering what is commonly termed the *wolf* as an inherent imperfection in every instrument which has exactly twelve fixed keys in each septave, whereas it is clearly proved, that, so far from the five wolves being imperfections, it is precisely the proper distribution of those wolves which produces that charming and essential variety of character, between different keys, which is one of the chief requisites in a well-tuned instrument." His lordship gives the following as the peculiarities of what he calls the Stanhope monochord: 1. The wire is not made either of brass or of iron, but of steel, which is very far superior. For, steel wire does not keep continually lengthening, as brass and iron wires do when they are stretched considerably. 2. The wire in this monochord does not, as usual, pull downwards on the bridges, but the whole wire forms one straight and horizontal line, by which means the moveable bridge, which determines the exact length of the wire, can be moved without altering the tension of the wire.—This is not the case when the wire pulls downwards on the bridges.—3. The ends of the wire are not twisted round the two stout steel pins which keep it stretched; but each end of the wire is soft-soldered in a long groove formed in a piece of steel which goes over its corresponding pin. This is a great im-

provement. 4. One of those two steel pins is strongly fastened on a brass slider which is moved by means of a screw with very few threads, which screw has a large micrometer head, minutely divided on its edge, and a corresponding *nonius;* so that the tension of the wire may be adjusted with the greatest precision, in order to obtain its exact pitch. 5. A slider is fixed across the top of the moveable bridge, and is moved by means of another screw with very fine threads; so that the length of the wire may be regulated with the greatest nicety in all cases. 6. The above mentioned slider which is on the top of the moveable bridge is adjusted to the steel rod or scale, not by sight, or by the coincidence of lines; but by means of mechanical contact against projecting pieces of steel firmly fixed on that steel scale, which method is incomparably more correct. 7. Each bridge carries a metallic finger which keeps the wire close to the top of the bridge whilst the wire is made so vibrate. 8. The vibrations of the wire are produced by touching it with a piece of cork, with the same elastic force, and on the very same spot each time, namely, at the distance of one inch from the immoveable bridge.

The great work on British cattle, will be shortly published by Boydell and Co., prepared under the superintendance of lord Somerville.—It will be published in numbers, in imperial quarto size, each containing two or more prints, from pictures painted by Ward. The history and descriptions, uses, merits, and defects of the cattle, with their adaptation to various sorts and situations, will be written by Mr. Lawrence.

The first fasciculus of the long expected Flora Græca of the late professor Sibthorp, edited by Dr. Smith, will make its appearance soon. It will consist of fifty plates, beautifully coloured, with descriptive letter press. This splendid work will form, when completed, ten volumes in folio, containing one thousand figures, executed by Sowerby from the drawings of Bauer.

In the British house of commons, July 2, 1806, lord Henry Petty called the attention of the house to the subject of vaccine inoculation, which had checked in a great degree the progress of a dreadful malady which had spread ravage and desolation over the world. He stated that the discovery itself, as well as the effects which have since been derived from it, were the results of the constant labour of an eminent physician, Dr. Jenner, who had devoted above thirty years of his life to this single object. This discovery was made in 1777, but it was not until the year 1788 that Dr. Jenner recommended the extending of the cow-pox by means of *inoculation:* in 1798, he was enabled, from a long course of successful experiments, to recommend the discovery to the people of England, and to Europe, in such a manner as to excite universal attention: in 1799, it was very generally introduced into America, not only among the more civilized inhabitants, but even among the Indians. In 1801, it was practised all over the continent of Europe with the happiest effects. Certain prejudices, he said, had greatly obstructed the progress of this most useful discovery in Great Britain, and in consequence of these prejudices the number of annual deaths from the small pox in London, which had been reduced from 1,811 to 622, had again risen to 1,685, so that they were fast approaching to their original amount. The measure he proposed was, that an address be presented to his majesty, praying him to direct his college of physicians to inquire into the state of vaccine inoculation, and its effect in destroying the small pox, and to report the evidence on the subject, and the causes which have retarded its progress in the united kingdom; and that this report should be laid before parliament. He hoped that this report would be ready before the commencement of the next session; and should it be favourable,

as he had every reason to expect, it would become a serious consideration with the house, what step should be taken to make the discovery as beneficial to Great Britain as it had been to other nations. It would also be a subject for their consideration, whether any reward at all adequate to the importance of the discovery, or worthy the character and liberality of Great Britain, had been given to a man who, by the entire application of his mind to this subject, had been enabled to render such important services, not only to Great Britain and to Europe, but to the world; services which would not be confined to the present generation, but which would be felt as long as the human race existed. The address was agreed to *nemine contradicente*.

The cadets at Woolwich will shortly remove into the new academy on Shooter's hill. The building, which is in the Gothic style, is calculated for the reception of one hundred young gentlemen, the officers and masters, &c., in the most convenient manner. This public edifice is said to have cost upwards of 50,000l.

A show of pinks, for a wager of five hundred guineas, between the gentlemen florists of London, and of Uxbridge and its vicinity, took place on the 24th of June, at the Hats, on the Uxbridge road; umpires were chosen from the most celebrated judges. The show consisted of six stands, with twelve blossoms of various sorts; three on each side. It was universally allowed, that a more beautiful display was never witnessed. After a most careful and particular scrutiny, the umpires decided in favour of the London florists. Mr. Stephens, a gentleman of great celebrity, as an amateur of flowers, proposed, after dinner, in the names of the London gentlemen, to show pinks the next season, for any sum not exceeding five hundred guineas, against all England.

A new edition of Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, in octavo, is just issuing from the university press. Another edition in quarto will follow it.

Grotius de Veritate Christianæ Religionis, with numerous corrections of the text, will be sent to press before the winter. The copy is just completed.

A new room, adjoining to the Bodleian library (formerly the law school), has been lately completed, and partly filled with ancient manuscripts, leaving spaces in the upper library for printed books. The principal manuscripts are those of Mr. Carte and bishop Tanner.

Accounts have been received from the baptist missionaries in Bengal, dated November 15, 1805, by which it appears that the converts had increased since the commencement of the year, from thirty-four to seventy. Three of the natives are preaching the gospel. The missionaries are proceeding in the translation and printing of the Old and New Testaments in four or five eastern languages, and they hope to accomplish the translation into all the languages of the east.

A catalogue of the particulars of the manuscripts, collations, and books with manuscript notes of the late James Philip D'Orville, Esq., purchased by the university of Oxford, in 1805, for 1025l. will shortly be printed.

Mr. Home has furnished to the Royal Society an interesting paper on the comparative anatomy and physiology of the camel, particularly on its stomachs and water-bags, in which it can retain a quantity of water sufficient to support itself for several weeks.

In the Antiquarian Society an account has been read of the splendid equipage and sumptuary retinue of the earl of Northumberland, at his embarkation for France in the reign of Henry VIII. The gospel of St. John in Latin, but written on parchment in Roman characters mixed with Saxon, was exhibited to the society by the reverend Mr. Milner. This volume is said to be 1,200 years old.

Mr. Davy has discovered that the

acid, which exists in minute quantities in the wavellite (the new fossil from Barnstable), is the fluoric acid, in such a peculiar state of combination as not to be rendered sensible by sulphuric acid.

A gentleman connected with the manufactures of Sheffield, has given the following description of the changes which take place in the various processes of hardening, tempering, hammering, burnishing, &c. "I took," says he, "a steel plate thirty inches long, twelve broad, and four thick; I hardened it in a composition of oil and tallow, and afterwards tempered it down to a spring temper; it was not so elastic as to recover its position after being bended; by hammering it to set it straight, it lost its elasticity; after being ground in the same manner as a saw, the elasticity became still less, having nearly returned to the same state as before hardened; it was then very uniformly heated till it became blue, when it recovered the whole of its elasticity: after being glazed bright upon a glazier coated with emery, the elasticity was found to be impaired, but in a less degree than when it was ground: the same effect was also produced by rubbing with emery or sand paper, and also by burnishing. The elasticity was invariably recovered by blueing, and hence this is always the last operation in the manufactory of elastic steel plate."

The following arrangement has been made at the Royal Institution for twelve courses of lectures, to be delivered the ensuing season, by the undernamed gentlemen. 1. On chemistry, by H. Davy, Esq., F. R. S. 2. On natural philosophy, by William Allen, Esq., F. L. S. 3. On English literature, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. 4. On moral philosophy, by the Rev. Sidney Smith, A. M., evening preacher at the Foundling Hospital. 5. On dramatic poetry, by the Rev. William Crowe, LL. B., public orator of the university of Oxford. 6. On zoology, by George Shaw, M. D., F. L. S., librarian to the British Museum. 7. On belles lettres, the Rev. John Hewlett, B. D., morning preacher at the Foundling. 8. On music, W. Crotch, M. D., professor of music in the university of Oxford. 9. On the history of commerce, the Rev. Edward Forster. 10. On drawing in water colours, W. M. Craig, Esq. 11. On botany, J. E. Smith, M. D., F. R. S., and president of the Linnean Society. 12. On perspective, by Mr. Wood.

A letter has recently been received from M. Rehmann, the physician in the suite of the Russian embassy to China, dated Kiachta on the frontiers of China, October 14th, 1805: in which he says that he has vaccinated a great number of the children of the Mogols. "These people (continues M. Rehmann) have retained the simple manners and customs of their ancestors. They live in tents, and still make use of bows and arrows, which they employ with such dexterity and precision, that when they went out with the Russians of the ambassador's suite they killed six times as much game as the latter, though provided with excellent fowling-pieces." He likewise writes that he has discovered a little portable pharmaceutic collection of Thibet, from which the science of medicine is likely to derive advantage.—It consists of sixty different articles, very elegantly wrapped in paper.—Among these are some remedies known in Europe; but with a much greater number the botanists attached to the embassy were unacquainted. The latter consist of small fruits, nuts, and some chemical preparations. M. Rehmann has procured a translation of the list of them, which was written in the language of Tangut. He proposes to bring with him some of these collections of medicines, which are much in use among the Bucharians.

Sweden was hitherto in want of a Swedish and French pocket dictionary, on the plan of the French and Swedish by Jonchere. This deficiency has been supplied by M. Nordforss.

Of the magnificent collection of views in Sweden, by Martin, which is to be completed in sixty plates, the

five first have appeared. These consist of three views of Stockholm, one of the mine of Dannemora, and one of the mine of Hogborn.

Colonel Skioldebrand, whose Picturesque Tour in Lapland is well known, is at present engaged on a history of all the public festivals in Sweden, which will be a splendid work with engravings. He is said to have received an advance of 12,000 rix dollars towards this work, of which great expectations are entertained.

The fifth part of Icones Plantarum Japonicarum, by Thunberg, has made its appearance; but it is likely to be the last the learned professor will publish, unless some foreign bookseller will undertake to give his admirable collections to the world.

M. Schonherr, silk manufacturer of Stockholm, possesses a handsome cabinet of natural history, and has recently published an octavo volume with plates, entitled *Synonomia Insectorum.*

The Botany of Sweden, written in the Swedish language by a society of literati, and embellished with coloured plates, is proceeding rapidly. The 42d number has already appeared.

In the Academy of Sciences of Copenhagen, professor Bugge lately read a memoir, in continuation of the theory of terrestrial refraction, and on the method of calculating the height of mountains above the surface of the sea. Several mountains in Iceland have been measured according to this method by the officers Olsen and Vetlesen; and it has been found that the height of Wivelfield is about 347 fathoms above the surface of the sea, that of Wester Jokel 760, of Hekla 827, and of Ejafiella, or Oster Jokel, 921.

M. de Threbra, superintendant of the mines of Freyberg, and professor Lampadius, have lately ascertained, by repeated experiments, the relative temperature of the internal parts of the earth. Having placed, at different depths in the mines, two of Reaumur's thermometers, and compared them twice every day with another exposed in the open air, they found that whatever difference of temperature prevailed above ground, one of the two thermometers placed in the mines uniformly indicated 12° above zero, and the other 9½°.

M. Delambre has completed the printing of the first volume of his great work on the meridian, in 750 pages. It is intitled *Base du Système Métrique Décimal, ou Mesure de l'Arc du Meridien*, &c. It contains all the triangles formed from Dunkirk to Barcelona. The second will contain the bases, the azimuths, the latitudes, and the calculations of the triangles. There will probably be a third.

The Berlin Memoirs for 1802 contain observations by M. Bode, and calculations relative to the planets Piazzi and Olbers.

The Ephemerides of Vienna for the year 1806 contain a great number of longitudes determined by eclipses, as a sequel to the great work of M. Triesnecker; a memoir by M. Burg, to prove that Bradley's refractions ought to be increased; observations made at Vienna, Buda, Prague, Crems-Munster, Carlsburg, Naples, Palermo, Ratisbon, Amsterdam, Gotha, Milan, Munich, and Brunn, to the south of Olmutz.

M. Bode's Ephemerides likewise contain a great number of observations made at Berlin, Vienna, Petersburg, Bremen, Breslau, Prague, Wilna, Crems-Munster, Palermo, Upsal, Huth, and Dantzig, and calculations relative to the three new planets.

M. Poczobut and M. Treschka, astronomers of the university of Wilna, have made a great number of observations of the new planets, made in 1803 and 1804, with excellent instruments.

M. Ciccolini, an astronomer of Bologna, has published a Memoir of the Eclipse of the Sun on the 11th of February, 1804, which was supposed to have been total in Italy; but he demonstrates that this neither was nor could have been the case, from the diameters of the sun and moon

which are in Lalande's tables. Circumstances were as unfavourable for the observation in Italy as in France.

M Ciccolini has made a useful addition to the reflecting-circle. He has formed the posterior part of that instrument into a quarter of a circle, the radius of which is the diameter of the instrument, and with a perpendicular and the telescope of the same circle he can ascertain, in half a minute of time, within half a degree, the altitude of the star, and at the same time the degree at which the glass of the telescope should be placed for taking the observation. In this manner you avoid the disagreeable necessity of groping with the fingers in observations of altitudes, the inconvenience of which has already been acknowledged by astronomers and mariners of high distinction. With this method the telescope may be made to magnify more than usual, which would be exceedingly advantageous in observations of this kind.

M. Lenoir has likewise made at Paris a pedestal with which one single observer may make use of the repeating-circle.

M. Augustus Pictet, of Geneva, has discovered a method of observing transits of the meridian by means of the reflecting-sextants, used at sea. For this purpose it is sufficient to fix, due west, a glass which shall be exactly 90° from every point of the meridian.

A second enlarged and revised edition of the valuable narrative of a Tour in England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, by professor Gode, has appeared in Germany.

M Shutze, who four years since published the third volume of his *Holsteiniche Idioticon*, has completed the fourth and last volume of that work.

In the Scandinavian Literary Society at Copenhagen, M. Niebuhr, son of the celebrated traveller of that name, recently made a memoir, in which he showed how far the nations subdued by the Romans might have maintained or recovered their independence.

A splendid edition of the poetical works of the celebrated Schiller, with plates, will speedily make its appearance.

The worthy abbe Mann, who, as a member of the Academy of Brussels, formerly wrote various interesting treatises, and among the rest a very interesting description of that city, is about to publish, at Vienna, a work entitled *Principes Metaphysiques des Connaissances et des Etres.*

Sturz is about to publish *Maittaire de Linguæ Græcæ Dialectis opus auctum et emendatum.*

Dr. Hedwig is engaged upon a work entitled *Adambratio et delineatio Microscopico-analytica plantarum calyptrarum:* the first part of which, in folio, will speedily be published.

The garden Schwetzingen, near Mannheim, is reckoned one of the finest in Germany. Ten views of it are soon expected to appear, from drawings by Kuntz, and accompanied with a topographical, botanical, &c., description.

A German and English dictionary by Kuttner and Nicholson, after the English and German dictionary of Adelung, will soon make its appearance.

M. Nemnich's Narrative of his late Tour in England is expected with impatience.

The Teylerian Society at Haarlem has proposed the following questions as the subject of a prize essay, to be adjudged on the 8th April, 1807:—1. In what does the difference between natural and revealed religion consist? 2. Whether various publications have not appeared at different times, which tend to obscure this difference, and to cause the advantages possessed by christianity over the religion of nature to be forgotten? 3. Whether, in proportion as these writings are disseminated, and the two religions assimilated to each other in every point, the most fatal effects may not be expected to result to christianity, morality, and the happiness of man? The prize is a gold medal of 400

florins in value. The essays must be written either in Dutch, Latin, French, or English

A machine capable of being set in motion, and producing a powerful effect, without either the intervention of any combustible, the action of any current of water or of air, or the exertion of animal strength, but possessing within itself the inexhaustible principle of motion, would doubtless prove of great utility to mankind. Such is that of which M. Dodemant, professor of mathematics at Lyons, announces himself the inventor. At his request the prefect has directed two persons, M. Carron, chief engineer of the department, and M. Moller, professor of natural philosophy, to examine this machine.

A proces-verbal of the municipality of Lille, in the department of Vaucluse, has confirmed the success of a plantation of indigo in the open field, in a farm belonging to M. Icard de Bataglini. It is said, in the proces-verbal, that after an attentive examination of the indigo, the produce of this trial, the commissioners gave it as their opinion, that this valuable plant might be naturalized in the department, and at some future period become a principal source of its wealth.

The following decree has been issued by his catholic majesty the king of Spain, on the occasion of some experiments made at Carthagena, with respect to the efficacy of anti-contagious fumigations. "Don F. de Borja, commander in chief at Carthagena, having made known to the king, in different reports, the important services performed by don Michel Cabanellas, during the prevalence of the contagious distemper which raged in that place, his catholic majesty was particularly struck with the importance of the experiment made by him in one of the hospitals of the said city, where he shut himself up with fifty persons, in order to prove the efficacy of the acid fumigations; and actually slept with his companions, including two of his own children, in the beds where many patients had recently fallen victims to this terrible disease, without employing any other preservative means than the mineral acid fumigations, as directed by M. Guyton His catholic majesty, moreover, learned with the most unfeigned satisfaction, that the result of the experiment was so fortunate that the fifty-one persons, after having been strictly confined in this lazaretto, had come out of it in a state of perfect health. In consequence, and in order to afford a proof of his royal munificence, his catholic majesty has remitted to each of the galley-slaves who voluntarily submitted to this experiment (not having previously undergone an attack of the yellow fever) one year of the time they were sentenced to remain in chains; and he farther caused his approbation of their conduct to be notified to them by his captain general. To don Michel Cabanellas his catholic majesty grants the title and honours of physician to his majesty's household, with an annual salary of 24,000 reals, to be paid monthly from the funds of the community of Carthagena; at the same time is conferred on him a right of voting in the municipal body of that city, in the same manner as if he had been a natural-born citizen. The king, besides, charges himself with providing for his two children, whose lives, like his own, were exposed for the interest of the state and of humanity.

It is well known that when a current of inflammable air, projected by a pipe only a few lines in diameter, is burned under a glass tube, you hear certain harmonious, but very shrill sounds, which perfectly resemble those of the harmonica. An Italian philosopher has recently observed an effect which bears a great analogy to this phenomenon. Melting, at the lamp of an enameller, a glass tube wet in the inside, to blow with it the bulb of a thermometer, it emitted a sound which lasted several seconds, constantly increasing in loudness, but which could be stopped by closing with the

finger the open extremity of the tube The explanation must apparently be the same in both cases. In the first, the combustion of hydrogen gas with a part of the atmospheric air forms, every moment, a very hot aqueous vapour, which by the speedy dissipation of the heat is condensed into water. Accordingly small vacuums are rapidly formed in the air, and as many successive approximations of its parts; and these sudden alterations produce in the air oscillations like those arising from the collision of a sonorous body. In the second case, by causing the humidity to pass from the tube into the heated bulb, the vapour is successively formed and decomposed there at very short intervals, and produces a similar sound in the tube.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

[The following is one of the latest emanations from the declining lamp of the noted Peter Pindar. It is a whimsical and striking compound of the serious and the ludicrous.]

ODE TO THE RIVER FOWEY, OR FOY.

O LOVELY flood! on whose fair banks
I play'd, in early youth, my pranks,
And often sail'd thy clear expanse along,
And from thy bosom hook'd up fish;
Pollock and bream, a dainty dish,
Salmon and mack'rel, worthy epic song,
Lobster and turbot, and John Dory,
As nice as e'er were put before ye,
O epicures! and plaice and mullet,
Fit to descend a *royal* gullet!

Thy margin green and castles hoar,
Where heroes dwelt and fought of yore,
And smote the daring Gaul with dread,
Boast not a muse to sing their praise,
The tribute of immortal lays,
And cast a glory round their head.

Full oft, in summer's golden hour,
We made, in boats, a happy tour;
Full many a nymph, a nymph and swain,
And happy on a verdant bank
Our tea and well-cream'd coffee drank;
While music pour'd her strain,
Loud on the zephyr's pinions borne,
The triumph of the echoing horn.

The walks of Graham and Trefry,
The walks of Hall delight mine eye,
And pleasant valley of Lewire,
With villas on the winding stream,
That rather look of Fancy's dream,
And claim the muse's loudest lyre.

Though Britain's king and Britain's queen
Are every year at Weymouth seen,
Thy spirits let me cheer,
For hark! this instant on the breeze,
In sounds of thunder from the seas,
A voice salutes mine ear.

The Majesty of Ocean speaks!
And thus the god sublimely breaks:
"Ye rivers, list around!
Though some of ye on Britain's coast
May many a beauty justly boast,
And much with fish abound;
Though far and wide may fly your name,
Yet it shall be yon harbour's lot,
That pretty, yet neglected, spot,
To fill the largest trump of Fame.

"Should Amphitrite and her fair maids
Sigh for the shore and rural shades,
Variety t' enjoy,
I'd swear by all my brine and fish,
If such should be the ladies' wish,
I'll take a house at Foy."

For the Literary Magazine.

A WISH.

By Dr. Hawkesworth.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths, the nameless rill,
With liquid murmurs, steals along:

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering winds its native plain,
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O! let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor Wealth nor Strife pollute the tide,
Nor Honour's sanguinary palm.

When Labour tires, and Pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled lie:
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

For the Literary Magazine.

HYMN*.

By the same.

IN Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New-born—I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe rejoice to *be*;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

A *deeper shade* will soon impend,
A *deeper sleep* my eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That *deeper shade* shall fade away,
That *deeper sleep* shall leave my eyes;
Thy *light* shall give eternal day!
Thy *love* the rapture of the skies!

* Composed about a month before his death, and dictated to Mrs. Hawkesworth before he rose in the morning.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONNET.

LET happy mortals love the blooms
That deck the bosom of the laughing Spring,
And, fann'd by her, profusely fling
To the young gale their delicate perfumes;
Stern Winter, thy congenial glooms
A mournful pleasure to that bosom bring,
Where pale Despondence spreads her wing,
Which Fate to ceaseless sorrow dooms.
It loves, than all the vernal pride far more,
Thy storms wild-howling through the forest bare;
Thy snows the plains that mantle o'er;
Thy mists that dim the burthen'd air:
Then Nature seems my sorrows to deplore,
To share with me in all my soul's despair.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

TEASE me no more, nor think I care
Though monarchs bow at Clara's shrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Clara is no longer mine.

Indifferent, 'tis alike to me,
If my favourite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rose-bud opens, what care I
Who the odorous liquid sips,
The king of bees or butterfly?

Seeks the slave despoiled to know
Whether his gold, in shape of lace,
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face?

For the Literary Magazine

INSCRIPTION ON A JUTTING STONE OVER A SPRING.

THIS sycamore, oft musical with bees,
Long may its darksome boughs o'ercanopy
The small round bason, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! still may this spring
Quietly, as the breath of sleeping babe,
Send up cold water for the wayfarer
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny mound of sand its noiseless dance,
That at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry, and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount!
Here coolness dwell and twilight. Here is moss,
A soft seat, and a still, scarce-whispering shade.
Thou may'st toil far, and find no friendlier tree.
Here, stranger, drink! Here rest! And, if thy heart
Be pure from guile, here too may'st thou invoke
Refreshing slumber, wooed by every sound,
The gale that steals along, and hum of bees.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONNET.

ALONG the pebbly shore I love to stray,
And pore upon the wave with wilder'd eye;
Or watch the varying tints of sinking day,
That glimmer in the western sky:
And then the distant landscape I descry,
And white sails glittering in the parting ray;
Till deep'ning shadows veil the scenery,
Till all the fair perspective fade away:
Then long I linger on some rocky seat,
And listen to the surges as they roll
In murmuring undulation at my feet;
And oft I sigh for him who won my soul,
And shed the tear to musing fancy sweet.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 38. NOVEMBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

CONTENTS.

	page.
Account of the Caracas	323
The British military character	335
Similes of Homer	337
English metal promissory notes	339
The Casuist	341
Present institutions of the Jews	345
Merits of the founders of the French revolution	351
Lawyers defended	359
The Adversaria, No. XIX	360
The Reflector, No. XIII	363
Conduct of England towards Ireland	365
Character of Dr. Franklin	367
Ideal miseries	375
On the independence of Spanish Americe	376
Anecdote	377
South American mode of bleeding	ibid.
Avarice an example	378
Travelling memorandums	ibid.
The French in Hanover	383
Guiacum	389
On vegetation	390
The fire fly	392
Book collectors	393
Classical obscurities	394
POETRY.	
Lines	397
To Eliza, with a dove	ibid.
Lines on the death of John Allen	398
On Shakespeare	ibid.
Ode to Sickness	399
To correspondents	400

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1806.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 38. NOVEMBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT OF THE CARACAS, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

From the Travels of F. Depons.

THAT part of South America which lies between the mouths of the Orinoco and Cape de la Vela, is little known in Europe, except to the Spaniards. Though the first part of the continent discovered by Columbus; though the spot selected by Las Casas for the trial of his scheme to civilize the Indians; through the region of the once celebrated, but now forgotten, *El Dorado;* and though a country eminently fruitful, and infinitely more salubrious than any of the neighbouring districts, and recently become the seat of an extensive and increasing commerce, we should search in vain for any adequate history or account of it in our books of geography or statistics. Destitute of the precious metals, it was abandoned to neglect by the court of Spain, after having been made a theatre of the most horrid and sanguinary devastations by its agents; and, for more than a century and a half, its interior was explored by none but missionaries, and its coasts frequented only by smugglers. During the last century, when it attracted again the attention of the mother country, it seems to have been visited by no Spaniard whose curiosity led him to inquire into its natural resources and productions, and certainly by none who has been permitted to communicate the result of his inquiries to the public.

None of the conquests made by the discoverers of the new world was disputed with greater obstinacy than that of Caracas. The Indians who inhabited the country at the arrival of the Spaniards were fierce and savage, and the cruelties of their invaders drove them to despair. They were not united, as in Mexico and Peru, under a single head, but divided into small tribes, who fought separately for their independence. The nature of their country was favourable for defence, being mountainous and difficult of access, and intersected with innumerable rivers, which, for a great part of the year, overflow their banks. The progress of the invaders was therefore slow, and their steps were marked with

devastation and blood. But the natives were at length exterminated or reduced to subjection. The prisoners taken in war were hurried to the shore and sold to slave merchants, who hovered over the coast like birds of prey, in expectation of these victims, to replace the sufferers from bigotry and avarice at St. Domingo. In no part of the Spanish settlements have the missionaries contributed so little to the reduction of the country as in Caracas.

The captain-generalship of Caracas consists of the provinces of Venezuela, Maracaibo, Varinas, Guiana, Cumana, and the isle of Margarita. It extends along the coast from long. 75° to long. 61° W. from Paris, and from north to south it reaches from lat. 12° N. to the equator. It is bounded by the sea, by Dutch, French, and Portugueze Guiana, and by the viceroyalty of New Granada. It may be necessary to remind our readers, that the Spanish settlements in America are divided into four viceroyalties, Mexico, Peru, Buenos Ayres, and New Granada; and into five captain-generalships, Porto Rico, Cuba, Guatemala, Caracas, and Chili. The captain-general is an officer of inferior dignity to the viceroy, but is quite independent of his authority.

The temperature of this country is moderated by a chain of mountains which traverses it from west to east, extending from the lake of Maracaibo to the isle of Trinidad. The highest point of this ridge is near the city of Caracas, having 1278 toises of height; but, in general, it is much less elevated. To the south of these mountains there is an extensive plain, extremely hot, watered by the Orinoco and its tributary streams. The mountains of Caracas are covered with wood fit for ship-building and for every other purpose; and they contain some gold mines, though of little value, which were at one time worked, but have been long since abandoned. There is a copper mine in the province of Venezuela, from which a small quantity of excellent copper is annually extracted. It is used by the planters in their sugar-works in preference to iron, on account of its cheapness, being sold at 15 dollars per cwt. A small quantity is also exported at Porto Cabello.

The pearl fishery near the isle of Margarita, which first attracted the Spaniards to this coast, has been long since abandoned; and it is said that pearls are no longer to be found there.

Bay-salt is gathered in great abundance, and of excellent quality, in many places along the coast of Venezuela. Near Araya there is a mine of rock-salt, which might be worked to great advantage, were it not for the royal monopoly, which prevents any one from trading in salt except the king.

The seasons are divided into wet and dry in Caracas, as in other tropical countries. The rainy season begins in May, and ends in December. While it lasts, there is rain for three hours a day, at an average, throughout the country. The rain falls in torrents, fills the ravines, and makes the rivers overflow their banks. Earthquakes are much less common in Caracas than in Peru. When there are long intervals between the thunder-storms, it is observed that earthquakes are more frequent.

The lake of Maracaibo is 150 feet in circumference, and communicates with the sea. Its water is fresh, but at times brackish. It abounds in fish; and is navigable for ships of considerable burden. At its north-east corner there is a very copious spring of mineral pitch; and from this a constant exhalation of inflammable vapours, which are phosphorescent during the night, and serve as a beacon to the Indians and Spaniards who navigate the lake. The place is called, on this account, the Beacon of Maracaibo. The banks of the lake are sterile and unwholesome, so that the Indians prefer living in villages, built on shallows in the midst of the water. When the Spaniards first arrived on this coast,

the number of these villages was so great, that they gave to the province the name of *Venezuela*, or Little Venice. Four of them are still preserved, and their inhabitants earn their subsistence by catching fish in the lake, and by hunting for wild ducks, in the manner described by Ulloa. They take care that a number of empty calabashes are continually floating on the lake, that the ducks may be accustomed to them, and without fear at seeing them approach. The hunter then goes into the lake, with a calabash over his head, having holes in it for seeing and breathing. Nothing is seen above the water except the calabash, which appears to be floating on the lake. Thus accoutred, he moves with the greatest stillness towards the ducks, and catching one by the leg, he pulls it suddenly under the water, before it has time to alarm the rest; and, in this way, he goes on till he has caught as many as he wants.

The rivers which take their rise on the north side of the mountains are short and rapid in their course, and run directly into the sea. They might be usefully employed for irrigation; and they are well adapted for conveying lumber to the coast. Some of them are navigable to a considerable distance from the sea. The rivers which rise on the south side of the mountains flow through a flat country, which they inundate in the rainy season, and are at last received into the Orinico.

Porto Cabello is the best harbour upon this coast, or in all America. It is large, safe, and commodious; sheltered from every wind; calm, however much the sea is agitated; deep; and has good anchoring-ground. Guayra, the harbour of Caracas, is the most frequented port on this coast, though it is only a miserable roadstead. In the gulf of Paria there is good anchorage, from 8 to 30 fathoms deep; and on the coast of Paria, they are several harbours and roadsteads, by which there is a ready communication with Trinidad. There are many other harbours on the coast of Caracas, but none of any great note.

The whole population of Caracas is 728,000 souls, of which 500,000 belong to the provinces of Venezuela and Varinas, 100,000 to Maracaibo, 80,000 to Cumana, 34,000 to Spanish Guiana, and 14,000 to the Isle of Margarita. The whites form one fifth of this population, the slaves three tenths, the free people of colour two fifths, and the Indians one tenth.

There are few Europeans in Caracas, except those sent out in the service of the state; including whom, not a hundred Spaniards settle annually in the province. But of those who go to America, very few return to their native country, except the Biscayners and Catalans. The Spaniards are not permitted to visit their American settlements, without a license from the king, which cannot be obtained, unless the object of their journey is known and approved of by the council of the Indies; and the license granted to them is in general limited to two years residence, leave to settle not being obtained without the greatest difficulty. Even the Creoles, who have gone to Spain for their education, cannot return to their native country without a license. So strict was the government formerly on this subject, that a passport to one province did not authorize the bearer of it to go to another. These severe, but ill executed laws, were dictated in part by political fears and jealousies; but their principal source was in that spirit of monastic regulation; in those maxims of religious bigotry and austerity, which have been so long cultivated with such mischievous effects in Spain. Instead of considering its colonies as a place of refuge for the idle, the profligate and the disaffected, where they might learn to amend their lives, and, if possible, forget their errors, the Spanish court has watched over its foreign settlements with the solicitude of a duenna, and regulated their government as if they were to be inhabited by Carthusians. No

Spaniard could get permission to go to America, without a certificate of his moral and religious character, and an attestation that none of his forefathers, for three generations back, had suffered in an *auto da fé*, or carried the infamous *san-benito*. Foreigners of all descriptions were kept out of these countries with the greatest care; and if tolerated, by the connivance of the viceroys, they were subjected to every inconvenience and oppression. But of late years, so much have these ancient maxims of Spanish policy fallen into disregard, that, by a royal cedula of 1801, foreigners are permitted to settle in the Spanish colonies, for the payment of 8200 reals (about 86l. sterling) to the crown; and, for the same sum, they may be admitted to all the privileges of natural born Spaniards, provided they are of the catholic persuasion, and not otherwise disqualified by law.

The Creoles are of quick apprehension, and capable of greater application to business or study than their West Indian neighbours; but their education is miserably conducted. They are taught, in their infancy, the miracles and legends of their saints; and made to observe, with the most scrupulous attention, all the minute practices and observances of their religion. They are then instructed in Latin; and their education is supposed to be finished, when they have acquired a little scholastic learning, and attended the lectures of some professor in theology or law. Their ignorance of all sorts of useful knowledge is extreme, and can only be equalled by their contempt for all useful occupations. The care and improvement of their estates they esteem an object beneath their notice, and hold all professions in disdain, except the law, the army, and the church. Family pride, of the lowest and most illiberal cast, is one of their ruling passions; and this has been fostered by a preposterous regulation, which, till lately, obtained in all the dominions of Spain, empowering children, as soon as they attained the age of puberty, to compel their parents to consent to their marriage with whom they pleased, provided it was not with a person of inferior birth. This law was abolished in 1803; and the authority of parents over their children, in the article of marriage, extended to twenty-five years of age for males, and to twenty-three for females; but, while it lasted, the objections to which it gave rise, on the ground of *mis-alliance*, were a continual source of heart burnings and dissentions in the Spanish colonies. Litigiousness is another fault of the Spanish Creoles. Lawsuits cost in Caracas 1,200,008 dollars annually; and, in Cuba, in 1792, a population of 254,000 souls found employment for 106 advocates, with a proportional number of attornies and notaries, while the French part of St. Domingo, with a population of 660,000 souls, maintained only 36.

With these shades in their character, the Creoles of Caracas are mild and humane, moderate in their desires, and cautious, even to timidity, in their conduct, and in the management of their affairs. This turn of mind was strongly exemplified some years ago, in the attempt which was then made to excite them to take up arms against the mother country, and to throw off her yoke. This conspiracy had its origin with three state prisoners, who had been sent from Spain to Caracas on account of their revolutionary delinquencies at home. These persons, who were condemned to perpetual banishment and imprisonment, being treated with great indulgence at Caracas, and permitted to have free intercourse with the natives, formed the project of a conspiracy against the government; but, though they engaged several persons of consequence in their party, such was the coldness and apathy of the Creoles, that, after their first converts, they made no progress in gaining proselytes. After the plot had been kept a profound secret for many months, it was disclosed to the government. Some of the ring-

leaders escaped; others were taken; but no resistance was attempted. It was found that 72 persons had entered into the conspiracy, six of whom were taken and executed; the rest either escaped, or were sent to the galleys, or banished from the colony.

The Spanish Creoles marry in general as soon as they attain the age of puberty. An unmarried man of twenty begins to be looked upon as an old bachelor. It is not unusual to see a married couple, whose united ages do not make thirty. These early marriages are neither productive of happiness, nor conducive to morals. Fidelity to the marriage bed is equally disregarded by both parties. But, if any difference arises, the advantage is on the side of the wife; for she can have her husband reprimanded or imprisoned, whenever she chooses to complain of his conduct; and if he should recriminate, she is sure that her story will be listened to in preference to his.

Religious scruples have prevented the Spaniards from engaging in the African slave trade; but, with the casuistry not unprecedented on that subject, they have reconciled their conscience to the lawfulness of purchasing slaves, when brought to them by other nations; and they have even made treaties, and held out pecuniary inducements, to embark their neighbours in that iniquitous traffic. The slaves of the Spaniards, however, are taught their prayers with the greatest care; and the utmost solicitude is shown to prevent slaves of different sexes from having an illicit commerce together. The young girls are locked up during the night, and watched during the day, from the age of ten till they are married. But these precautions are fruitless; whether it be that they are ill chosen, or that the unrestrained intercourse of the whites with the female slaves defeats their operation. The Spaniards neglect to clothe and feed their slaves properly, and they have no physician to attend them in their illness. The Spaniards give their slaves land to cultivate for provisions, and allow them leisure for its cultivation; and in their dress, houses, and accommodations, the slaves of Caracas are not on a worse footing, when compared with the slaves of St Domingo, than their masters are, when compared with the former planters of that island.

The slaves of the Spaniards possess some advantages which the slaves of no other nation enjoy. If they are ill used by their master, they can compel him to sell them to another person; and if a slave can amass a sum equal to his purchase-money, he has a right to buy back his freedom. In 1789, the royal authority was interposed, to meliorate in some other particulars the condition of the slaves; but its plans of reform were so absurd and impracticable, that no effect whatever resulted from its interference. In a colony where many of the masters sleep upon skins, and have but one apartment for their whole family, it was seriously ordered, that every slave should have his separate sleeping-room, furnished with a bedstead, mattress, coverlet, and curtains. Police officers were appointed to determine the quota of labour that should be exacted from every slave. The male and female slaves were to be kept in separate gangs, and not allowed to have any communication even on days of festivity. Such regulations were better calculated to form a society of monks, than to supply the wants, or accelerate the growth, of a rising colony.

The free blacks and people of colour are more numerous in the Spanish settlements, than in the colonies of any other nation. The laws of Spain, contrary to the usual system of colonial policy followed by the Europeans, are extremely favourable to the manumission of slaves; and the piety and devotion of the Spanish character contribute powerfully, as in the dark ages, to increase the number of freedmen. The people of colour in the Spanish colonies are in general poor, and not

more industrious than the Creoles. They are not admissible to any public office in the state, nor into the army of the line; but they may serve in the militia, and even rise to the rank of captain. They are liable to a capitation tax, which, in Caracas at least, is not exacted; and they are forbidden to have Indian servants. They may be physicians; but they cannot be priests. There are various sumptuary laws regulating the dress of their women; but they are fallen into neglect; and the only regulation now in force is one, which prohibits them from having a cushion to kneel upon in church. Trifling as this distinction is, it is sometimes abrogated for money, in favour of a particular family, by a royal order, raising the members of it to the rank and privileges of whites. The marriages of people of colour with white families of distinction have been always extremely rare in the Spanish colonies; but, with the lower ranks of whites, they were not unfrequent, till 1785, when the difference of colour was declared to be a sufficient reason for refusing consent to a marriage, on the ground of disparity of condition in the parties. Since that time such marriages have ceased, except in the case of white women, who, having been exposed, when infants, by their mothers, to conceal their frailty, had been saved by negresses or people of colour, and who found themselves reduced, when they grew up, to marry in the class where they had been educated.

The Indians subject to the Spanish government are as remarkable for the indolence and weakness of their character, as for the mildness of their disposition. The Spanish law considers them as in a state of perpetual pupilage, and assigns to them guardians and protectors. Their civil contracts are not binding, unless made in the presence and with the approbation of the Spanish magistrates; and their lands cannot be sold, unless under the sanction of legal authority. They live in villages, without any mixture of Spaniards or people of colour, under a *cabildo* or magistracy of their own nation, whose authority is controlled by a Spanish corregidor, or protector, to whom an appeal lies against the *cabildo* from its subjects, and who is bound to interfere when he sees an occasion, and protect them against its injustice and oppression. The king's *fiscal* or attorney-general is their protector and legal defender, in all causes, whether civil or criminal, brought against them in the courts of law. They have no labour imposed upon them as a task; and the only direct tax to which they are subjected is the capitation tax, amounting to about two dollars a head. The religious discipline under which they are placed is extremely slight. They are exempt from the jurisdiction of the inquisition; and, in pity to the weakness of their faith, and the dulness of their understanding, they are excused for transgressions and omissions of their religious duty, which would be severely punished in other christians.

There are several tribes of independent Indians in the territory of Caracas; but, except the Guajiros, they are neither numerous nor formidable. The Guajiros are a fierce and warlike tribe, who are in general in a state of hostility with the Spaniards. They possess a tract of about thirty leagues along the coast to the westward of Maracaibo; and can bring into the field 14,000 men, well mounted on horseback, and armed with carabines, and bows and arrows. They are supplied with arms, ammunition, and clothes, by the English of Jamaica, with whom they carry on a commercial intercourse. The remaining tribes of independent Indians are of a mild and peaceable character, and owe their freedom, not to their valour, but to the inaccessible and unwholesome regions which they inhabit.

We are struck with the difference of the policy followed by France and Spain with regard to their colonies. The French planter had his eyes continually directed to the mother coun-

try. It was there he ultimately expected to rest after his labours. It was there only where he could aspire to honours or preferment, or even procure education for his children. The colony was a place of temporary exile, where he submitted to live, in order to amass a fortune; France was the home where he proposed to enjoy it. But Spain, in every one of these particulars, has followed a policy directly the reverse. No settler in a Spanish colony can return to the mother country, without an express license from the government. Schools, academies, and universities, are established in the Spanish colonies for the education of the natives. A richly endowed church and splendid hierarchy are open to their ambition. A numerous, respectable, and opulent body of colonial nobility, are strangers to Spain; and additions are continually making to their number from colonists who never crossed the Atlantic. Experience has shown, that both systems of policy are compatible with the security of the mother country; but, if we consider the internal good of the colonies, we can have little hesitation in giving, of the two, the preference to the French. The Spanish colonies languish under the weight of a cumbrous and oppressive government, calculated not for their own necessities, but to secure, by its extensive patronage, their fidelity and obedience to Spain.

The captain-general of Caracas holds his office for seven years. His appointments are valued at 18,000 dollars a year, one half of which consists in his salary, and the other half in perquisites of office. He is bound to reside for sixty days in the colony after the arrival of his successor, in order to answer any complaints that may be brought against him, and these must be decided within other sixty days at farthest. A similar provision is extended to all the other Spanish colonies. Viceroys are even obliged to remain for six months in their government after they have resigned it to their successor. But M. Depons trusts that these provisions against the injustice of the governors are, as might be expected, quite illusory.

The inhabitants of Caracas are no longer forced to have recourse to another colony for the settlement of their lawsuits. An *audiencia* or court of law was established at Caracas in 1787. It consists of a regent, three *oidors* or judges, and two *fiscals* or public prosecutors. The regent has a salary of 5300 dollars a year; and each of the judges and public prosecutors 3300 dollars.

The proceedings in the Spanish courts of law are extremely slow, uncertain, and expensive. Business is transacted by means of written memorials of great length, the whole of which must be read over in public to the judges, before they can give a decision in the case. In a cause decided by the council of war, arising from a vessel which had been cut out of port by the English, the memorials laid before the judges filled 780 sheets of paper, and three days were entirely occupied in hearing them read. The Spanish law is also too favourable to the challenge of judges and assessors by the parties, and too indulgent to appeals. By a contract, singular in itself, though not uncommon in countries where the despotism of the government is tempered by the influence of the church, there is no law more indifferent about the liberties of men than the Spanish, and none more tender of their lives. The slightest suspicion of a crime is sufficient to hurry a man to prison. The clearest evidence of guilt is hardly able to bring him to the gallows.

The *cabildos*, or municipal governments of the new world, were established by the Spaniards at a time when they still enjoyed freedom at home, and they were therefore modelled on the plan of the cities of Castille. They consist of two *alcaldes* or magistrates, chosen annually by the *regidores* or council, who hold their offices for life. The *cabildos* of Caracas possessed at one time great political privileges and influence, which they obtained du-

ring the weak administration of the house of Austria. But the Bourbons, true to their principle of tolerating no power in the state that could serve as a controul upon their own, contrived, in the course of the last century, to reduce them to a state of insignificance in which they still continue.

The military establishment of Venezuela consists of one company of grenadiers and ten companies of the line, making in all 918 men, who are recruited in Spain, and distributed at Caracas, Guayra, and Porto Cabello. The artillery is 900 strong, and consists of one company of Europeans, and eight companies of Creoles, people of colour, and blacks. The militia, amounting to 4740, is formed of Creoles and people of colour. In Cumana there are three companies of Europeans, amounting to 221; 450 artillerymen; and 2245 militiamen. In Maracaibo there are 308 Europeans on the military establishment, 100 artillerymen, and 610 militiamen. In the Isle of Margarita there is a company of 77 European soldiers, with 400 native artillerymen, and 771 militiamen. In Varinas there is a single company of 77 men. The whole military force of the captain-generalship of Caracas, therefore, amounts to 13,136 men, supposing all the companies to be complete; but the distance of one province from another is so great, that, if attacked by an enemy, each must look to its own resources alone for its defence.

The fortified towns upon the coast are Maracaibo, Coro, Porto Cabello, Guayra, and Cumana. Of these, the best fortified and most important are Porto Cabello and Guayra. The inland towns, which are the richest and most valuable, are quite open and defenceless. An enemy who would invade Caracas, should not waste time in the attack of the fortified places on the coast, but land in some convenient situation; and, while the invading fleet kept the garrisons of the forts in check, advance with the invading army against the towns of the interior. As soon as these were in the possession of the invaders, the militia would disperse, and the towns on the coast would be forced to surrender for want of provisions.

The stability of the Spanish government in America is maintained as much by the policy of her ecclesiastical government as by her civil and military institutions. From the place of archbishop to that of doorkeeper of the cathedral, all ecclesiastical preferment in America flows directly from the king. The priests, secular and regular, may be considered as an army devoted to his service, and ready to expose themselves in defence of his authority. To the influence which the ignorance and bigotry of the people naturally confer upon their clergy, the inquisition superadds its terrors. Three courts of that inexorable tribunal maintain the purity of the catholic faith in Spanish America.

The tithes throughout America belong to the king, and he allows out of them what he pleases for the maintenance of the clergy. In general, the crown is contented with one ninth of the produce of the tithes; one fourth is allowed to the bishop, one fourth to the chapter, and the remainder goes to the parish priest, to the repair of churches, and to other pious uses. There are three bishoprics in Caracas. Before the last war, the annual revenue of the bishop of Caracas amounted in some years to 70,000 dollars. It is now reduced to about 40,000. The parish priests in Caracas are chiefly Creoles. The number of priests in Spanish America, though infinitely greater than the good of the colonies requires, is is sensibly on the decline. There has been no convent founded in Caracas for the last sixty years. Missions to convert the Indians were not established in Caracas till the middle of the seventeenth century. They are still in existence; but the missionaries are accused of occupying themselves little with the object of their institution, and of availing themselves of their situation to defraud and oppress the Indians. Some

of them acquire great wealth by commerce, or rather by contraband. There are missionaries who have scraped together, by such means, from 30 to 40,000 dollars.

Agriculture is at a low ebb at Caracas. There are not twenty estates in the province which bring in more than 4 or 5000 dollars a year of clear income to the proprietors. Not that landed property is much subdivided, but it is rare to find more than the tenth part of an estate in cultivation. There are five causes for the low state of agriculture in this province. 1. The proprietors are in general drowned in debt. It is not usual for a Spaniard to sell his estate, till he is reduced to the greatest necessity. He prefers rather to borrow money upon it, for which he pays an interest of five per cent. There is hardly an estate in the colony, which has not some burden of this sort pressing upon it. 2. It is equally uncommon to meet with an estate, which has not some rent charge to pay to the church, in consequence of the dying bequest of some pious ancestor of its owner. Such burdens dissipate the gains, and dishearten the industry of the colonists. 3. The planters live in towns, at a great expence, and often above their income, and leave the management of their estates to overseers. 4. The Spanish Creole has the most extravagant passion for public offices and distinctions; for military rank; for some employment in the courts of law, or in the finances; or for the cross of some order. Every Creole of rank has an *apoderado*, or agent, at Madrid, whose chief business is to solicit such favours for his employer, when they become vacant. Immense sums are sacrificed to this foolish vanity, and the attention of the colonist withdrawn from his true interest, the improvement of his estate. 5. There is a want of negroes for cultivation at Caracas. It was formerly permitted to import negroes into this province from the West India islands; but, since the revolt of the blacks in St. Domingo, this trade has been prohibited; and from 1791 to 1804, not a single negro was brought into Caracas. In 1804, permission was granted to two merchants of Caracas to import each 1500 negroes into the province.

The productions of Caracas are, 1. *Cacao*, which is esteemed the best in the world, except that of Soconasco. When the cacao of Caracas is sold at Cadiz for 50 dollars per cwt., that of the river Magdalena, near Carthagena, brings only 44, that of Guayaquil only 32, and that of the river Amazons only 25. A single slave can manage 1000 feet of cacao ground, which ought to produce 1250 lib. of cacao, worth 250 dollars in Caracas. The other expences of cultivation are inconsiderable. A cacao tree begins to bear fruit at the age of seven or eight years, or, near the line, at the age of four or five, and continues to bear till fifty on the coast, or till thirty in the interior. There is no branch of cultivation to which such attention is paid in Caracas as to that of cacao. 2. *Indigo*. The cultivation of indigo was not introduced into Caracas till 1774. It has since prospered exceedingly. The indigo of Caracas is inferior to that of Guatemala; but 25 or 30 per cent. better than that of any other country. 3. *Cotton*. Cotton began to be attended to in Caracas, as an object of exportation, in 1782. The cultivation of it is now considerably extended. 4. *Coffee*. Coffee was neglected as an object of commerce in Caracas till 1784. During the late war, many cacao and indigo plantations were given up, and converted into plantations of coffee. But the whole produce of Caracas for exportation in this article does not yet exceed a million of pounds. It is reckoned that the coffee plantations of Caracas give two pounds of coffee for every square foot. 5. *Sugar*. The whole of the sugar raised in Caracas is consumed within the colony. No people are so fond of sweetmeats, or use such quantities of sugar in their food, as the Spaniards It is calculated, that, in the province

of Venezuela alone, they consume 40,000 cwt. of cacao a year, and a much greater quantity of sugar. 6. *Tobacco.* This being an article of royal monopoly, is cultivated in Caracas, as in every other part of Spanish America, on account of the king. In addition to this account of the territorial riches of Caracas, may be mentioned the immense herds of oxen, horses, mules, sheep, and deer, which are dispersed over its plains and vallies. The number of oxen is not less than 1,200,000; the horses 180,000, and the mules 90,000.

The ports of Caracas which have a right to trade with the mother country, are Guayra, Porto Cabello, Maracaibo, Barcelona, Magarita, and Cumana: but Guayra alone has more trade than all the rest. In 1796, the whole value of the imports from Spain to Caracas was estimated at 3,118,811¼ dollars, and the import duties came to 281,052 dollars. The exports to the mother country in the same year are rated in the custom-house books at no more than 2,098,316 dollars, and the export duties at 138,052 dollars, many vessels having sailed without their cargoes, in consequence of the alarm of a war with England.

Caracas carries on little trade with the other Spanish colonies. Its exports to Cuba and Porto Rico are not above 100,000 dollars annually. It is true, that vessels from the mother country, after discharging their cargoes at Vera Cruz, are permitted to touch at Caracas in their way home, and to take a cargo on board there, which they pay for chiefly in specie. This trade is supposed in time of peace to bring about 400,000 dollars annually into Caracas.

Caracas, like the other colonies on the Spanish Main, has permission to export to foreign West India islands all articles of its own produce, except cacao, provided the trade be carried on in national bottoms; but the returns must be in negroes, or in farming and household utensils, and the balance, if any, must be paid in money. Previous to 1796, the exports of Caracas, by this branch of trade, were confined to about 150,000 dollars in the productions of its soil, 50,000 dollars in hides, and 250,000 dollars in mules, which were sold in the West Indies for 500,000. The whole returns, in negroes and utensils, did not exceed 100,000 dollars; and the balance, which ought to have been paid in money, was received in manufactured goods, which were smuggled into Caracas.

There has been a contraband trade upon the coast, ever since this colony had any commodities to offer strangers in return for their goods; and, in spite of the vigilance of the Spanish government, it must continue to flourish, while the mother country is unable to supply the colonists from her own manufacturing industry, and refuses to admit the manufactures of other nations, without duties of near 50 per cent. Before the year 1791, the French colony of St. Domingo had the greatest share of this trade. It is divided at present between Jamaica, Curacoa, and Trinidad. According to M. Depons's calculation, it amounted to 750,000 dollars annually, before the breaking out of the war with England in 1796.

During that war, Spain made a violent departure from her ancient colonial policy, by admitting neutrals to trade directly with her colonies, on condition that they paid the same duties to her government at home, as if the trade had been carried on in the usual manner through Cadiz. An order to this effect was issued in November, 1797; but such was the outcry raised against it, by the shipping interest of Spain, that it was recalled in February, 1800. This revocation served only to throw a number of Spanish vessels, which put rashly to sea, in order to resume their colonial trade, into the hands of the English; and it gave additional spirit to the contraband trade, which had prevailed during the whole course of the

war, between the Spanish Main, and the islands of Jamaica, Curacoa, and Trinidad. This trade was carried on by Spanish vessels, which, being provided with passports from the English admiral on the West India station, sailed from their own harbours on pretence of a voyage to some friendly or neutral port; but being at sea, they made directly for Jamaica, or some other English settlement, where they exchanged their cargoes for English goods. To such a height did this trade proceed, that more than 400 vessels were constantly engaged in it, and 80 vessels with Spanish colours were sometimes to be seen at once in the harbour of Kingston. The little town of Porto Cabello alone exported produce, in 1801, to the value of 2,270,858 dollars, nominally to Guadaloupe, but in reality to Jamaica and Curacoa. The Spanish government, though perfectly aware of the existence of this traffic, connived at it while the war continued; but, on the return of peace, a royal order was issued to inquire after and punish the persons who had been concerned in it.

There is a *consulado*, or chamber of commerce at Caracas, established in 1793. All commercial causes are brought before it; and it is also charged with the superintendance of commerce, agriculture, and public works. But this part of its duty is much neglected. It enjoys a revenue of 80 or 100,000 dollars a year, arising from certain duties appropriated to its support.

The following are tables of the exports of Caracas, for the years from 1793 to 1796, and from 1797 to 1800 inclusive. The difference shows, that either the exports of the colony have been reduced to one half by the war with England, or that the contraband exportation has been greatly increased in the latter period.

Exports from 1793 *to* 1796.	
367,819 cwt. cacao, at 18 dollars per cwt., make	*Dollars.* 6,620,742
2,955,963 lib. indigo, at 12 reals per lib.	5,172,937
1,498,332 lib. cotton, at 20 dollars per cwt.	299,666
1,325,584 lib. coffee, at 12 dollars per cwt.	159,070
	12,252,415

Exports from 1797 *to* 1800.	
239,162 cwt. cacao, at 18 dollars per cwt.	*Dollars.* 4,304,916
793,210 lib. indigo, at 14 reals per lib.	1,386,117
2,834,254 lib. cotton, at 20 dollars per cwt.	566,850
1,536,967 lib. coffee, at 12 dollars per cwt.	184,435
	6,442,318

The finances of Caracas are under the direction of the intendant, whose authority is independent of the captain-general, and supreme in the colony in all matters of commerce and finance. He holds his place for five years, and it brings him about 18,000 dollars a year.—The revenue of Caracas arises chiefly from the customs, the alcavala or duty of five per cent. on sales, from stamps, licenses, and tithes, and from the produce of the *cruzada*, and of the sale of tobacco. The two last are destined for the treasury at home; the others to defray the expences of the colonial government; but if there is any deficiency in their produce, it is supplied from the two others. It will be seen, from the following table, that there is usually a deficit even in time of peace; and, since the war with England, the whole receipts of the province have been unable to cover its expenditure. In 1801, the government of Caracas was forced to borrow 200,000 dollars from the exchequer of Santa Fe.

Receipt and expenditure of Caracas from 1793 to 1797, exclusive of the produce of the cruzada, amounting to 26,000 dollars, and the profit of the sales of tobacco, amounting to 700,000 dollars annually.

			BALANCE.	
Years.	*Receipt.*	*Expenditure.*	*For.*	*Against.*
1793.	1,312,188 1-4	1,503,583 5-6		191.365 1-8
1794.	1,561,951	1,639,900		77,969
1795.	1,443,056	1,549,874		106,817
1796.	1,389.804	1,049,247	340,565	
1797.	1,140,788	1,886,363		745,475

The native Spaniards to be found in Caracas are chiefly Biscayners and Catalans, who, with emigrants from the Canary islands, form the best part of the foreign population of the colony. The Biscayners and natives of the Canary isles often apply to agriculture, with great profit to themselves, and advantage to the settlement. The Catalans devote themselves solely to commerce.—They are all three remarkable for their industry and morals; but the Biscayners are more intelligent and enterprising than the other two.—The people of colour are the mechanics of the colony. They are poor, and lazy, and unskilful tradesmen; but they are free from any gross or dangerous vices, and exceedingly devout. The chief town swarms, as in the mother country, with beggars, in consequence of the mistaken charity which feeds the idle and the profligate, at the expence of the industrious. The archbishop of Caracas, out of his tithes wrung from the industrious cultivator, distributes his charity once a week among 1200 profligates, who trust to such a resource for their livelihood.

Caracas, the seat of government and capital of the colony, has a population of more than 40,000 souls. It enjoys an elevated situation, a temperate climate, and a salubrious air. During the rainy season, Fahrenheit's thermometer varies from 76° to 52°, and during the dry season from 85° to 69°. Guayra, the sea-port of Caracas, is at the distance of five leagues, and is much less healthy than that city. The population of Guayra is about 6000 souls. Among the inland towns of the province of Venezuela, they reckon more than twelve which contain from 7000 to 1300 inhabitants, besides many thriving and industrious villages. Porto Cabello, like other towns upon the coast, is less healthy than those of the interior. Its population is reckoned at 7600; and that of Coro, which is also upon the coast, amounts to 10,000.

The province of Cumana is extremely fertile; and if the Spanish government have the good sense to wink at the intercourse of its inhabitants with the island of Trinidad, it is likely to prosper and improve with great rapidity. Cumana and Barcelona, its principal sea-ports, are unhealthy, from the badness and inattention of the police; but this evil might easily be remedied. Cumana has a population of 21,000, and Barcelona a population of 14,000 souls.

Margarita is a possession of little value to the Spaniards; but, in the hands of an active and enterprising enemy, it might do them incalculable mischief, by intercepting the trade between Caracas and the mother country, for which its situation is singularly well adapted.

The situation of Maracaibo is hot, but the climate is salubrious. It contains a population of 22,000 souls, among whom are a number of noble families, sunk in indigence, and prevented, by the prejudices of birth, from engaging in any industrious occupation.

Merida, an inland town of the same province, is distinguished for the industry and intelligence of its inhabitants.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE BRITISH MILITARY CHARACTER.

WHAT are the causes of the bad success of the British arms on the continent? The English are undoubtedly the most intrepid people in Europe. Other causes are therefore to be assigned for this fact.

The first is, that the land army has become an object of secondary consideration ever since the union with Scotland. Another cause is the want of any regular system for the formation of the army, and the manner in which the forces are parcelled out in service, from which circumstance they can never acquire uniformity or consistency.

Campaigns in Asia do not contribute to form troops fitted for European warfare; and a general who has returned from India, may be compared to an admiral who has acquired his knowledge of navigation from voyages in the lake of Geneva or the Black sea.

The English cavalry is better equipped and more formidable in a charge than that of any other nation. A private in the British cavalry is as well mounted as an officer in any other service. He does not however possess the same command of his horse, which is attributed to the form of his saddle; and from this circumstance, the British cavalry require more time than any other to form after a charge. The highest praises are due to the artillery. In short, able commanders are alone wanting to make the British the best troops in Europe. This opinion is certainly very prevalent on the continent of Europe. The British officers are not considered as inferior to those of any army in Europe in courage, in talents, or in attachment to their profession, but in military science and attainments. It certainly would be extremely unjust to impute to them the slightest blame on that account. From well-known causes, they have not the same opportunities of acquiring practical knowledge which the officers of continental armies possess; and though that disadvantage might have been easily supplied by directing some portion of the talents and genius of the nation to the cultivation of military science, Britain is, perhaps, the only country in Europe where it has been completely neglected.

In France, military knowledge was widely diffused; and in the course of the war, it enabled them to overcome every disadvantage arising from want of discipline and experience. Their writers on military subjects are as superior to those of other countries as their generals have shown themselves to be. If the same encouragement had been given in England to military studies, no doubt the English would have excelled as much in this as they have done in every other department of science. There is not one liberal art to which the genius of both nations has been applied, in which Britain has not fair pretensions to superior excellence. Even mechanical inventions, though not apparently suited to the genius of the inhabitants, have been carried to higher perfection in Britain than in any other country. But on military subjects, not one author of any originality, or of any merit, has appeared. The cause of this is obvious. A person intended for the army has no opportunity of learning even the rudiments of his art; if he is desirous to acquire them, he must relinquish the superior advantages of a British education, in order to place himself under the tuition of a German tactician. He there acquires a system which is suited to the genius of a country inferior in almost every respect to his own. Any little military knowledge which exists in England has been servilely copied from the Germans. German discipline certainly has its merits: but there always must be a great distinction between a system which is the growth of the country, and accommodated to the genius and situation of the people, and one which is trans-

ferred, as an article of faith in all its parts, from a foreign country, to one different in almost every respect.

If Frederick, instead of king of Prussia, had been king of Great Britain, his military arrangements would have been different. He would have considered the situation of the country, the character of the people, and the services in which the troops were likely to be engaged. In his own country he made fewer changes in military matters than is generally imagined: matters of little importance he allowed to remain on the same footing. He did not consider it of very great importance to alter the shape of a coat, or the form of a skirt; but wherever he found the tactics of other nations superior, he either imitated or improved them. He thus established his own character for superior genius, and, at the same time, made his army superior to that of any other power in Europe. The same superiority will be attained by any nation which will employ the same means, which will improve its military system, not by a constant and vexatious succession of trifling changes, but by preserving unchanged whatever it has that is good, and giving encouragement to every improvement in the higher departments of military service.

It is easy for a person to fancy himself a soldier, by scrupulously attending, during peace, to those *minutiæ* which are really insignificant in war. Officers who make the most distinguished figure in time of peace, do not, in actual service, answer the expectations which they have raised. An officer of this class, who has served twenty or thirty years, has great difficulty in changing his pacific habits: he hates war; and where there is a want of taste for an undertaking, it must be badly executed. Nothing can appear more astonishing to those who have not reflected on it, than the extreme zeal which many British officers show for the subordinate *minutiæ* of parade. It is, however, the case with this, as with most other frivolous pursuits, that where they occupy the mind, they engross it more exclusively than those objects which require a higher exertion of the understanding. A collector of butterflies or tulips shows more zeal in his favourite studies, than a mathematician; and a mountebank quack-doctor annexes higher importance to his infallible prescriptions than a regular physician.

Officers, long accustomed to actual service, are fully aware of the relative importance of the subordinate parts of discipline; but it is not easy to describe the absurd importance which parade officers, who have never heard a gun fired on service, ascribe to the smallest *minutiæ* of dress. It appears to them of greater consequence to have their troops smart on parade, than active in their manœuvres; and they seem to think that nothing renders a soldier so fit to meet an enemy, as fixing his cap on one corner of his head, and exposing as much of it as they possibly can, bedaubed with soap and flour, to the wet and cold of a northern climate. No doubt, those officers must be very unfit to meet an enemy, who will not stay to examine whether the accoutrements of their men are well lackered, or their *queues* tied with singular regularity and precision. The height to which this attention to dress is raised, in some individuals, exceeds all bounds of belief. An anecdote is told of a British general officer, who went with some of his friends to see the consular troops reviewed at Paris. After inspecting the lines very narrowly, he was observed to return to his countrymen with a look of great satisfaction and importance. One of them, who was anxious to know the result of his observations, was at length informed, that he could assure him, as a military man, that after looking at the whole line, he had not been able to find two neckcloths together, tied in the same manner.

For the Literary Magazine.

SIMILES OF HOMER DRAWN FROM THE SEA.

AMONG the sublime objects of nature, none is more striking than that vast expanse of water which forms the sea; and which, from the variety of appearances that it is capable of assuming, affords a fertile store of images to the poetical observer. The greater part of these are of the grand and terrific kind; and Homer, whose genius and subject led him to the peculiar contemplation of such scenes in nature, has drawn copiously from this source. He seems frequently, like his aged Chryses, to have walked musing on the shore of the resounding main, attentive to all its changes, and fixing their several forms upon his imagination, for the various purposes of description and comparison. It is justly remarked by Pope, in a note on one of these passages, that, in order properly to judge of the beauty of such resemblances, it is necessary for the reader to have been an observer of the things themselves. How far he himself was thus qualified, may occasionally be considered hereafter; but the remark is certainly true; and in proportion as any one is able to compare Homer's descriptions with nature itself, as well as in the similes derived from this source, as in all the others, he will the better understand their application, and recognize their accuracy.

In the similes which I shall first adduce, the principal circumstances which the sea-pieces are brought to illustrate, are *motion* and *number*.

When Agamemnon, in a speech to the assembled Greeks, makes a feigned proposal for their return, its effect on the populace is thus described:

So moved th'assembly, as the length'ning waves
Roll on the Icarian sea, before the breath
Of Eurus and of Notus, rushing down
From clouds of father Jove.—Il. ii. 144.

The armies of Greece and Troy seated apart on the plain, in silence, in order to hear Hector's challenge to single fight, give rise to the following comparison:

As when the west wind freshens, o'er the main
A shivering horror runs, that blackens round
The face of Ocean; so the ranks appear'd
Of Greeks and Trojans, seated on the plain. Il. vii. 63.

The armies seated in ranks, and *bristling*, as Homer says, with helmets, spears, and shields, which, from the impatience natural to the occasion, would exhibit a gentle quivering motion, afford a very just resemblance to the sea, just curled and roughened by a light breeze. But that the resemblance farther extends, as Pope supposes, to "the repose and awe which ensued, when Hector began to speak," I cannot perceive. There appears therefore, to me, an unhappy inconsistency with the rest of the picture, in those lines of his translation,

——the face of Ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps.

The word "horror," is meant to correspond with the original φρὶξ must be understood in its proper signification of *shivering*, or *trembling*, with which the epithet "still" is manifestly incompatible. The *darkness*, too, which Pope considers as a leading circumstance, is occasioned by the *motion*, not the *repose* of the water.

There are several comparisons by which a fluctuating and irresolute state of mind has been represented, but in none, perhaps, the image is more happily adapted to the subject than in the following, which is introduced where Nestor is alarmed by the view of the extreme danger which urged the Greeks, and knows not what counsel to give:

As when the sea in blind commotion heaves
Its black'ning waves, a prelude of the rage

Of whistling winds; as yet to neither side
The billows roll, till from above descends
The leading gale: so wavering doubts divide
The senior's soul. IL. xiv. 16.

The state of the sea here described, is not properly a *calm*, but a *swell without wind*, usually reckoned the forerunner of a storm. Pope is here again unfortunate, in his first line:

As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps;

for how is this consistent with any motion at all? and yet it is upon *motion* that the application of the simile depends.

A state of the mind somewhat similar to the preceding, but differing in this, that the irresolution proceeds from the strong action of two opposite impulses, is represented by a new image, drawn from the same source:

As when two winds the fishy main assail,
Boreas and Zephyr, rushing sudden down
From Thracian hills; in heaps the black waves rise,
And hurl the sea-wrack from the briny deep:
So varying doubt distracts the Grecian breasts.
IL. ix. 4.

This doubt was whether they should stay or return; and therefore very well corresponds to the action of the two opposite winds. I am less satisfied, however, with the propriety of description in this, and various other passages of Homer, and his imitators, where different and opposite winds are made to blow at the same time. That in a sea like that with which Homer was conversant, narrow, bounded by mountains, and interspersed with islands, sudden gusts should arise from various quarters, and occasionally meet and contend with each other, is highly probable; but a steady and durable opposition of winds, on the same spot, is a phenomenon scarcely conformable to nature. The artificial brewing of a tempest, by setting the four winds to justle with each other, though an expedient practised by some poets of high reputation, is surely ridiculous and extravagant.

The *sound* of the waves, and the *violence* of their assault, are circumstances added to their *stability* and *frequency*, in the subsequent passages. The peculiar excellence of the Greek language, in expressing *action* by words which are an echo to the sense, should be remarked, before an idea of some of Homer's finest lines is attempted to be given by an inadequate translation.

When the Grecian army is called back to the assembly, after being dismissed by Agamemnon, their return is thus described:

Once more assembling from the ships and tents,
With shouts they rush to council; like the roar
Of echoing Ocean, when its swelling waves
Dash on the extended shore, and boils the main.
IL. ii. 207.

The advance of the Greeks to the first battle, gives occasion to the following simile:

As on the sounding shore the ocean waves
Beat frequent, gently urg'd by Zephyr's breath;
First on the main they rise, then onward roll'd
Burst thund'ring on the beach, and swelling high
Around the rocky points in ridges heave,
And dash the briny foam: thus closely throng'd,
The Grecian squadrons ceaseless mov'd to war.
IL. iv. 422.

This is a very exact picture, not of a "growing storm," as Pope understands it, but of a gentle breeze, raising waves in the sea, which

gather as they roll onwards, and at length break with violence on the shore. Its application to bodies of men, at first advancing leisurely and at intervals, then closing and quickening their march, as they approach the enemy, and at last bursting upon the foe, with a furious shock, is perfectly happy, and requires no elucidation to those who have been spectators of the natural scene.

For the Literary Magazine.

ENGLISH METAL PROMISSORY NOTES.

THE use of the more precious and durable metals, as the general medium of exchange, has almost universally taken place in the world; and indeed their introduction has been among the first advances of most nations to a state of civilization. At first, it is probable, that they were used in the form of bars or plates, according as every man could provide himself with them; but as it would soon be found, that they were particularly liable to adulteration, both as to purity and weight, it seems to have been a very natural and necessary step, to give that which was intended to be the medium of public confidence the sanction of the public authority; and by the establishment of *mints* to ascertain, as far as it was possible, the quantity and fineness of each piece of metal in circulation, by the nature of the marks with which it was impressed.

In most modern nations, there were, originally, a great number of these authorized mints. This variety still continues on the continent of Europe, and is one great cause of the perplexities in exchange. In England, however, for a considerable period, there has, with great propriety, been only one public authorized mint, under the immediate inspection of the executive power; which, while it gives the best security for the absolute uniformity of the medium of exchange, provides, by the liberality of its establishment, against any objection that could be formed to the exclusiveness of its privileges: delivering out, without deduction for seignorage, duty, workmanship, or even waste, the full value of all bullion brought in to be coined.

It may well excite surprise, under such circumstances, that there should ever have been the least temptation to *private* coinage in England. And yet we find, that there have not been less than three different sorts of this unauthorized money, for each of which it will not, perhaps, be difficult to account: the *tradesmen's tokens*, of the last century; the *siege-pieces*, and other *pledges for money*, issued during the civil wars; and the *copper promissory notes for halfpence*, at present current in large manufactories.

Gold and silver money was, for many centuries, the only current coin of England; and copper was not issued by public authority, till some time after the restoration. In consequence of the general extension of trade, and especially of the retail trade, as the bulk of the people increased in wealth and consequence, much inconvenience was found to arise from the want of some pieces of smaller value, to serve as *change* for the silver money. For though silver pence, and even halfpence, were then coined, yet since a man might have a dozen or two of them in his purse, and scarcely be able to discover them with a microscope, it was not to be expected that they should ever come into extensive circulation. In this dilemma, the device of *tokens* was hit on, and eagerly adopted, till every petty tradesman had his pledges for a halfpenny, *payable, in silver, to bearer, on demand*, at his shop; on the credit of which it therefore depended, whether they should circulate through one or two streets, a whole town, or to some small distance in the country round.

The various inconveniences arising from these tokens, particularly

the obvious want of security to the acceptor, from the frequent insufficiency of the issuer, might easily have been obviated by a copper coinage, under the authority of government: but to this Elizabeth could never be persuaded; for no better reason than that copper had been employed in the adulteration of the silver currency. Her successors, James and Charles, issued their respective *farthing tokens*; which, though not declared, by proclamation, an authoritative tender in payment; yet, from the superiority of the security, in great measure, superseded the *private* tokens, till the unhappy end of the latter monarch destroyed the credit of his coins: after which, during the commonwealth, and under Cromwell's usurpation, private mints were again set to work, with greater activity than ever; and continued to supply an abundance of halfpence for circulation, till the year 1672, when they were suppressed by proclamation, and a regular coinage of halfpence and farthings, such as circulate at present, was issued, under the authority of government.

The second class of private coins, those struck in the civil wars, were the offspring of necessity, rather than convenience. In these unhappy times, it became necessary for commanders, when closely besieged, or otherwise deprived of the means of obtaining regular supplies of money, to devise some method of paying their troops, and of purchasing necessaries, with something that might serve as a security, the best they could give, for payment in actual money when affairs should take a more favourable turn. A pewter coin of this kind was struck by Charles I, at Newark: it is of a diamond form, and, by its inscription, seems intended to have been a pledge for a shilling. A piece of lead or pewter, with a small square bar of copper struck through it, was struck by James II, for the payment of his army in Ireland. Various coins of this kind may be seen in Rapin's History of England.

The last class of private coins have been occasioned by a great mistake in the regulations which at present govern the preparation of the authorized copper coinage. There seems to be no rule more indispensable, in fixing the proportion of a coin, than this, that it should contain the full value, or, at least, very nearly so, of the metal of which it is composed, according to the present market-price of that metal: for, otherwise, you hold out an almost irresistible temptation to counterfeit. This rule was probably observed at the time of the first copper coinage. The officers of the mint have since been more attentive to keep the halfpenny to its customary size, than to proportion it to the depreciation in the value of the metal. The pound of copper, which is worth no more than tenpence, is now coined into no less than six and forty halfpence: so that a Birmingham manufacturer can get more than cent. per cent. by making even good halfpence; and was enabled to afford such money as he found would sell, five years ago, at the rate of 33l. per cent.

This operating as a strong temptation to too many masters to pay their workmen in copper, and that of the worst kind, its accumulation in the shops of the retail dealers became an object of serious alarm; and obliged them, at length, in many places, though to their great immediate loss, to determine on its entire refusal.

The workmen in the coppermines, too, who knew its real price, were unwilling to receive in payment one-third of the value of their wages. In this dilemma, the directors of the mines, unable to procure silver, which was, and continues to be, not only much adulterated, but greatly diminished in quantity, had no other resource than to strike off tokens at the full value of the copper, which, being readily accepted by the workmen, have been imitated by the proprietors of other extensive works, and their circulation is daily increasing.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CASUIST.

CASE.—May I not, in any case, designedly propagate error?

Preliminaries.

All who are concerned in the education of children and youth, whether as parents, or as official preceptors, if they be desirous of discharging their duty faithfully, must be solicitous to determine, whether they are bound, on all subjects of instruction, strictly to adhere to their own opinions, and communicate to their pupils the honest result of their best judgment; or whether they ought, even contrary to their own private sentiments, to follow the general sense of the public, expressed in its instituted or customary formularies.

It is interesting to the whole body of public instructors, who must be desirous to satisfy themselves, whether they be under a moral obligation, in all their addresses to the people, to adhere religiously to that doctrine, which they judge to be true; or whether they are at liberty to adopt popular errors, and foster vulgar prejudices, under the notion of deceiving men for their benefit.

Perhaps there are few young people, whose minds have been imbued with sentiments of integrity, to whom it will not appear strange, and almost immoral, to make it at all a question, whether it be lawful to propagate error? Judging from the genuine principles of rectitude in which they have been instructed, and glowing with that honest love of truth, which is so natural to the uncorrupted mind, they start back with a kind of instinctive horror from every appearance of deceit, and ask, with indignant emotion, Can virtue hold alliance with falsehood? Can good come out of evil?

Yet the fact is indisputable, that many persons, in other respects eminently distinguished for wisdom and virtue, have not scrupled to bend their ordinary language into the track of current opinions, and to conform to practices, which they have little hesitation in acknowledging to have originated in error.

Who has not heard of the distinction which almost universally prevailed among the wise men of the ancient world, between their *esoteric* and their *exoteric* doctrine? the former consisting of the pure result of their most subtle speculations, which were industriously kept from the public ear; the latter, of the ordinary precepts of morality, mingled with the dogmas and tales of a fabulous theology, and the institutes of vulgar superstition.

Many of those who have been celebrated, not only for purity of moral doctrine, but for their personal virtues, appear to have thought the propagation of error perfectly right and justifiable, as the only means of imposing necessary restraint upon the minds of the multitude.

It is on this supposition alone that we can account for the general countenance which ancient philosophers, who were, certainly, not insensible of the absurdity of the pagan mythology, gave to superstitious rites and ceremonies, which had no other foundation that these fables. Even the wise and excellent Socrates, who taught so pure and rational a doctrine concerning the Supreme Being, laid it down as a maxim, that a wise man will worship the gods according to the institutions of the state to which he belongs; and he adhered to this maxim to the latest hour of his life, when he requested his friend, Crito, not to neglect the offering of a cock, which he had vowed, to Esculapius.

Pythagoras, concerning whom, if any thing be certain, it is, that he was, both in his doctrine and practice, a friend to good morals, did not scruple, in order to give his doctrine the more powerful sway over the multitude, to encourage superstitious credulity, by pretending to supernatural powers. His precepts were delivered to the people as from the oracle of Apollo; and,

on several occasions, he professed to perform miracles.

The enlightened Cicero, who so completely saw through the impositions which were practised on the Roman people, as to say, that he wondered how the *haruspices*, when they looked each other in the face, could refrain from laughing, nevertheless, did not scruple to lend his assistance towards carrying on the deception.

Even the sacred school of christianity has furnished abundant examples of error, designedly countenanced and propagated by great and good men. False miracles have, through a long course of ages, been exhibited on the ecclesiastical theatre, by catholic christian priests. The laity are still, in various christian churches, both Romish and protestant, taught to embrace tenets, and to practise ceremonies, which candour, with its utmost effort, cannot suppose to be universally believed and reverenced by the clergy. Discourses are written, and lectures are read, to apologize for subscriptions to articles of faith, which are not throughout, and in their obvious sense, believed. Church benefices are retained by men of amiable manners, and, in other respects, of strict probity, who, nevertheless, do not scruple to disavow their belief in many parts of the formularies to which they have solemnly declared their assent, and thus, inconsistently enough, support with one hand that system of error, real or supposed, which they pull down with the other. Hoadley preached a sermon against church authority, which put the whole English nation in a ferment, and yet continued in his see. Clarke wrote against the doctrine of the trinity, and yet continued to read the litany. Blackburne wrote *The Confessional*, and yet kept the preferment which he held by subscription to the thirty-nine articles.

If great and good men have thus contributed to the support and propagation of error, it must have been their serious opinion, that there are cases in which error ought to be supported and propagated.

Pro quæsitore.

After all the fine-spun theories of morals which have been advanced by ingenious men, it is now pretty generally agreed, that there is no other satisfactory criterion of moral action than its tendency to produce happiness. No action, therefore, which has this tendency ought to be pronounced immoral. If, by any means, I create in the mind of another a judgment, or opinion, which I know, or believe, to be false, I am, it is true, imposing upon him error in the shape of truth; but if I am, at the same time, impressing his mind with a conviction which will probably have a beneficial influence upon his conduct, I am doing him good, or performing towards him a benevolent and virtuous action. The beneficial effect is the same, whether my words, which produced it, correspond to the abstract truth of things or not.

Abstract truth, or falsehood, must, it is granted, always exist with respect to every possible proposition; for every supposable thing either is, or is not: but universal experience has shown, that the knowledge of truth is an attainment of extreme difficulty. The depth at which truth lies is proverbial. Who is certain, after all his labour, that he has brought it up from the well? What appears truth to me, appears error to another. Why, then, follow so uncertain a guide as my own judgment of what is true, when I can so much more easily determine from observation, what is useful? If I am satisfied that my instructions are, on the whole, useful, why disturb myself because they have in them, unavoidably, a mixture of apparent error?

We necessarily imbibe error with our infant breath. Errors innumerable are forced upon our judgment by the report of others, by our own senses, by the customs and habits of society, and even by its wisest insti-

tutions. Why should we attempt to avoid that which is evidently a part of the great plan of nature? Why not co-operate with its general laws, by rendering men's unavoidable errors productive of good?

Whether it be possible for human nature to become altogether the pupil of truth; whether it be possible to put all men in possession of a sufficient stock of certain knowledge, to become the basis of individual and social happiness, may admit of doubt; but, in the present state of the world, it can scarcely be questioned, that it is impracticable to conduct its affairs without giving encouragement and support to error. Whenever the magistrate has made himself the judge of abstract truth, and professed to take it under his patronage, by giving a formal establishment to one set of opinions in preference to another, he has adopted a system productive of incalculable mischiefs. This is equally true, whether the system has been adopted in a Romish conclave, a British council, or a French convention; and the man who projects or supports this system, whether he be a Bonner or a Robespierre, whether he be a Burke or a Condorcet, is, unquestionably, a persecutor. The magistrate whose sole object is the public good, in order to preserve the public tranquillity, and secure to every individual the first right of a rational being, that of exercising his reason without restraint, ought to afford equal patronage, or at least equal protection, to all public instructors, although it may be very evident that, in doing this, he must, in many cases, give countenance and encouragement to the propagation of error; his business is to consider not what is true, but what is useful, and even error may, in certain circumstances, be useful.

This usefulness of error has, in many instances, been experimentally proved. In all ages, the multitude have been kept in awe by fictions addressed to the imagination and passions. What effect would the ancient metaphysical philosophers of India have produced on the minds of the people by their abstract speculations, concerning the divine nature and attributes, if they had not personified the operations of Deity under the names of Brahma, Vishnou, and Sheva, and exhibited them to the fancy in fables and images? Among the Greeks and Romans, what would Plato's *beauty and good*, or Tully's *honestum*, have done to keep the world in order, without the fables and ceremonies of the pagan religion; without priests and augurs; without the Elysian Fields and the shades of Tartarus?

In fine, let the most correct philosopher ask himself, Whether, in his ordinary intercourse with mankind, he does not find himself under the necessity of accommodating himself to their habits of thinking, and, by the terms which he uses, to encourage opinions which he thinks erroneous? Is there a disciple of Berkeley, of Hartley, or of Hume, who, while he plumes himself upon thinking with the wise, does not condescend to speak with the vulgar, and hereby to support and countenance error?

E contra.

Without entering into the general question concerning the foundation of morals, and even admitting utility to be the measure of virtue, it may be confidently asked, whether an invariable adherence to moral truth, or veracity, be not, at least, as likely to be useful to mankind, as the violation of this law of morality, in the wilful propagation of error? Whether the love of truth be woven into the original fabric of the human mind, or whether it be the result of a series of unavoidable associations, it cannot be doubted that it is natural to man. No good man ever violates it without reluctance. Few merchants take a custom-house oath, which they know to be not strictly true, without wishing that they might be excused. An English clergyman, who subscribes the thirty-nine articles with a secret consciousness

that they do not perfectly coincide with his sentiments, must feel an uneasy pressure as he enters the narrow door, and, notwithstanding the usefulness of the edifice to which he is admitted, must wish the passage into it enlarged. These are right and laudable feelings; and it is by no means certain, that mankind have ever been benefited by counteracting them.

If the certain knowledge of abstract truth be a difficult attainment, it is not less difficult to determine, with certainty, what will be, on the whole, useful. The general good is a vast object, and comprehends an endless variety of complicated relations and circumstances, in which the mind is in as much danger of being lost, as in the labyrinth of a speculative truth. Because the whole field of knowledge does not lie open to the human understanding, it is not to be inferred that man is incapable of possessing himself of sufficient knowledge to secure his happiness, without calling in the aid of error: nor ought the mistakes and errors into which men fall before they acquire the perfect use of their reason, or while they neglect to exercise it, be an argument for the deliberate and systematic propagation of error among beings to whom reason is given for the very purpose of correcting error.

The exclusive patronage of any particular system of opinions, under the notion of supporting the cause of truth, is an exercise of civil power which always has been, and always must be, injurious to society; but any interference of magistracy for the purpose of encouraging and supporting a system which the magistrates themselves believe to be founded in error, in expectation that it will furnish useful instruments of controul, is, at least, equally injurious.

If the magistrate affords equal protection and encouragement to instructors of all classes, he permits, it is true, the dissemination of false principles, but he does not, in reality, patronize and propagate error; for nothing so certainly promotes the discovery and propagation of truth, as the unlimited freedom of discussion. Whatever is for the public good, it is the business of the magistrate to encourage; but experience has proved, that the public good is not promoted either by the patronage of any specific system of supposed truth, or the propagation of error: it must, therefore, be his duty to leave truth and error a clear field of contest, with no other interference than may be necessary to bring together skilful combatants, and to secure them fair play.

The interference, either of the magistrate or the priesthood, in favour of error, has never been productive of good. The ingenious devices of the Indian brahmins, to amuse the people with splendid fictions, what effects have they produced for which the people have reason to thank them? They have established the most debasing system of servility; they have confounded moral obligation with childish superstition; they have created an unnatural separation between man and man, by dividing society into distinct casts, productive, on the one part, of insolent tyranny, on the other, of abject and wretched slavery. Similar consequences, though, perhaps, in an inferior degree, have followed from similar systems of imposition in other countries; and if, in any instance, good effects have been produced, by institutions founded in error, it has been owing, not to the error, but to the truth incorporated with it; for, perhaps, no system has ever been established so erroneous as not to contain some true and useful principles of religion and morality.

In every age and country, the multitude have possessed a sufficient share of understanding to be capable of receiving, from their more enlightened brethren, a plain and simple state of facts, with their obvious conclusions, as the ground of general maxims for the conduct of life: and, in order to render men

virtuous, nothing more seems necessary than to convince them, from the known nature of things, and from certain experience, that it is their interest to be so. Had this experiment been fairly tried, through the long course of ages, it is impossible to say to what degree of wisdom and happiness men might, by this time, have attained.

It is not only contrary to experience, but to the nature of things, that error should be productive of good. In the strict language of philosophy, truth and good are one. To treat every being and object according to its true nature, qualities, and relations, must be to render it, as much as possible, useful. Every error in judgment, concerning the nature of things, must open the way to some error in conduct, and, consequently, be injurious.

To suppose that error should produce good, appears almost as palpable an absurdity, as to make darkness the parent of light. It may, therefore, be concluded, that no attempt to impose on mankind, by propagating error, either "is," or, "can come to good;" and that where appearances of this kind arise, they are the mistakes of misapprehension, or the self-created illusions of a timid or selfish mind.

Prudent men will tread the ground of new opinions with cautious steps; modest men will judge with deliberation, and assert with diffidence; and polite men will not unnecessarily deviate from the established forms of language: but good men will always prefer truth to error; and wise men will not be easily persuaded, that truth may not be safely trusted with the great charge of making the world happy. If the glorious day should ever arrive, in which the clouds of error shall be cleared away, it will, we doubt not, be seen, that truth is a luminary sufficiently bright to show mankind the path to happiness.

Curia.

Curia vult advisari.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT INSTITUTIONS OF THE JEWS.

THE following is an abstract of the answers made by the great congregation of the Jews at Paris, to the questions put to them by the French government. Though these responses extend to a small number of objects, they are extremely curious and valuable, considered as an account of the Jews given by the highest authority, after the deepest deliberation among themselves.

It is not lawful for the Jews to take more than one wife. They generally comply with the laws of the European states in which they reside, and those forbidding polygamy, the Jews comply with those laws.

Moses did not expressly command to marry more than one, neither did he forbid it. Taking it for granted that such a thing would happen, he regulates the portions of children of different wives. Though polygamy was tolerated in the east, the ancients prescribe to the Jews not to marry more than one woman, unless their substance afforded the means of providing for more, and their issue. It was different in the west, where, desirous of conforming to the usages of the nations among which they settled, the Jews generally renounced polygamy. Some few individuals, however, still following that practice, a synod was convened at Worms, in the eleventh century, in which the rabbi Guershon presided, composed of one hundred rabbies. This assembly pronounced an anathema against every Israelite who should thereafter marry more than one woman: this prohibition, seconded by the influence of European manners and laws, has been obeyed ever since.

Divorce is allowed by the law of Moses, but it is not valid unless previously decided by the tribunals, according to the laws of France. Submission to the laws of the prince is the first duty of all Jews, and it

is a fundamental maxim adopted among them, that, in whatever relates to civil and political concerns, the laws of the state shall be paramount Before they enjoyed in France the same rights as other citizens, and when by special acts of the state, which permitted them to govern themselves in conformity with their religious customs, they had the liberty of divorcing their wives, it was very rarely used. Since the revolution, they have entirely conformed to the French laws; and, when admitted to the rights of citizenship, the rabbies and principal Jews of France appeared before the local municipalities, and took the oath, strictly to conform in all things to the laws of France, and to have no other rule in the adjustment of their civil concerns. Thus they can no longer consider divorce pronounced by their rabbies as valid, since to be so it must be previously pronounced by the civil tribunals of the state.

Inasmuch as the rabbies, by a decree of the consuls, were forbidden to administer the marriage ceremony, unless the parties could show that they were previously married by a municipal officer, so, in like manner, they cannot pronounce divorce, unless previously pronounced by the civil authority. If even this decree did not decide the point, the sentence of the rabbies would not be valid, as the law, in regard to civil concerns, would be superior, to which either of the parties would have the right of appealing: from all which it results, that the sentence of the rabbi, without the sanction of the civil law, cannot be valid. And it is farther evident, that, since the Jews marry before the civil magistrate, no Jew, who respects his religion, can repudiate his wife, unless by double divorce; and on which account it is asserted, that the law of Moses is perfectly conformable to the civil law.

The law does not say that a Jewess shall not marry a christian, nor a christian woman a Jew; neither does it declare that the Jews can only marry among themselves.—The law forbids only marriages with the seven Canaanean nations, with Ammon, Moab, and the Egyptians. The prohibition with the seven nations is absolute; that respecting Ammon and Moab is, according to the laws of the talmud, confined to the men, and not to the women, but it is believed that the latter ought to have embraced the Jewish religion. The law concerning the Egyptians is confined to the third generation. The prohibition is strictly applicable to the nations who worship idols. The talmud declares formally, that the modern nations are not idolators, seeing that they, as we do, worship the Lord God of heaven and earth; hence many marriages have taken place between Jews and christians, in France, Spain, and Germany.—These marriages were permitted or prohibited by the princes in whose kingdoms or states the Jews resided; some such marriages are to be found in France at present; yet we cannot conceal that these marriages are against the opinion of the rabbies; according to their tenets, it is held that, in the acceptance of the talmud, a marriage requires religious ceremonies called *kidueckin*, and the nuptial blessings; and as no marriage is valid in point of religion, if the said ceremonies are not performed, it is evident that no such marriage can take place between two individuals who should not both consider the said ceremony sacred: in which case they might separate again, without being under the necessity of applying to their church for divorce. They would be considered as civilly, but not religiously, married. Such is the opinion of the rabbies, members of the assembly, and they would in general be not more inclined to celebrate the nuptials of a christian woman with a Jew, or of a Jewess, than the Roman catholic priests would be disposed to consecrate such a marriage.

The rabbies, however, confess that a Jew who marries a christian woman, does not therefore cease to be a Jew in the opinion of his co-reli-

gionists, the same as he who marries a Jewess civilly, and not according to the precepts of the religion.

The Jews consider Frenchmen as brothers, and not as foreigners, and this mode of considering them is in conformity with the principles of the law of Moses.

At the time when the Israelites existed as a nation, their legislator prescribed to them, to love the stranger as their brother: "remember," said he to them, "that you have been strangers in Egypt."—Respect and kindness towards strangers are not only recommended by Moses, as a mere practical duty of social morality, but commanded by God himself. "When getting in your harvest," said he to them, "do not go back to gather the gleanings; leave them for poor strangers, and the widow; do not ill-treat the stranger, do him no injury, love him and give him bread, supply him with clothes: if he want, I am the everlasting, your God, the everlasting lover of strangers."

To those sentiments of benevolence, Moses adds the love of mankind in general. "Love thy equal as thyself." David also expresses himself, "the Lord our God is all goodness, his mercy extends over all his works."

A talmudist says, "we are obliged to love as brothers, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, and to assist the poor or the stranger, the same as if they were Israelites, whatever may be their opinions. There is in truth no act which a true Israelite ought not to perform towards a stranger." His principles are, to forsake idolatry, not to blaspheme, not to commit adultery, not to kill or wound a fellow creature, not to rob, nor deceive, and to maintain justice. All our principles therefore make it a duty for us to love the French as brothers.

A pagan once required of the rabbi Hille, information respecting the Jewish religion, and to be briefly informed of its principles. He received the following reply: "Do not to thy fellow-creature that which thou would not should be done unto thee." This is the true religion, the rest is but consequence. A religion which prescribes to love the stranger, which recommends the practice of all the social virtues, enjoins us to love a fellow-citizen as a brother.—How can we consider them otherwise? We inhabit the same soil, we are ruled and protected by the same government, enjoy the same privileges, and fulfil the same duties.

The relations which the law prescribes to those who are not of the Jewish creed, are the same as from one Jew to another. We acknowledge no other difference but that of worshipping God, each in his own way; and we believe this differing does not displease the God of heaven and earth.

Men who have adopted a country in which they have resided during several generations, who, under the restraints of particular laws which abridged their civil rights, had affection enough for that country to prefer the misfortune of not partaking the rights and privileges of the other citizens to that of leaving her, cannot now consider themselves in France but as Frenchmen. The obligation of defending her appears to them a duty both honourable and natural. Jeremiah, chapter 29, "tells the Jews to consider Babylon as their native country, although they were to remain there but seventy years. He recommends to them to clear the land, to build houses, to sow, and plant." They followed his advice in such a manner, that Esdras, chapter 1, says "that when Cyrus gave them leave to return to Jerusalem, in order to rebuild the second temple, no more than 40,360 left Babylon, and that these were chiefly *proletaire*, all the rich having remained in that city." The love of the Jews for their country, is a feeling so natural and so ardent, and so much unconnected with their religious faith, that a French Jew, when in England, though in the midst of other Jews, considers himself as a stranger; and the same takes place when an English Jew

comes to France. This feeling prevails so much against the spirit of religion, that French Jews have been seen in the late wars fighting to the utmost against German Jews, who were opposed to them.

Since the revolution, in all places where the Jews are sufficient in number to support a rabbi, he is chosen by the heads of families, who examine into his morality and capacity.

The rabbies have no jurisdiction of police over the Jews. The term rabbi is found no where in the law of Moses, nor did it exist in the time of the first temple; the first mention of rabbi is to be found towards the end of the second temple. The Jews were governed in those days by *sanhedrins*, or tribunals. There was one superior tribunal called the grand *sanhedrin*, which held its sitting in Jerusalem, and was composed of seventy-one judges. There were inferior tribunals, for police and civil affairs, these were composed of three judges; and there was another tribunal composed of twenty-three judges, which determined matters of more importance, and were called the inferior *sanhedrins*. The term of rabbi is noticed for the first time in the *Misna* and *Talmud*, and is there used to denote a doctor of laws; hence a man who was learned was commonly called rabbi. After being dispersed, the Israelites formed small communities in those places where they were permitted to settle, and there a rabbi, assisted by two doctors, called *besdins*, formed a tribunal, and decided matters relative to the Jews. The rabbi was president, and the doctors were judges or assistants. These tribunals, however, were at all times held under the permission and pleasure of the government under which they lived, that is, they had no independent judiciary.

None of those tribunals of rabbies are to be found at this time in France or Italy since the revolution. The Jews after that epocha became citizens, and conformed themselves in all things to the laws of the state.—The functions of the rabbies in the places where they are established, are confined to the duties of preaching, celebrating marriages, and pronouncing divorces. In places where there is no rabbi, any Jew learned in his religion may, agreeable to the law, consecrate a marriage, without the assistance of a rabbi, which is an inconsistency, the evil consequences of which ought to be remedied, by extending the prohibition of the rabbies, made by the arrette of the consuls, to every other person who may be applied to, to consecrate a marriage. As for what concerns the judiciary police among themselves, they can have none, since there is no constituted ecclesiastical hierarchy, nor any subordination of religious functions.

Supposing the rabbies to possess any judicary jurisdiction at this time (the contrary of which is the fact), or that there are any particular form of election, they must be the effect of custom, and not by the authority of law.

There are no professions which the laws of the Jews forbid; on the contrary, the Talmud (Kidusechem, chapter 1) declares positively, that the father of a family, who does not bring up his child to a trade, brings him up to be a highwayman.

The law of the Jews forbids them to take usury of their brethren.—Deuteronomy, chapter 23, verse 19, "You shall not lend on interest to your brother, neither money, nor grains, nor any thing whatsoever."

The Hebrew word *nechel*, which has been translated by the word *usury*, has been wrongly explained. It signifies in the Hebrew tongue, "*any interest*," and not a usurious interest: it has not, therefore, the signification which is now applied to the word usury. It is even impossible that it could have that signification, for that expression is relative, and there is nothing in the text which expresses its relation.

What do we understand by the French word usury? is it not an interest higher than the rate fixed by law?

If the law of Moses has not fixed that rate, is it possible that the Hebrew word should signify an illegal interest?

The word *nechel* is in the Hebrew tongue what the word *foenus* is in the Latin.

In order therefore to induce one to believe that this word signifies usury, there ought to be another word which would signify interest; and since that word does not exist, all interest is usury, and all usury is interest. What view may the legislator have had, when he forbade the Hebrews to take interest from one another? It was certainly to bring the ties of brotherhood closer among them, and to induce them to assist each other from motives of benevolence.

The first object was to establish among them equality of property, and mediocrity of private wealth, in consequence of which, the sabbatic and jubilee years were established; the former to take place every seven, and the latter every fifty years. The sabbatic year abolished all debts, and the jubilee restored all the property which had been sold or alienated. It was easy to foresee that difference of soil, more or less industry, and the common calamities of life, which would occur, would naturally produce inequality of property, and that the unfortunate Israelite would require the assistance of the more fortunate. Moses did not wish that the latter should profit by the misfortune of the former, and that he should increase his misfortunes, by making him pay for the aid which the unfortunate should be compelled to ask, and become more opulent, as the other became poorer, and therefore he says, "you shall not lend on interest to your brother." But what loans could the Jews make to each other in times like those? they had no commerce, and but little money was in circulation, and then property was more equally divided. It could be nothing else but a few bushels of grain, some cattle, or a few utensils of husbandry, which Moses commanded to be loaned gratis. He wished his people to be a people of husbandmen. Long after the time of Moses, and although Judea was situated near the sea, inhabited by the Tyrians, Syrians, and other commercial and maritime people, the Hebrews did not engage in commerce. All the ordinances of their legislator seem to divert them from commerce.

This prohibition of Moses is therefore not to be considered as a principle of commerce, but merely as a principle of charity; according to the talmud, the loan is only considered as neighbourly, and as granted to one in want; if it was granted to a merchant, and if he was a Jew, it would be lawful to grant it under the condition of advantage, equivalent to the risk. The word usury had formerly no opprobrious signification, it merely signified any interest. A simple loan on interest was not only prohibited between Jews, but between Jews and persons of other religions. It must be free and gratuitous, whenever it has for its object to serve him who required it, and was not made for the purposes of commerce.

It ought, however, to be remembered, that these wise and wholesome regulations were made at a remote period from the present, and when the Jews existed as a distinct nation.

But when this unhappy people were dispersed among the nations of the earth, the duties and obligations imposed on them by their legislator, while in Palestine, naturally ceased with the changes of their condition; and although they delight in the principles of the law, yet, as the reasons for the law have ceased, they do not now hesitate to lend money on interest to trading Jews, as well as other persons of different religions.

Usury, considered as the smallest interest, is less a principle of commerce, than of charity and benevolence, and in this view it is equally prohibited by Moses and by the talmud, and this prohibition extends as well to our countrymen, who do not profess the Jewish religion, as to those

who do. The spirit of the law, which permits us to take interest of a stranger, evidently applies to the nations with whom we are engaged in commerce, otherwise a palpable contradiction would be perceived in the following, and twenty other passages of the holy writings: "Love the stranger, because the Lord our God loves the stranger; give him food and raiment. There shall be but one law for you, and for the stranger who resides among you. Let justice be equally administered to the stranger as among yourselves. Cursed be they that do the least wrong to the stranger; treat the stranger as yourself."

The restriction then was applicable to the stranger, who resided in Israel: the scripture puts him under the safety of God. The stranger is a sacred guest, whom God has commanded us to treat as the widow and the orphan. It is evident then that the text which says, "*extraneo fœnerabis et fratri tuo non fœnerabis*," is applied only to foreign nations, with whom we are engaged in commerce; and in this sense the scripture, while allowing interest to be taken from the stranger, does not mean excessive interest, oppressive to him who pays, and scandalous to him who receives it. "*Non licuisse Israelites*," say the doctors, "*usuras immoderatas exigere ab extraneis, etiam divitibus, res est fier se nota.*"

Moses being the legislator of the Jews, was not so for the world. The laws which he gave to the people confided to him by God, could not be supposed to be law for all the world. "You shall not take any interest from your brethren." What security had he that in the relations which were to be formed between the Jews and foreign nations, that the latter would renounce the customs of commerce, and lend the Jews without interest? It could not be supposed that he would sacrifice the interests of his own people, who were poor, for the purpose of enriching foreign nations. It is absurd to blame him for the restriction made in his precept of the Deuteronomy. What legislator would not have considered it as a principle of natural reciprocity? How greatly superior in this instance is the legislation of Moses! how much more simple, more noble, more just, and more humane than that of the Greeks and Romans! Were there ever seen among the ancient Jews any of those scandalous and cruel scenes occasion by inexorable creditors? Were there among the Greeks and Romans any of those frequent abolition of debts, for the purpose of saving numbers of miserable people, reduced to wretchedness, and driven to despair, by the exactions of the prætors, as were seen among the Jews?

The legislation of Moses and its interpreters have, with a laudable philanthrophy, distinguished the different uses of borrowed money. If it is borrowed for the support of the family, the interest is prohibited.—It is permitted when the loan is made for commercial purposes, which endanger the capital of the lender. This interest is permitted even from Jew to Jew. *Lend to the poor*, says Moses. Gratitude is in this case the only interest, and the reward for the service rendered is the satisfaction of having rendered it.—It is quite different with regard to the rich, who employ large capital in extensive trade; in this case he allows the lender to become an associate with the borrower; and since there was scarcely any trade among the Israelites, who were exclusively engaged in agriculture, and since what trade there was was carried on with foreigners, that is to say, with neighbouring nations, it was to partake with them in the profits arising therefrom.

This caused M. de Clermont Tonnere to deliver these remarkable words in the constituent assembly: "Usury, it is said, is permitted to the Jews. This assertion rests only on the false interpretation of a principle of benevolence and fraternity, which forbids them to lend on interest to each other. This opinion is

that of Puffendorf, and of many jurisprudists. It is incontrovertible that interest is permitted among Jews when it is for mercantile purposes, in which the lender, by running a share of the hazards which the borrower runs, associates himself also with him for his profits. This is the opinion of all the Jewish doctors."

The opinion contrary to social morality which a rabbi may have given, can by no means induce one to judge unfavourably of the Jewish doctrine in general, any more than similar ideas pronounced by catholic theologists would influence the evangelical doctrines.

The same may be said of the imputation spread against the Hebrews, that they have a propensity for the infamous trade of usury. It cannot be denied that there are some, yet a very insignificant number, who follow that shameful commerce prohibited by the law; but if very few deviate in that regard from the law, is it not unjust to charge 160,000 individuals with the same vice? Would it not be unjust to charge all the christians with the same, because some are guilty thereof?

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE MERITS OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

AMONG the many evils which the French revolution has inflicted on mankind, the most deplorable, perhaps, both in extent and duration, consists in the injury which it has done to the cause of rational freedom, and the discredit in which it has involved the principles of political philosophy. The warnings derived from the misfortunes of that country, and the lessons which may still be read in the tragical consequences of her temerity, are memorable, no doubt, and important: but they are such as are presented to us by the history of every period of the world; and the emotions by which they have been impressed are in this case too violent to let their import and application be properly distinguished. From the miscarriage of a scheme of frantic innovation, we conceive an unreasonable and undiscriminating dread of all change or reform. The failure of an attempt to make government perfect, reconciles us to imperfections that might easily be removed; and the miserable consequences of treating every thing as prejudice and injustice, which could not be reconciled to a system of fantastic equality, has given strength to prejudices, and sanction to abuses, which were gradually wearing away before the progress of reason and philosophy. The French revolution has thrown us back half a century in the course of political improvement, and driven us to cling once more, with superstitious terror, at the feet of those idols from which we had been nearly reclaimed by the lessons of a milder philosophy. When we look round on the wreck and ruin which the whirlwind has scattered over our prospect, we tremble at the rising gale, and shrink even from the wholesome air that stirs the fig leaf on our porch. Terrified and disgusted with the brawls and midnight murders which proceed from inebriety, we are almost inclined to deny ourselves the pleasures of a generous hospitality; and scarcely venture to diffuse the comforts of light or of warmth in our dwellings, when we turn our eyes on the devastation which the flames have committed around us.

The same circumstances which lead us to confound what is salutary with what is pernicious in political forms have also perverted our judgment on the characters of those connected with these memorable occurrences. The tide of popular favour, which ran at one time with a dangerous and headlong violence to the side of innovation and political experiment, has now set, perhaps too strongly, in an opposite direction; and the same misguiding pas-

sions that placed factious and selfish men on a level with patriots and heroes, has now ranked the blameless and the enlightened in the herd of murderers and madmen.

There are two classes of men in particular, to whom the revolution has thus done injustice, and who have been made to share in some measure the infamy of its most detestable agents, in consequence of venial errors, and in spite of extraordinary merits. There are none indeed who made a figure in its more advanced stages, that may not be left, without any breach of charity, to the vengeance of public opinion; and both the meritorious or at least innocent classes of persons only existed, accordingly, at the period of its commencement. These were the philosophers or speculatists who inculcated a love of liberty and a desire of reform by their writings and conversation; and the virtuous and moderate, who attempted to *act* on these principles at the opening of the revolution, and countenanced or suggested those measures by which the ancient frame of government was finally dissolved. To confound either of these classes with the monsters by whom they were succeeded, it would be necessary to forget that they were in reality their most strenuous opponents, and their earliest victims. If they were instrumental in conjuring up the tempest, we may at least presume that their co-operation was granted in ignorance, since they were the first to fall before it; and can scarcely be supposed to have either foreseen or intended those consequences, in which their own ruin was so inevitably involved. That they are chargable with imprudence and presumption may be admitted, though, with regard to many of them, it would be no easy task, perhaps, to point out by what conduct they could have avoided such an imputation; and this charge, it is manifest, ought at any rate to be kept carefully separate from that of guilt. Benevolent intentions, though alloyed by vanity, and misguided by ignorance, can never become the objects of the highest moral condemnation; and enthusiasm itself, though it does the work of devils, ought still to be distinguished from treachery or malice. The knightly adventurer, who broke the chains of the galley-slaves, purely that they might enjoy their deliverance from bondage, will always be regarded with other feelings than the robber who freed them to recruit the ranks of his banditti.

If we examine impartially the extent of the participation, fairly imputable to the *philosophers*, in the crimes and miseries of the revolution, and endeavour to ascertain how far they were responsible for its consequences, or deserve censure for their exertions, we shall be obliged to acquit the greater part of any mischievous intention, and to conclude, that there was nothing in the conduct of the majority which should expose them to blame, or deprive them of the credit which they would have certainly enjoyed, but for consequences which they could not foresee. For those who, with intentions equally blameless, attempted to carry into execution the projects which had been suggested by the others, and actually engaged in measures which could not fail to terminate in important changes, it will not be easy to make so satisfactory an apology. What is written may be corrected; but what is done cannot be recalled: a rash and injudicious publication naturally calls forth a host of answers; and where the subject of discussion is such as excites a very powerful interest, the cause of truth is not always least effectually served by her opponents. But the errors of cabinets and legislatures have other consequences, and other confutations. They are answered by insurrections, and confuted by conspiracies; a paradox which might have been maintained by an author, without any other loss than that of a little leisure, and ink, and paper, can only be supported by a minister at the expence of the lives and the liberties of a nation. It is evident, therefore, that

the precipitation of a legislator can never admit of the same excuse with that of a speculative inquirer; that the same confidence in his opinions, which justifies the former in maintaining them to the world, will never justify the other in suspending the happiness of his country on the issue of their truth; and that he, in particular, subjects himself to a tremendous responsibility, who voluntarily takes on himself the new-modelling of an ancient constitution.

Much praise is due to the virtuous and enlightened men who abounded in the constituent assembly of France. The motives of many of them were pure, and their patriotism unaffected; ther talents are still more indisputable: but they cannot be acquitted of blamable presumption and inexcusable imprudence. There are *three* points, in which they were bound to have foreseen the consequences of their proceedings.

In the *first* place, the spirit of exasperation and defiance, with which, from the beginning, they carried on their opposition to the schemes of the court, the clergy, and the nobility, was as impolitic with a view to their ultimate success, as it was suspicious as to their immediate motives. The parade which they made of their popularity; the support which they submitted to receive from the menaces and acclamations of the mob; the joy which they testified at the desertion of the royal armies; and the anomalous military force, of which they patronised the formation in the city of Paris, were so many preparations for actual hostility, and led almost inevitably to that appeal to force, by which all prospect of establishing an equitable government was finally cut off.

Sanguine as the patriots of that assembly undoubtedly were, they might still have remembered the most obvious and important lesson in the whole volume of history, that the nation which has recourse to arms for the settlement of its internal affairs, necessarily falls under the iron yoke of a military government in the end, and that nothing but the most evident necessity can justify the lovers of freedom in forcing it from the hands of their governors. In France, there certainly was no such necessity. The whole weight and strength of the nation was bent on political improvement and reform. There was no possibility of their being ultimately resisted; and the only danger to be apprehended was, that their progress would be too rapid.

After the states-general were granted, indeed, the victory of the friends to liberty was ascertained. They could not have gone too slowly afterwards; they could not have been satisfied with too little. The great object was to exclude the agency of force, and to leave no pretext for an appeal to violence. Nothing could have stood against the force of reason, which ought to have given way; and from a monarch of the character of Louis XVI, there was no reason to apprehend any attempt to regain, by violence, what he had yielded from philanthropy and conviction. The third estate would have *grown* into power, instead of usurping it; and would have gradually compressed the other orders into their proper dimensions, instead of displacing them by a violence that could never be forgiven. Even if the orders had deliberated separately, as they ought to have done, the commons were sure of an ultimate preponderance, and the government of a permanent improvement. Convened in a legislative assembly, and engrossing almost entirely the respect and affections of the nation, they would have enjoyed the unlimited liberty of political discussion, and gradually impressed on the government the character of their peculiar principles. By the restoration of the legislative function to the commons of the kingdom, the system was rendered complete, and required only to be put into action, in order to assume all those improvements which necessarily resulted from the increased wealth and intelligence of its representatives.

Of this fair chance of happiness and liberty the nation was disappointed, chiefly by the needless asperity and injudicious menaces of the popular party. They relied openly on the strength of their adherents among the populace. If they did not actually encourage them to threats and to acts of violence, they availed themselves at least of those which were committed, to intimidate and depress their opponents; for it is indisputably certain, that the unconditional compliance of the court with all the demands of the constituent assembly, was the result either of actual force, or the dread of its immediate application. This was the inauspicious commencement of the sins and the sufferings of the revolution. Their progress and termination were natural and necessary. The multitude, once allowed to overawe the old government with threats, soon subjected the new government to the same degradation, and, once permitted to act in arms, came speedily to dictate to those who were assembled to deliberate. As soon as an appeal was made to force, the decision came to be with those by whom force could at all times be commanded. Reason and philosophy were discarded, and mere terror and brute violence, in the various forms of proscriptions, insurrections, massacres, and military executions, harassed and distracted the misguided nation, till, by a natural consummation, they fell under the despotic sceptre of a military usurper. These consequences were obvious, and might have been easily foreseen. Nearly half a century had elapsed since they were pointed out in these memorable words of Hume, the most profound and philosophical of historians. "By recent, as well as by ancient example, it was become evident, that illegal violence, with whatever pretences it may be covered, and whatever object it may pursue, must inevitably end at last in the arbitrary and despotic government of a single person."

The *second* inexcusable blunder of which the constituent assembly was guilty, was the extreme restlessness and precipitation with which they proceeded to accomplish, in a few weeks, the legislative labours of a century. Their constitution was struck out at a heat, and their measures of reform proposed and adopted like toasts at an anniversary dinner. Within less than six months from the period of their first convocation, they declared the illegality of all subsisting taxes; they abolished the old constitution of the states-general; they settled the limits of the royal prerogative, their own inviolability, and the responsibility of ministers. Before they put any one of their projects to the test of exriment, they had adopted such a multitude as entirely to change the condition of the country, and to expose even those which were salutary to misapprehension and miscarriage. From a scheme of reformation so impetuous, and an impatience so puerile, nothing permanent or judicious could be reasonably expected.

In legislating for their country, they seem to have forgotten that they were operating on a living and sentient substance, and not on an inert and passive mass, which they might model and compound according to their pleasure or their fancy. Human society is not like a piece of mechanism, which may be safely taken to pieces and put together by the hands of an ordinary artist. It is the work of nature, and not of man; and has received, from the hands of its author, an organization that cannot be destroyed without danger to its existence, and certain properties and powers that cannot be altered or suspended by those who may have been entrusted with its management. By studying these properties, and directing those powers, it may be modified and altered to a considerable extent.

A child cannot be stretched out by engines to the stature of a man, nor a man compelled, in a morning,

to excel in all the exercises of an athlete. Those into whose hands the destinies of a great nation are committed, should bestow on its reformation at least as much patient observance, and as much tender precaution, as are displayed by a skilful gardiener in his treatment of a sickly plant. He props up those branches that are weak or overloaded, and gradually prunes and reduces those that are too luxuriant: he cuts away what is absolutely rotten and distempered: he stirs the earth about the root, and sprinkles it with water, and waits for the coming spring: he trains the young branches to the right hand or the left; and leads it, by a gradual and spontaneous progress, to expand or exalt itself, season after season, in the direction which he had previously determined: and thus, in the course of a few summers, he brings it, without injury or compulsion, into that form and proportion which could not with safety have been imposed on it in a shorter time. The reformers of France applied no such gentle solicitations, and could not wait for the effects of any such preparatory measures, or voluntary tendencies. They forcibly broke over its lofty boughs, and endeavoured to straighten its crooked joints by violence: they tortured it into symmetry in vain, and shed its life-blood on the earth, in the middle of its scattered branches.

The *third* great danger against which it was the duty of the intelligent and virtuous part of the deputies to provide, was that which arose from the sudden transferrence of power to the hands of men who had previously no natural or individual influence in the community. This was an evil, indeed, which arose necessarily, in some degree, from the defects of the old government, and from the novelty of the situation in which the country was placed by the convocation of the states-general; but it was materially aggravated by the presumption and improvidence of those enthusiastic legislators, and tended powerfully to produce those disasters by which they were ultimately overwhelmed.

No representative legislature can ever be respectable or secure, unless it contain within itself a great proportion of those who form the natural aristocracy of the country, and are able, as individuals, to influence the conduct and opinions of the greater part of its inhabitants. Unless the power, and weight, and authority of the assembly, in short, be really made up of the power, and weight, and authority of the individuals who compose it, the factitious dignity they may derive from their situation can never be of long endurance; and the dangerous power with which they may be invested will become the subject of scrambling and contention among the factions of the metropolis, and be employed for any purpose but the general good of the community.

In England, the house of commons is made up of the individuals who, by birth, fortune, or talents, possess singly the greatest influence over the rest of the people.—The most certain and the most permanent influence is that of rank and riches; and these are qualifications, accordingly, which return the greatest number of members. Men submit to be governed by the united will of those, to whose will, as individuals, the greater part of them have been previously accustomed to submit themselves; and an act of parliament is reverenced and obeyed, not solely because the people are impressed with the constitutional veneration for an institution called a parliament, but because it has been passed by the authority of those who are recognized as their natural superiors, and by whose influence, as individuals, the same measures might have been enforced over the greater part of the kingdom. Scarcely any new power is acquired, therefore, by the combination of those persons into a legislature: they carry each their share of influ-

ence and authority into the senate along with them; and it is by adding the items of it together, that the influence and authority of the senate itself is made up. From such a senate, therefore, it is obvious that their power can never be wrested, and that it would not even attach to those who might succeed in supplanting them in the legislature, by violence or intrigue, or by any other means than those by which they themselves had originally secured their nomination. In such a state of representation, in short, the influence of the representatives is not borrowed from their office, but the influence of the office is supported by that which is personal to its members; and parliament is only regarded as the great depositary of all the authority which formerly existed, in a scattered state, among its members. This authority, therefore, belonging to the men, and not to their places, can neither be lost by them, if they are forced from their places, nor found by those who may supplant them.

The long parliament, after it was purged by the independents, and the assemblies that met under that name, during the protectorate of Cromwell, held the place, and enjoyed all the form of power, that had belonged to their predecessors; but as they no longer contained those individuals who were able to sway and influence the opinion of the body of the people, they were without respect or authority, and speedily came to be the objects of public derision and contempt.

As the power and authority of the legislature, thus constituted, is perfectly secure and inalienable on the one hand, so, on the other, the moderation of its proceedings is guaranteed by a consciousness of the basis on which this authority is founded. Every individual, being aware of the extent to which his own influence is likely to reach among his constituents and dependents, is anxious that the mandates of the body shall never pass beyond that limit, within which obedience may be easily secured. He will not hazard the loss of his own power, therefore, by any attempt to enlarge that of the legislature; and feeling, at every step, the weight and resistance of the people, the whole assembly proceeds with a due regard to their opinions and prejudices, and can never do any thing very injurious or very distasteful to the majority.

From the very nature of the authority with which they are invested, they are in fact consubstantiated with the people for whom they are to legislate. They do not sit loose upon them, like riders on race horses, nor speculate nor project experiments upon their welfare, like operators on a foreign substance. They are the natural organs of a great living body, and are not only warned, by their own feelings, of any injury which they may be tempted to inflict on it, but would become incapable of performing their functions, if they were to proceed far in debilitating the general system.

Such is the just conception of a free representative legislature.—Neither the English house of commons, indeed, nor any assembly of any other nation, ever realized it in all its perfection; but it is in their approximation to such a standard that their excellence and utility will be found to consist; and where these conditions are absolutely wanting, the sudden institution of a representative legislature will only be a step to the most frightful disorders. Where it is grown up in a country in which personal liberty and property are tolerably secure, it naturally assumes that form which is most favourable to its beneficial influence, and has a tendency to its own perpetual improvement, and to that of the condition of the whole society.

The difference between a free government and a tyrannical one consists entirely in the different proportions of the people that are influenced by their *opinion*, or subjugated by *force*. In a large society, opinions can only be re-united by

means of representation; and the natural representative is the individual whose example and authority can influence the opinions of the greater part of those in whose behalf he is delegated. This is the natural aristocracy of a civilized nation; and its legislature is then best modelled, when it is in the hands of those who answer to that description. The whole people are governed by the laws, exactly as each clan or district would have been by the patriarchal authority of an elective and unarmed chieftain; and the lawgivers are not only secure of their places while they can maintain their influence over the people, but are withheld from any rash or injurious measure, by the consciousness and feelings of their dependence on this voluntary deference and submission.

If this be a just representation of the conditions upon which the power and security of a representative legislature must always depend, it will not be difficult to explain how the experiment miscarried so completely with the French constituent assembly. That assembly, which the enthusiasm of the public, and the misconduct of the privileged orders soon enabled to engross the whole power of the country, consisted almost entirely of persons without name or individual influence, who owed the whole of their consequence to the situation to which they had been raised, and were not able, as individuals, to have influenced the opinions of one fiftieth part of their countrymen.

There was then in France no legitimate, wholesome, or real aristocracy. The noblesse, who were persecuted for bearing that name, were quite disconnected from the people. Their habits of perpetual residence in the capital, and their total independence of the good opinion of their vassals, had deprived them of any influence over the minds of the lower orders; and the organization of society had not yet enabled the rich manufacturers or proprietors to assume such an influence. The persons sent as deputies to the states-general, therefore, were those chiefly who, by intrigue and boldness, and by professions of uncommon zeal for what were then the great objects of popular pursuit, had been enabled to carry the votes of the electors. A notion of talent, and an opinion that they would be loud and vehement in supporting those requests on which the people had already come to a decision, were their passports into that assembly. They were sent there to express the particular spirit of the people, and not to give a general pledge of their acquiescence in what might there be enacted. They were not the hereditary patrons of the people, but their hired advocates for a particular pleading. They had no general trust or authority over them, but were chosen as their special messengers, out of a multitude whose influence and pretensions were equally powerful.

When these men found themselves, by a sort of accident, in possession of the whole power of the state, and invested with the absolute government of the greatest nation that has existed in modern times, it is not to be wondered at if they forgot the slender ties by which they were bound to their constituents. The powers to which they had succeeded were so infinitely beyond any thing that they had enjoyed in their individual capacity, that it is not surprising if they never thought of exerting them with the same consideration and caution. Instead of the great bases of rank and property, which cannot be transferred by the clamours of the factious, or the caprice of the inconstant, and which serve to ballast and steady the vessel of the state in all its wanderings and disasters, the assembly possessed only the basis of talents or reputation; qualities which depend on opinion and opportunity, and which may be attributed in the same proportion to an inconvenient multitude at once. The whole legislature may be considered, therefore, as composed of *adventurers*, who had already at-

tained a situation far above their original pretensions, and were now tempted to push their fortune by every means that held out the promise of immediate success. They had nothing, comparatively speaking, to lose, but their places in the assembly, or the influence which they possessed within its walls; and as the authority of the assembly itself depended altogether on the popularity of its measures, and not on the intrinsic authority of its members, so it was only to be maintained by a succession of brilliant resolutions, and by satisfying or outdoing the extravagant wishes and expectations of the most extravagant and sanguine populace that ever existed. For a man to get a lead in such an assembly, it was by no means necessary that he should have previously possessed any influence or authority in the community; that he should be connected with powerful families, or supported by opulent and extensive associations. If he could dazzle and overawe in debate, if he could obtain the acclamations of the mob of Versailles, and make himself familiar to the eyes and the ears of the assembly and its galleries, he was in a fair train for having a great share in the direction of an assembly, exercising absolute sovereignty over thirty millions of men. The prize was too tempting not to attract a multitude of competitors; and the assembly for many months was governed by those who outvied their associates in the impracticable extravagance of their patriotism, and sacrificed most profusely the real interests of the people at the shrine of a precarious popularity.

In this way, the assembly, from the inherent vices of its constitution, ceased to be respectable or useful. The same causes speedily put an end to its security, and converted it into an instrument of destruction.

Mere popularity was at first the instrument by which this unsteady legislature was governed; but when it became apparent, that whoever could obtain the direction or command of it, must possess the whole authority of the state, parties became less scrupulous about the means they employed for that purpose, and soon found out that violence and terror were infinitely more effectual and expeditious than persuasion and eloquence. The people at large, who had no attachment to any families or individuals among their delegates, and who contented themselves with idolizing the assembly in general, so long as it passed decrees to their liking, were passive and indifferent spectators of the transfer of power effected by the pikes of the Parisian multitude, and looked with equal affection upon every successive junto which assumed the management of its deliberations. Having no natural representatives, they felt themselves equally connected with all who exercised the legislative function; and, being destitute of a real aristocracy, were without the means of giving effectual support even to those who might appear to deserve it.

Encouraged by this situation of affairs, the most daring, unprincipled, and profligate, proceeded to seize on the defenceless legislature, and, driving all their antagonists before them by violence or threats, entered without opposition on the supreme functions of government. The arms, however, by which they had been victorious, were capable of being turned against themselves; and those who were envious of their success, or ambitious of their distinction, easily found means to excite discontent among the multitude, now inured to insurrection, and to employ them in pulling down those very individuals whom they had so recently exalted. The disposal of the legislature thus became a prize to be fought for in the clubs, and conspiracies, and insurrections of a corrupt metropolis; and the institution of a national representative had no other effect, than that of laying the government open to lawless force and flagitious audacity.

It is in this manner, that from the want of a natural and efficient aristocracy to exercise the func-

tions of representative legislators, the national assembly of France was betrayed into extravagance, and fell a prey to faction; that the institution itself became a source of public misery and disorder, and converted a civilized monarchy first into a sanguinary democracy, and then into a military despotism.

It would be the excess of injustice to impute these disastrous consequences to the moderate and virtuous individuals who sat in the constituent assembly; but if it be admitted that they might have been easily foreseen, it will not be easy to exculpate them from the charge of very blamable imprudence. It would be still more difficult indeed to point out any course of conduct by which those dangers might have been entirely avoided; but they would undoubtedly have been less formidable, if the enlightened members of the third estate had endeavoured to form a party with the more liberal and popular among the nobility; if they had associated to themselves a greater number of those to whose persons a certain degree of influence was attached, from their fortune, their age, or their official situation; if, instead of grasping presumptuously at the exclusive direction of the national councils, and arrogating every thing on the credit of their zealous patriotism and inexperienced abilities, they had sought to strengthen themselves by an alliance with what was respectable in the existing establishments, and attached themselves at first as disciples to those whom they expected speedily to outgrow and eclipse.

On a review of the whole matter, it seems impossible to acquit those of the revolutionary patriots, whose intentions are admitted to be pure, of great precipitation, presumption, and imprudence. Apologies may be found for them, perhaps, in the inexperience which was incident to their situation; in their constant apprehension of being separated before their task was accomplished; in the exasperation which was excited by the injudicious proceedings of the cabinet; and in the intoxication which naturally resulted from the magnitude of their early triumph, and the noise and resounding of their popularity. But the errors into which they fell were inexcusable in politicians of the eighteenth century; and while we pity their sufferings, and admire their genius, we cannot feel any respect for their wisdom, or any surprize at their miscarriage.

For the Literary Magazine.

LAWYERS DEFENDED.

NOTHING is more common than the abuse of lawyers. With the mass of mankind, a lawyer and a knave are almost synonymous terms; and the outcry against their avarice and extortion is particularly unanimous and loud. A lawyer's demands are always paid grudgingly, and inevitably considered as exceeding his dues. A man will pay his carpenter, his taylor, his dancing-master with little or no hesitation, but his lawyer's claims are always listened to with suspicion and jealousy, and his wages, however moderate, paid from a sense, not of gratitude or justice, but necessity.

Most persons who deal in this sort of general calumny must themselves be either knaves or fools: those of the former class, who, through improper conduct, have been brought under the lash of the law, seek for revenge by endeavouring to stigmatize its professors; and the latter, from inexperience and vulgar prejudice, throw out their impotent slander without having inquired whether there be any foundation for it or not.

It cannot, indeed, be denied, that among the inferior practitioners in the law, there are men of the vilest characters; but they are in general so well known, that none but bad or incautious people would employ, or be deceived by them.

The general body of the law is composed of men of the highest honour and integrity; men in whom the utmost confidence is justly placed by the community, and to whose abilities and assistance many persons owe much of their security and happiness.

It is certainly true, that the profession of the law, and the law itself (which is finely called by Aristotle *mind without passion*), has been always the subject of abuse, and it may be accounted for without difficulty.

Almost every man who enters into a law suit (which is often contrary to his attorney's advice, and with a case favourably stated by himself) is sanguine of success. Warmed by passion, and a determination to overwhelm his adversary, he proceeds with blind fury, regardless of consequences. On the day of trial, however, new facts appear, and his suit is determined against him: he never reflects that his cause was bad, or that he had deceived his attorney, but he takes care to let the world know that his attorney was a knave, that he was bribed by his opponent, or was inattentive to his duty; or he will perhaps go a step farther, and assume prejudice in the judge and jury. If he succeeds in his suit, his adversary thinks himself entitled to be equally censorious, and thus the lawyers, on one side or the other, are sure to be calumniated.

This, at least, is very frequently the practice, and it is therefore not extraordinary, though it is to be regretted, that attornies of the fairest characters are generally averse to the conduct of law suits. Exclusive of persons who thus lose their causes, the profligate and dishonest part of the community, who are sued for debts which they refuse to pay, join in trite reflections on the profession; and others, who employ what they call *sharp lawyers*, without any regard to their honesty, make grievous complaints, because the men whom they intended should *take in others*, have taken in themselves. Another and a principal ground of complaint arises from what practitioners can seldom prevent, the heavy expence, and often the long duration of suits. This is undoubtedly a dreadful hardship on suitors, but it is imputable to a variety of causes, which it would require much time and labour to explain, and be difficult to remove.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XIX.

Thus in delight my *winter evenings* roll.

POPE had as little of the poet in his feelings as any man that ever drank from the Pierian stream.—He was too wise, too cautious, too worldly in his notions. The characteristics of a genuine poet are as opposite to this prudence, this spirit of calculation, as the splendour of noonday is to the dulness of midnight. He is distinguished by a total disregard of the morrow, and does not vex his mind by curious doubts of what it may produce, but, as an ancient expresses it, lives as if each day was to be his last. Such men as Savage, Chatterton, Dermody, &c., were the true sons of song. But on such a mind as Pope possessed, the advice of his friend Hughes was not lost.

Oh thou who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the bard who sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd the ungiving age;
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee*.

* Hughes's Works, vol. 2, p. 90.

This exactly suited the accumulative spirit of the poet; he published Homer by subscription, and his translation gave him ease and affluence.

Since I have introduced the name of Hughes, I will indulge my rambling manner, and add a few remarks concerning him, as I conceive the name of one of the correspondents of the *Spectator* to be not altogether uninteresting to literary students.

John Hughes was born in 1677. Under the care of Mr. Thomas Rowe, a dissenting minister, the same who taught the celebrated Dr. Watts, he was early initiated in the principles of classical learning, and he discovered that predilection for the pleasures of poetry, which in a short time placed him in a respectable rank with the most eminent wits of the day. In his nineteenth year he formed the plan of a regular tragedy, which, however, he never executed; but his paraphrases of some of the best parts of Horace, and his poem on the *Peace of Ryswic*, published in 1697, exhibit no mean talents for poetry. But unfortunately his taste and his ambition led him to soar in a region in which his genius could not support him. Horace had foretold the fate of him who should venture too far, and his prediction was verified by the attempts of Hughes.

Pindarum quisque studet æmulari, I—
Pule, ceratis ope Dædaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturas
Nomina ponto.

He had not that brilliancy of imagination, that fertility of versification, which lyric poetry requires; and hence his odes *To the Creator of the World*, in *Praise of Women*, and *The House of Nassau*, miserably fail in exciting any more than admiration of the harmony of his lines. They are flat, stale, and, I had almost added, unprofitable. The poetry of Hughes possessed an extrinsic advantage, which contributed very essentially to its temporary popularity. He had himself some skill in music, but being aided by the talents of Pepusch and Handel, his strains were warbled by many an admiring enthusiast. But his title to a rank among English poets must rest chiefly upon his *Siege of Damascus*. This drama contains principles of morality which might please the most rigid judge; but although the style of it is harmonious, and the imagery often felicitous, it yet wants that power of touching the feelings, without which no play can long be a favourite upon the stage. He was more successful as a translator than as an original poet. His version of the *Pyramus and Thisbe* of Ovid, is one of the most faithful exhibitions we have of the elegance of Roman genius. He was employed by Jacob Tonson, in 1712, in conjunction with others, to translate Lucan's Pharsalia, and the part which he selected was promptly and elegantly finished, but the indolence or the incapacity of his coadjutors prevented the completion of the plan. His little fragments from Orpheus, Pindar, Euripides, and Anacreon, evince an accurate knowledge of the Grecian idiom. From the French language he gave us Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*, his *Discourse concerning the Ancients and the Moderns*, *the Letters of Abelard and Heloise*, *the Misanthrope* of Moliere, and the abbe Vertot's *History of the Revolution of Portugal*.

To the friendship of lord Cowper he was indebted for the very profitable place of secretary to the commission of peace, upon the accession of George the first. Upon the authority of various editors and commentators we may assign to his pen the following letters in the Tatler: Josiah Couplet, No. 64; Will Trusty, No. 73; Philanthropos, No. 66; September 15, No. 70; Letter No. 76 and No. 194, containing an allegory from Spenser; and No. 113, including a strange inventory of a beau. In the Spectator, No. 252, he gives us a very humourous letter on *the artful eloquence of tears and fainting fits*, which females so successfully

practise; No. 306, containing the doleful complaints of Parthenissa, on the loss of beauty, by that dreadful enemy of feminine attractions, the small-pox; No. 141, criticisms on Shadwell's *Lancashire Witches*, a popular comedy of that time; Nos. 83 and 53, on the art of improving beauty; No. 66, on the fine breeding of ladies; No. 104, on the riding-habits of ladies, which, I suppose, were just becoming a fashionable attire, but which he thought *sat awkwardly on English modesty*; No. 220, on mechanical contrivances for the manufacture of verses; No. 231, on excessive bashfulness before public assemblies; No. 381, on the machinations of fortune-hunters; No. 539, on the injudicious interpolation of standard sermons in the pulpit; No. 540, on the merits of Spenser's Faery Queen; No. 554, an admirable essay on the improvement of genius, in which the characters of Bacon, Locke, Newton, and the unfortunate Leonardo da Vinci are judiciously discriminated; No. 541, on pronunciation and action; No. 91, on the ridiculous rivalship of a mother and daughter, a circumstance not uncommon in the present age; No. 224, on the universality of ambition. Hughes evinced his gratitude to lord Cowper by a dedication of the Siege of Damascus, and his respect to the memory of that worthy nobleman was further testified, in No. 467, for whom the character of MANILIUS in that number appears to have been designed. His observations on conjugal love, in No. 525, deserve to be attentively considered by all who take the dangerous leap: this, with No. 537, on the dignity of human nature; No. 210, on the immortality of the soul; and No. 237, on divine providence, I believe, are all the contributions of Hughes to the Spectator. To the Guardian he only furnished No. 37, on the play of Othello, which contains some excellent reflections on the "green-eyed monster," Jealousy. In Dunscombe's Collection of Letters, printed in 1772, there are three on loquacity and masquerading, which were written by Hughes, and intended for the Guardian. Dr. Drake concludes his sketch of the life of Hughes, by characterizing all the essays of this excellent man, as written in "a style which is in general easy, correct, and elegant; they occasionally," he says, "exhibit wit and humour; and they uniformly tend to inculcate the best precepts, moral, *prudential*, and religious."

And I cannot better conclude this hasty sketch, which my respect and love for the man have induced me to compile, than by copying the elegant and impressive testimony of the affection of Steele for his friend and associate.

Mr. Hughes, says sir Richard, in his THEATRE, No. 15, could hardly ever be said to have enjoyed health; but, was, in the very best of his days, a valetudinarian. If those who are sparing of giving praise to any virtue without extenuation of it, should say that his youth was chastised into the severity, and preserved in the innocence for which he was so conspicuous, from the infirmity of his constitution, they will be under new difficulty, when they hear that he had none of those faults to which ill state of health ordinarily subjects the rest of mankind. His incapacity for more frolic diversions never made him peevish or sour to those whom he saw in them; but his humanity was such, that he could partake and share those pleasures he beheld others enjoy, without repining that he himself could not join in them. No; he made a true use of an ill constitution, and formed his mind to the living under it with as much satisfaction as it could admit of. His intervals of ease were employed in drawing, designing, or else in music or poetry; for he had not only a taste, but an ability of performance to a great excellence, in those arts which entertain the mind within the rules of the severest morality, and the strictest dictates of religion. He did not seem to wish for more than he possessed, even as to his health, but to contemn sensuality as a sober man does

drunkenness; he was so far from envying, that he pitied the jollities that were enjoyed by a more happy constitution. He could converse with the most sprightly without peevishness; and sickness itself had no other effect upon him, than to make him look upon all violent pleasures as evils he had escaped without the trouble of avoiding. Peace be with thy remains, thou amiable spirit! but I talk in the language of our weakness. That is flown to the regions of day and immortality, and relieved from the aching engine and painful instrument of anguish and sorrow, in which, for a long and tedious few years, he panted with a lively hope for his present condition. We shall consign the trunk, in which he was so long imprisoned, to common earth, with all that is due to the merit of its late inhabitant.

—

Congreve is the author of a part of No. 42 in the Tatler, in which he has depicted the character of lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of the earl of Huntingdon, one of the most accomplished ladies of her time.—"Scarce has any age," says an annotator on the paper, "since the commencement of the christian æra, produced a lady of such high birth and superior accomplishments, who was a greater blessing to many, or a brighter pattern to all. By all accounts she must have been little less than the angels."

But Steele seems to have exerted all his genius, when in No. 49 he speaks of the same lady, and presents to us a portrait with which no one can refrain from being enamoured.

Aspasia must be allowed to be the first of the order of love, whose unaffected freedom and conscious innocence give her the attendance of the graces in all her actions.—That awful distance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts about her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet though her mein carries more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her admirers.

I. E. H.

Baltimore.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XIII.

IN my last paper I commenced my observations on the epistle of Maltronio, and then thought to have concluded them; but when once a subject is fixed upon for investigation, it is not easy to tell where the inquiry will end, to what it may lead, or how much paper may be occupied with the representatives of our reflections. The human mind is too independent to submit to such impotent shackles; it spurns them, and they vanish at a touch, like the thin vapours of morning before the rising sun; the subject unfolds itself, it spreads to unexpected dimensions, it exhibits new appearances, occasions new inquiries, and sometimes terminates in an unexpected conclusion.

On looking over the diary of my correspondent, we find that he is generally employed in his professional labours; what they were, he does not mention, nor is it of importance: whether he performed a duty important or trivial, in the eyes of mankind, cannot affect the present observations. One day he "laboured hard to little purpose" (or, as I think, for a trifling advantage); "several circumstances occurred which made him betray impatience;" he then resolved to acquire more of

this valuable quality. Another day his labours were continued as usual, and his mind was occupied in contemplating the means by which he might serve the interests, and contribute to the happiness of mankind. Let no one think it degrading to the dignity of the Reflector, to employ himself in noticing the diary of one who labours as does my correspondent. Necessity may indeed chain down the body to the humblest employments, but tyranny itself cannot fetter the mind accustomed to reflection; it bids defiance to the threats of the despot, and exercises its exalted freedom in despite of power. In the present instance, the body, compelled to labour, exercised no influence over the freedom of the mind, nor restrained the indulgence of speculative benevolence, and laudable ambition: and notwithstanding that benevolence *was merely speculative*, yet that ambition was *noble*, and the means of gratifying it meritorious. And though impatience sullied the brightness of the picture of his mind for that day, yet it is counterbalanced, by the candour with which the error is acknowledged, and the promptitude of the consequent resolution to correct it.

One day he refused to grant the cheap request of a neighbour to assist him in erecting a stove, because it did not accord with the magnitude of his ideas, and the unbounded extent of his beneficent intentions. At another time, he refused a famished beggar a few cents, to save him from perishing. At another, he was involved in a quarrel, by defending the violated rights of a negro. I am almost disposed to smile at the glaring inconsistencies in the character and conduct of mankind; at the difference between their theory, and their practice; their future intentions, and their present works. But such, we know, is the character of man, and instead of occasioning surprise, it only excites regret.—However, my correspondent is entitled to praise, for borrowing what he had not, to relieve the necessities of another; and, notwithstanding the vanity of the attempt, to oppose himself to a mob in defence of another's rights, we cannot fail to applaud the generosity of the motive.

There are many means of being serviceable to mankind, at a very small expence; but speculatists overlook them, by stretching their view to some great but distant object. The sphere of benevolence and charity is, with respect to a humble individual, necessarily contracted, yet every one forms one around him sufficiently extensive for the exercise of his good intentions to the utmost of his abilities, whether he exercises it by giving pecuniary relief to occasional distress, or by affording the sufferer the consolations of sympathy, or the little personal services which tenderness so well knows how to bestow.

Those persons have not lived in vain, nor without serving the interests of society, who, by correct conduct, have set a good example for the imitation of their neighbours; who, though they had nothing to give, have awakened the slumbering charity of those who had; who, by their industry and frugality, have supported a family in a state of independence; whose admonitions have saved the youthful from error, and the aged from destruction; whose patriotism, though it has never led them to the "martial plain," has preserved their neighbourhood from the evils of party violence, by the wisdom of their precepts, or the excellence of their example; whose ingenuity has raised them to eminence in their profession; certainly they have not. Nor are these all the means which may promote the interests of society. He that cultivates the minor virtues, though he may do it in the bosom of his family, in the deepest shade of retirement, deserves well the applause of mankind; for such is the organization of society, that even a negative good, a life passed without the performance of any positively good action, promotes its interests, by preventing positive evil. Whether such a life may be properly considered a use-

ful one, in a more confined view of the subject, or not, I may, perhaps, make the subject of a future number. I will now conclude, by advising the aspiring Maltronio to give less scope to his speculations, and more to his actions; to calm the fervour of ambition by the dictates of reason, and, though he may lament that the means of doing much is denied him, to console himself by doing that which is in his power; for though but one talent has been entrusted to his care, he will nevertheless be compelled to give a strict account of the manner in which he has used it, at that great tribunal where the motives and actions of men will be weighed in the balance of eternal justice.

VALVERDI.

November 17th, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

CONDUCT OF ENGLAND TOWARDS IRELAND.

THE conduct of England towards Ireland is the darkest part of her history. Founded in unjust usurpation. her dominion was maintained by a scheme of proceeding, in which folly and oppression went hand in hand. The country was parcelled out among a few English adventurers, who speedily became not less barbarous than the natives, whom it was their chief care to exterminate, while their feuds and rebellions prevented every benefit which the policy of government might, from time to time, have communicated to so extensive a portion of the empire. Hence, neither by conquest or submission had Ireland become fully subject to the English crown, till the vigorous administration of Elizabeth overpowered the last struggle of Irish independence.

In this infirm state of things the reformation was introduced into Ireland; not called for, as in England, and still more perhaps in Scotland, by the voice of national opinion, but arbitrarily imposed on a superstitious and ignorant people, by a government which they already detested.

There cannot be any truer principle, with respect to religious establishments, than that the opinions of the majority, when indisputable, should decide on the particular sect by whose ministers they are to be instructed, and the expences of which they are to defray. But, at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, there were not sixty protestants in Ireland; and the progress of this infant church, with all sorts of protecting bounties to its friends, and every discouragement to its adversaries, was nothing till the colonists of James I, and the soldiers of Cromwell, supplied the place of native converts.

It seems, indeed, a question, whether the anomalous system of the church of England, differing so materially from the catholic in doctrine, and as widely from the other protestant churches in discipline, though proved by experience to be well adapted to the country where it was framed, be equally fitted to any other people. In Scotland, in Ireland, in America, wherever, in short, the experiment has been tried, it has certainly failed of success; and perhaps the ecclesiastic, like the civil polity of England, possesses a racy flavour of its native soil, which, by nations of different temperament and prejudices, cannot be safely imitated. Be this as it may, the people of Ireland adhered to the Romish communion; and various penal laws were enacted during the reign of Elizabeth, which, however, like the corresponding statutes in England, neither impaired the rights of property, nor took away from recusants their seats in parliament.

In the reign of Charles I, broke out that memorable rebellion, during which more than 600,000 lives were wasted by war, famine, plague, hardship, and banishment; and two thirds of all the lands of the island were forfeited by the original pro-

prietors. Whatever might have been the provocations to this contest, it was carried on by the insurgents with a mixture of wickedness and infatuation to which there is hardly any parallel in history; and, from the era of their subjugation, severer treatment from an alarmed and exasperated government was at least the natural reward of their unsuccessful appeal to the sword.

Few statesmen have ever been placed in a situation more embarrassing than the duke of Ormond, in the adjustment of Irish affairs after the restoration. The lands of the catholics had already passed, by the tide of conquest, into the hands of Cromwell's soldiery; conflicting claims were set up on every side; some stood on parliamentary compact, some on royal promises, some on personal desert; the innocent were swept away by general presumptions of guilt, and the guilty saved by fictitious proofs of their innocence. Out of this chaos of perplexed and jarring interests arose the act of settlement, the seal and ratification of a transfer of property, amounting to near eight millions of acres, which passed from Irish to English, from catholic to protestant dominion.

It is not conceivable, that even a race of Gentoos should submit to such losses without the wish to retrieve them; and it may be guessed what effect they would have on Hibernian temperaments. Accordingly, during the short-lived triumph of James II in Ireland, his parliament, in which only six protestants sat, passed a law, against the inclination of that prince, for the absolute repeal of the act of settlement. Victory, on the banks of the Boyne, once more decided that Ireland must submit to protestant rulers; and the keenness of the struggle seemed to impose a necessity on the conquerors, of preserving what their swords had won, by more harsh coercion of the vanquished than before.

The severe laws against popery began in the reign of William III: that, in particular, which excludes the professors of that religion from parliament, was passed in the third year of his reign. It is usual to charge these laws on the religious bigotry of victors. But the protestant ascendancy of Ireland cared very little about purgatory and the seven sacraments. They acted on principles simply political; and their severity was not derived from polemical rancour, but from the two great springs of bitterness, which turn the milk of human nature into gall, revenge and fear. They knew what the vanquished had done in the hour of success; they dreaded their numbers, and sought to strengthen the barriers of law against the rude arm of physical power.

The popery laws, in Ireland, in their present state, are folly, caprice, feeble and petulant tyranny. As they stood originally, they were vigorous and consistent; the firm, well-rivetted fetters of conquest, locking into one another, and stretching down the captive giant to the floor. For more than half a century after the revolution, the appellation of *the common enemy* was regularly given to the catholics, not in loose declamation, but in the legitimate and deliberate language of lord-lieutenants and parliaments. The struggles of contending factions never waked them from their lethargy, nor raised them from their abasement; and, while the names of liberty and patriotism were on the tongue of every protestant, it was never conceived that four-fifths of the people could neither share in the one, or be the object of the other. The catholics are hardly named as a distinct body, throughout the whole political writings of Swift. Indeed, their first resuscitation is said to have taken place during the viceroyalty of the duke of Bedford in 1757, when they ventured to present an address to the castle.

The great object of this oppressive policy was undoubtedly to keep under a powerful enemy; the next was probably to force him over to the protestant side. It might, a

century since, be very plausibly supposed, that self-interest, working on a large class of men, would get the better of conscience; and that a catholic, excluded from political honours, cut off from many even of the common rights of property, and rendered a slave and alien in his own country, would either quit that country, or the faith, which made the country a stepmother to him. Protestantism, however, has made no converts; and as a great majority of the people have adhered to their original tenets under such discouraging circumstances, the established church of Ireland may perhaps be considered as an experiment which has completely failed. No rational man can look to a time when the catholic religion will not prevail in Ireland. Few nations have had a stronger interest, politically speaking, in the progress of one sect above another, than Great Britain in the growth of the reformed faith on the west of St. George's Channel. But she has not been successful in her method. Laws, penal or restrictive, are but rough medicines, and if the disease be incurable, it is some consolation to have discarded the physician.

The surprize which many worthy protestants may feel at the slow progress of their own opinions, in a country subject to the same laws as England, will probably be abated, when they know the actual state of the Irish hierarchy. An account, presented to the house of commons in 1803, exhibits the number of parishes in Ireland, and of the benefices or unions of parishes into which the same have been distributed and reduced, and also of the churches and glebe houses which actually existed in 1791. This document exhibits a striking view of the aptness which the ecclesiastical establishment of Ireland seems to possess for diffusing religious instruction throughout the mass of the people.

According to this statement, there are about 2400 parishes, which have been thrown, by unions, many of them very improper, and some very recently made, into about 1100 benefices, some of which extend over vast tracts of country. Many of the parishes have no church, which was the case with a parish in Dublin, said to contain 20,000 inhabitants. Many of the benefices have no glebe, the ancient glebe having been confounded with, and lost in, the lands of lay-proprietors. Many more of the benefices have no glebe house, so that the clergyman has no means of residence within his parish: unfortunately, too, benefices in this deplorable state have been deemed the most desirable: a parish without a church, without a glebe-house, and, an almost necessary consequence, without a protestant inhabitant.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

A JUST view of the character of Dr. Franklin has probably never been given by any of his countrymen. While living, the world was divided into passionate friends and rancorous enemies, and since his death a kind of political tincture still adheres to all our sentiments concerning him. Among his own countrymen, prejudice and passion, which used to be enlisted wholly on his side, has, in some respects, become hostile to him, and an impartial estimate of his merits can perhaps only be looked for among foreigners. The following portrait is taken from a foreign publication, and seems to be altogether dispassionate and equitable.

Nothing, says this writer, can show more clearly the singular want of literary enterprize or activity, in America, than that no one has yet been found, in that flourishing republic, to collect and publish the works of their only philosopher. It is not even very creditable to the liberal curiosity of the English public, that there should have been no complete edition of the writings of Dr. Franklin, till the year 1806;

nor should we be able to account for the imperfect manner in which the task has now been performed, but for a statement in the prefatory advertisement. We are told, that recently after the death of the author, his grandson, to whom the whole of his papers were bequeathed, made a voyage to London, for the purpose of preparing and disposing of a complete collection of all his published and unpublished writings, with memoirs of his life, brought down by himself to the year 1757, and continued to his death by his descendant. The work was to be published in three quarto volumes, in England, Germany, and France; and a negotiation was commenced with the booksellers. At this stage of the business, however, the proposals were suddenly withdrawn, and nothing more has been heard of the work in this fair and natural market. It is hinted that the suppression of the work was purchased by the British ministry.

We shall omit the reflexions which this statement naturally suggests to us, whether we consider the claims of the dead or of the living, and proceed to some general remarks upon the character of Franklin.

This self-taught American is the most rational, perhaps, of all philosophers. He never loses sight of common sense in any of his speculations; and when his philosophy does not consist entirely in its fair and vigorous application, it is always regulated and controuled by it in its application and result. No individual, perhaps, ever possessed a juster understanding, or was so seldom obstructed in the use of it by indolence, enthusiasm, or authority.

Dr Franklin received no regular education; and he spent the greater part of his life in a society where there was no relish and no encouragement for literature. On an ordinary mind, these circumstances would have produced their usual effects, of repressing all sort of intellectual ambition or activity, and perpetuating a generation of incurious mechanics; but to an understanding like Franklin's, they were peculiarly propitious, and we can trace back to them, distinctly, almost all the peculiarities of his intellectual character.

Regular education is unfavourable to vigour or originality of understanding. Like civilization, it makes society more intelligent and agreeable; but it levels the distinctions of nature. It strengthens and assists the feeble; but it deprives the strong of his triumph, and casts down the hopes of the aspiring. It accomplishes this, not only by training up the mind in a habitual veneration for authorities, but, by leading us to bestow a disproportionate degree of attention on studies that are only valuable as keys or instruments for the understanding, they come at last to be regarded as ultimate objects of pursuit; and the means of education are absurdly mistaken for its end.

How many powerful understandings have been lost in the dialectics of Aristotle! and of how much good philosophy are we daily defrauded, by the preposterous error of taking a knowledge of prosody for useful learning! The mind of a man, who has escaped this training, will at least have fair play. Whatever other errors he may fall into, he will be safe at least from their infatuations. If he thinks proper, after he grows up, to study Greek, it will be for some better purpose than to become acquainted with its dialects. His prejudices will be those of a man, and not of a schoolboy; and his speculations and conclusions will be independent of the maxims of tutors, and the oracles of literary patrons.

The consequences of living in a refined and literary community, are nearly of the same kind with those of a regular education. There are so many critics to be satisfied, so many qualifications to be established, so many rivals to encounter, and so much derision to be hazarded, that a young man is apt to be deterred from so perilous an enterprize, and led to seek for distinction in some safer line of exertion. He is

discouraged by the fame and the perfection of certain models and favourites, who are always in the mouths of his judges, and, 'under them, his genius is rebuked,' and originality repressed, till he sinks into a paltry copyist, or aims at distinction, by extravagance and affectation. In such a state of society, he feels that mediocrity has no chance of distinction; and what beginner can expect to rise at once into excellence? He imagines that mere good sense will attract no attention; and that the manner is of much more importance than the matter, in a candidate for public admiration. In his attention to the manner, the matter is apt to be neglected; and, in his solicitude to please those who require elegance of diction, brilliancy of wit, or harmony of periods, he is in some danger of forgetting that strength of reason, and accuracy of observation by which he first proposed to recommend himself. His attention, when extended to so many collateral objects, is no longer vigorous or collected: the stream, divided into so many channels, ceases to flow either deep or strong; he becomes an unsuccessful pretender to fine writing, and is satisfied with the frivolous praise of elegance or vivacity.

These obstructions to intellectual originality are so powerful, that if Franklin had been bred in a college, he would probably have contented himself with expounding the metres of Pindar, and mixing argument with his port in the common room; and that if Boston had abounded with men of letters, he would never have ventured to come forth from his printing-house, or been driven back to it, at any rate, by the sneers of the critics, after the first publication of his essays in the Busy Body.

This will probably be thought exaggerated; but it cannot be denied that the contrary circumstances in his history had a powerful effect in determining the character of his understanding, and in producing those peculiar habits of reasoning and investigation by which his writings are distinguished. He was encouraged to publish, because there was scarcely any one around him whom he could not easily excel. He wrote with great brevity, because he had not leisure for more voluminous compositions, and because he knew that the readers to whom he addressed himself were, for the most part, as busy as himself. For the same reason, he studied great perspicuity and simplicity of statement: his countrymen had no relish for fine writing, and could not easily be made to understand a deduction depending on a long or elaborate process of reasoning. He was forced, therefore, to concentrate what he had to say; and since he had no chance of being admired for the beauty of his composition, it was natural for him to aim at making an impression by the force and clearness of his statements.

His conclusions were often rash and inaccurate, from the same circumstances which rendered his productions concise. Philosophy and speculation did not form the business of his life; nor did he dedicate himself to any particular study, with a view to exhaust and complete the investigation of it in all its parts, and under all its relations. He engaged in every interesting inquiry that suggested itself to him, rather as the necessary exercise of a powerful and active mind, than as a task which he had bound himself to perform. He cast a quick and penetrating glance over the facts and the *data* that were presented to him; and drew his conclusions with a rapidity and precision that have not often been equalled: but he did not stop to examine the completeness of the *data* upon which he proceeded, nor to consider the ultimate effect or application of the principles to which he had been conducted. In all questions, therefore, where the facts upon which he was to determine, and the materials from which his judgment was to be formed, were either few in number, or of such a nature as not to be over-

looked, his reasonings are for the most part perfectly just and conclusive, and his decisions unexceptionably sound; but where the elements of the calculation were more numerous and widely scattered, he has often been precipitate, and he has either been misled by a partial apprehension of the conditions of the problem, or has discovered only a portion of the truth which lay before him.

In all physical inquiries; in almost all questions of particular and immediate policy; and in much of what relates to the practical wisdom and the happiness of private life, his views will be found to be admirable, and the reasoning by which they are supported most masterly and convincing. But on subjects of general politics, of abstract morality, and political economy, his notions appear to be more unsatisfactory and incomplete.

He seems to have wanted leisure, and, perhaps, inclination also, to spread out before him the whole vast premises of these extensive sciences, and scarcely to have had patience to hunt for his conclusions through so wide and intricate a region as that upon which they invited him to enter. He has been satisfied, therefore, on every occasion, with reasoning from a very limited view of the facts, and often from a particular instance: he has done all that sagacity and sound sense could do with such materials; but it cannot excite wonder, if he has sometimes overlooked an essential part of the argument, and often advanced a particular truth into the place of a general principle. He seldom reasoned on these subjects at all, without having some practical application of them immediately in view; and as he began the investigation rather to determine a particular case, than to establish a general maxim, so he probably desisted as soon as he had relieved himself of the present difficulty.

There are not many among the thorough bred scholars and philosophers of Europe, who can lay claim to distinction in more than one or two departments of science or literature. The uneducated tradesman of America has left writings that call for our attention, in natural philosophy, in politics, in political economy, and in general literature and morality.

His labours in the department of *physics* were almost all suggested by views of utility in the beginning, and were, without exception, applied to promote those views in the end. His letters on *electricity* have been more extensively circulated than any of his other writings; and are entitled to more praise and popularity than they seem ever to have met with in Europe. Nothing can be more admirable than the luminous and graphical precision with which the experiments are narrated; the ingenuity with which they are projected; and the sagacity with which the conclusion is inferred, limited, and confirmed.

The most remarkable thing, however, in these, and, indeed, in the whole of his physical speculations, is the unparalleled simplicity and facility with which the reader is conducted from one stage of the inquiry to another. The author never appears for a moment to labour, or to be at a loss. The most ingenious and profound explanations are suggested, as if they were the most natural and obvious way of accounting for phenomena; and the author seems to value himself so little on his most important discoveries, that it is necessary to compare him with others, before we can form a just notion of his merits.

As he seems to be conscious of no exertion, he feels no partiality for any part of his speculations, and never seeks to raise the reader's idea of their importance, by any arts of declamation or eloquence. Indeed, the habitual precision of his conceptions, and his invariable practice of referring to specific facts and observations, secured him, in a great measure, both from those extravagant conjectures in which so many

naturalists have indulged, and from the zeal and enthusiasm which seems so naturally engendered in their defence.

He was by no means averse to give scope to his imagination, in suggesting a variety of explanations of obscure and unmanageable phenomena; but he never allowed himself to confound these vague and conjectural theories with the solid results of experience and observation. In his meteorological papers, and in his observations on heat and light, there is a great deal of such bold and original suggestions; but the author evidently sets little value on them; and has no sooner disburdened his mind of the impressions from which they proceeded, than he seems to dismiss them entirely from his consideration, and turns to the legitimate philosophy of experiment with unabated diligence and humility.

As an instance of this disposition, might be quoted a letter to the abbe Soulavie, on a new theory of the earth, which he proposes and dismisses, without concern or anxiety, in the course of a few sentences; though, if the idea had fallen on the brain of a European philosopher, it might have germinated into a volume of eloquence, like Buffon's, or an infinite array of paragraphs and observations, like those of Parkinson or Dr. Hutton.

All his physical papers are admirable for the clearness of the description, the felicity and familiarity of the illustrations, and the singular sagacity of the remarks with which they are interspersed. Such are the theory of whirlwinds and waterspouts, as well as the observations on the course of the winds and on cold. His paper, called Maritime Observations, is full of ingenuity and practical good sense; and the remarks on evaporation, and on the tides, most of which are contained in a series of letters to a young lady, are admirable, not merely for their perspicuity, but for the interest and amusement they are calculated to communicate to every description of readers. The remarks on fireplaces and smoky chimnies are infinitely more original, concise, and scientific, than those of count Rumford; and the observations on the gulph stream afford the first example of just theory and accurate investigation, applied to that phenomenon.

Dr. Franklin has never made use of the mathematics, in his investigation of the phenomena of nature; and though this may render it surprizing that he has fallen into so few errors of importance, yet it helps in some measure to explain the unequalled perspicuity and vivacity of his expositions. An algebraist, who can work wonders with letters, seldom condescends to be much indebted to words, and thinks himself entitled to make his sentences obscure, provided his calculations be distinct. A writer who has nothing but words to make use of, must make all the use he can of them: he cannot afford to neglect the only chance he has of being understood.

His political writings first raised him into public office and eminence, but will be least read or attended to by posterity. They may be divided into two parts; those which relate to the internal affairs and provincial differences of the American colonies, before their quarrel with the mother country; and those which relate to that quarrel and its consequences. The former are no longer in any degree interesting: The longest of them was published in 1759, under the title of a Historical Review of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and was composed for the purpose of showing that the political privileges reserved to the founder of the colony had been illegally and oppressively used. The Canada pamphlet, written in 1760, for the purpose of pointing out the importance of retaining that colony at the peace, is composed with great force of reason, and in a style of extraordinary perspicuity. The same may be said of what are called the Albany papers, or the plan for a general political union of the cole-

nies in 1754; and of a variety of other tracts on the provincial politics of that day.

All these are worth preserving, both as monuments of Dr. Franklin's talents and activity, and as affording, in many places, very excellent models of strong reasoning and popular eloquence: but the interest of the subjects is now completely gone by; and the few specimens of general reasoning which we meet with serve only to increase our regret, that the talents of the author should have been wasted on such perishable materials.

There is not much written on the subject of the dispute with the colonies; and most of his papers on that subject are already well known to the public. His examination before the house of commons, in 1766, affords a striking proof of the extent of his information, the clearness and force of his *extempore* composition, and the steadiness and self-possession, which enabled him to display these qualities with so much effect upon such an occasion. His letters before the commencement of hostilities are full of grief and anxiety; but, no sooner did matters come to extremities, than he appears to have assumed a certain keen and confident cheerfulness, not unmixed with a seasoning of asperity, and more vindictiveness of spirit than perhaps became a philosopher.

The letters which passed between Dr. Franklin and lord Howe, when his lordship arrived off the American coast with what were called the pacificatory proposals, in 1776, show not only the consideration in which the former was held by the noble commissioner, but contain a very striking and pathetic statement of the consequences to be dreaded from the perseverance of Great Britain in her schemes of compulsion.

None of Dr. Franklin's political writings, during the nine years that he resided as ambassador at the court of France, have yet been made public. Some of them must be highly interesting.

As to the merits of Franklin as a political economist, he is perfectly sound on many important and practical points; on the corn-trade, and the theory of money, for instance; and also on the more general doctrines, as to the freedom of commerce, and the principle of population. In the more elementary and abstract parts of the science, however, his views seem to have been less just and luminous. He is not very consistent or profound, in what he says of the effects of luxury; and seems to have gone headlong into the radical error of the *economistes*, when he maintains, that all that is done by manufacture is to embody the value of the manufacturer's subsistence in his work, and that agriculture is the only source from which a real increase of wealth can be derived. Another favourite position is, that all commerce is *cheating*, where a commodity, produced by a certain quantity of labour, is exchanged for another, on which more labour has been expended; and that the only *fair* price of any thing, is some other thing requiring the same exertion to bring it to market. This is evidently a very narrow and erroneous view of the nature of commerce.

The fair price to the purchaser is, whatever he deliberately chuses to give, rather than go without the commodity; it is no matter to him, whether the seller bestowed much or little labour upon it, or whether it came into his possession without any labour at all; whether it be a diamond, which he picked up, or a picture, at which they had been working for years. The commodity is not valued by the purchaser on account of the labour which is supposed to be embodied in it, but solely on account of certain qualities, which he finds convenient or agreeable; he compares the convenience and delight which he expects to derive from this object, with the convenience and delight which is afford-by the things asked in exchange for it; and if he find the former preponderate, he consents to the ex-

change, and makes a beneficial bargain. We have stated the case in the name of a purchaser, because, in barter, both parties are truly purchasers, and act on the same principles; and it is easy to show, that all commerce resolves itself ultimately into barter. There can be no unfairness in trade, except where there is concealment by the seller, either of the defects of the commodity, or of the fact that the purchaser may be supplied with it at a cheaper rate by another. It is a matter of *fact*, but not of *morality*, that the price of most commodities will be influenced by the labour employed in producing them. If they are capable of being produced in unlimited quantities, the competition of the producers will sink the price very nearly to what is necessary to maintain this labour; and the impossibility of continuing the production, without repaying that labour, will prevent it from sinking lower. The doctrine does not apply at all to cases where the materials, or the skill necessary to work them up, are scarce in proportion to the demand.

The author's speculations on the effects of paper-money seem also to be superficial and inaccurate. *Statistics* had not been carefully studied in the days of his activity; and, accordingly, we meet with a good deal of loose assumption, and sweeping calculation, in his writings. Yet he had a genius for exact observation, and complicated detail; and probably wanted nothing but leisure, to have made very great advances in this branch of economy.

As a writer on morality and general literature, the merits of Franklin cannot be estimated properly, without taking into consideration the peculiarities in his early history and situation. He never had the benefit of any academical instruction, nor of the society of men of letters; his style was formed entirely by his own judgment and occasional reading; and most of his moral pieces were written while he was a tradesman, addressing himself to the tradesmen of his native city. We cannot expect, therefore, either that he should write with extraordinary elegance or grace; or that he should treat of the accomplishments, follies, and occupations of polite life.—He had no great occasion, as a moralist, to expose the guilt and the folly of gaming or seduction; or to point a poignant and playful ridicule against the lighter immoralities of fashionable life. To the mechanics and traders of Boston and Philadelphia, such warnings were altogether unnecessary; and he endeavoured, therefore, with more appropriate eloquence, to impress on them the importance of industry, sobriety, and economy, and to direct their wise and humble ambition to the attainment of useful knowledge and honourable independence.

That morality, after all, is certainly the most valuable, which is adapted to the circumstances of the greater part of mankind; and that eloquence is the most meritorious, that is calculated to convince and persuade the multitude to virtue.—Nothing can be more perfectly and beautifully adapted to its object, than most of Dr. Franklin's compositions of this sort. The tone of familiarity, of good will, and homely jocularity; the plain and pointed illustrations; the short sentences, made up of short words; and the strong sense, clear information, and obvious conviction of the author himself, make most of his moral exhortations perfect models of popular eloquence; and afford the finest specimens of a style which has been but too little cultivated in a country, which numbers, perhaps, more than 100,000 readers among its tradesmen and artificers.

In writings which possess such solid and unusual merit, it is of no great consequence that the fastidious eye of a critic can discover many blemishes. There is a good deal of vulgarity in the practical writings of Franklin; and more vulgarity than was necessary for the object he had in view. There is something childish, too, in some of his attempts at pleasantry: his story of the Whis-

tle, and his Parisian letter, announcing the discovery that the sun gives light as soon as he rises, are instances of this. The Soliloquy of an Ephemeris, however, is much better; and both that, and the Dialogue with the Gout, are executed with the lightness and spirit of genuine French compositions.

The Speech in the Divan of Algiers, composed as a parody on those of the defenders of the slave-trade, and the scriptural parable against persecution, are inimitable; they have all the point and facility of the fine pleasantries of Swift and Arbuthnot, with something more of directness and apparent sincerity.

The style of his letters, in general, is excellent. They are chiefly remarkable for great simplicity of language, admirable good sense and ingenuity, and an amiable and inoffensive cheerfulness, that is never overclouded or eclipsed.

There is something extremely amiable in old age, when thus exhibited, as in Franklin's letters, without querulousness, discontent, or impatience, and free, at the same time, from any affected or unbecoming levity. *There must be many more of his letters in existence, than have yet been given to the public; and, from the tone and tenor of those which already appeared, we are satisfied that they would be read with general avidity and improvement**.

His account of his own life, down to the year 1730, has been in the hands of the public since 1790. It is written with great simplicity and liveliness, though it contains too many trifling details and anecdotes of obscure individuals. It affords a striking example of the irresistible force with which talents and industry bear upwards in society, as well as an impressive illustration of the substantial wisdom and good policy of invariable integrity and candour. It would be very useful reading for all young persons of unsteady principle, who have their fortunes to make or to mend in the world.

On the whole, the life and writings of Dr. Franklin afford a striking illustration of the incalculable value of a sound and well directed understanding, and of the comparative uselessness of learning and laborious accomplishments. Without the slightest pretensions to the character of a scholar or a man of science, he has extended the bounds of human knowledge on a variety of subjects, which scholars and men of science had previously investigated without success; and has only been found deficient in those studies which the learned have generally turned from in disdain. Respect is due to scholarship and science; but the value of these instruments is apt to be overrated by their possessors; and it is a wholesome mortification, to show them that the work may be done without them.

* I wish the descendants of Dr. Franklin, in America, would take this hint.—They have treasures of this sort of which a profitable use might be made.—E.

For the Literary Magazine.

IDEAL MISERIES.

WHILE I acknowledge with gratitude the very great obligations we owe to divines and philosophers, for the valuable precepts they have laid down, to guard us against those vices which are followed by great calamities, and for the no less important consolation they afford us against such evils as we can neither foresee nor prevent, I regret much that they have narrowed their labours by addressing themselves to mankind in general. This may seem an extraordinary objection, but it will appear very justifiable, when we consider that the advice given to all is seldom accepted by any, and that it is individual application only which can give it effect.

These sages of ancient and modern time deserve great praise for cheering the hearts of men in the hour of anxiety, for affording consolation in distress, and for suggesting

a lively hope even on the brink of despair. But these are things in which man, *as man* only, is concerned. It is much, but it is not all; they have fallen short, in handing down no advice, no precepts, no comfort, adapted to the taste of men of fashion, women of ton, and persons of distinction; nor have they been more attentive to the distresses which befal us as members of the corporation, as chairmen of clubs, and as guests at a table.

Now these and other distresses of a like kind, though usually set down among the *little things* which are, or ought to be, beneath our attention, are really among the greatest misfortunes of life: first, because they are perpetually recurring, and add, therefore, to the general mass of unhappiness; and, secondly, because not one of those philosophers and divines, who have made the afflictions of human life their study, have condescended to say one word about them, or have mentioned them with indifference and contempt. All this appears to me very extraordinary, and to detract much from the utility of their labours.

If we will set about analyzing and decompounding our respective portions of happiness and unhappiness, we shall find that each is made up of an infinite series of *little things*. Little things, then, *being great to little men*, ought not to be beneath the attention of those who assume the chair of authority, direct our judgment, prescribe our sentiments, and regulate our hopes and fears.—These have given us admirable counsel against excessive grief for the loss of relatives, and the loss of fortune: but are these the only losses that require a healing balm? How many are every night made miserable in this metropolis by the loss of an odd trick! How many have their sensibility deeply wounded by the death of a parrot! How many are cut to the heart to reflect that the ball they missed yesterday will no more return; or that the brilliant assemblage of persons of fashion, which they were prevented from joining, may never meet again!—Nay, with all due respect to philosophers be it spoken, is the misplacing of a cane, umbrella, or a pair of gloves, no misfortune?

Yet for these evils we have no remedy. What avails it to fortify the mind against covetousness, against ambition, against the fears of death, when amid our speculations on such abstract and distant subjects, a visit remains unreturned, or a mantua-maker has forgotten her orders? We may bear up against the pangs of despised love, and the oppressor's wrongs, but it requires no small share of philosophy to behold the china in ruins, and the canary-bird a prey to the undistinguishing ferocity of a cat. How many have we seen bury a wife, in *all the decent manliness of grief*, who have been tortured almost to madness when they beheld the meat spoiled, the butter rancid, or the pie overbaked! How many, who can submit with patience to the disorders attendant on a late period of life, are mere children in philosophy, should they come late into the theatre, their favourite song past, and their places taken.

He, therefore, who would prescribe for such calamities, would be a general benefactor. It would require, however, that he should not merely possess the austerity of an ancient philosopher; that he should be able to harangue like Socrates, or epistolize like Seneca: he should be a man of the world, and apply his remedies where the disorder was contracted.

In my last excursion to the watering places, I had many melancholy instances of the great need the visitors of those places stand in for such a philosopher. Of what avail would it be to preach there about the common and vulgar asperities of human life, and omit the more important and trying circumstances of a cruel rain, a perverse raffle, and a morbid *ennui*? to have a party of pleasure broke up just as the set is made up; to be within one of the lucky number; and to be tormented,

perhaps for a day, with *dont-know-howishness?* these, indeed, are calamities; they wring the heart, they put the temper to a severe trial, spoil the appetite, cover the countenance with a deadly pale, and drive sleep from the eyes, and slumber from the eye-lids. Must they not, therefore, be greatly aggravated, when no assistance is at hand, no soothing consolation nigh, nor friend to sympathize, no kindred bosom to share the grief with?

Such are a few of the calamities of human life, for which I can find no sources of consolation among divines and philosophers. Whether they thought such matters too much above, or too much beneath their concern, I know not; but certain it is, all our *solamina miseris* are very deficient in such important matters.

I have already hinted that the frequency of these calamities renders aid more necessary than all our other systems of philosophy. A man cannot lose above two or three affectionate wives in his whole life; but he may lose a good dinner every week; and a lady may weep over the grave of twenty lap-dogs, before she has an opportunity to pay the last duties of friendship to a much-lamented husband.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE INDEPENDENCE OF SPANISH AMERICA.

WOULD the emancipation of the Spanish colonies be favourable to their future progress and improvement? Would it enable them to redress the grievances under which they at present labour? If assisted to acquire, are they strong enough to maintain, their independence? The interest excited at this moment by the expedition of Miranda, seems to call for some observations on these topics.

The greatest defect in the Spanish colonial government consists in its governing too much; in its being too officious, too intermeddling, too complicated, and too expensive; in its being calculated, not to favour the growth, and protect the progress of an infant colony, but to harass and torment, with unavailing remedies, the last moments of a state sinking under weakness and decrepitude.

A numberless host of dependants is kept up, to maintain the colonies in subjection. Checks on the abuse of power are multiplied, till authority clashes with authority, and the people are oppressed without being protected. The same form of government is spread over every part of America, and the same institutions established in the most retired village, which have been found useful or necessary in the seats of government and commerce.

The magistrates and retainers of justice are as numerous and as active in a country, where every man has plenty with his reach, as they are in Europe, where an immense population is struggling for subsistence in the midst of its own vices. A devout and well-intentioned government exerts more vigilance about the morals and faith of its subjects in the wilds of America, than it employs vigour at home in the defence of their lives, properties, and independence.

The expence of the colonial government, though unnecessarily great, is compensated, in part, by the salaries of its servants being consumed in the places where they are received. But more than eight millions of dollars are withdrawn from the annual income of the colonies to replenish the royal treasury of Madrid, from which no part of it ever returns. The taxes and fiscal regulations, by which this revenue is drawn from the people, are singularly injudicious and vexatious. Agriculture is discouraged by the exaction of tithes; commerce harassed by the collection of alcavalas; and the people chafed and fretted by monopolies. But the least exceptionable taxes in the Spanish colonies are those which have no

other object but to raise money. The Spanish government is one of those which conceives it to be its chief duty to promote the industry of its subjects, and to direct them in the right path to opulence, and to these ends its fixed regulations are made subservient The colonies are sacrificed, as usual, to the mother country; and their heaviest tax is the tribute which they are compelled to pay to the laziness, ignorance, and unskilfulness of Spanish workmen and manufacturers. With the same well-meaning views, one colony, one province, or one city, is continually sacrificed to some other; and an order often arrives unexpectedly from Madrid, which suspends the most flourishing trade, and condemns a whole province to idleness and want.

If there are abuses which would be corrected by a government resident in America, and acquainted with its local necessities, the Spanish colonies cannot but gain by emancipation. Nor are the same evils and disorders to be apprehended in Spanish America from a change of government, which would follow any disturbances in the West India islands, or such as befel the unfortunate colony of St. Domingo. The natural aristocracy of the Spanish colonies resides in the country, and consists of men born and educated in the midst of their inferiors and dependants. The people of colour are sober and religious. The African negroes are few in number; and the blacks born in the colonies are reconciled to their situation, and accustomed to the same easy and indolent life with their masters. The Indians are the least of all to be feared. The form of government best suited to a people like the Spanish Americans, is monarchy; and if the monarch presented to them were of the royal family of Spain, or nearly related to it, they would probably submit to him without reluctance.

Some of these colonies are capable, even in their present state, of forming great and powerful empires. Mexico alone contains more than four millions of inhabitants. Peru, including Potosi and Quito, contains as many. The provinces watered by the Orinoco are less populous, and less able to maintain their independence without the protection of some foreign state; but such is the fertility of those regions, and so admirably are they situated for commerce, that if emancipated from the mother country, they would advance with the rapidity of the United States. With their present means and resources, they are infinitely less able to maintain an independent government, than the populous and opulent regions of Mexico and Peru.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTE.

IMBECILE minds are apt to protect themselves under the mask of humble hesitation. When a candidate for a degree at a British university was asked whether the sun moved round the earth, or the earth round the sun, he, after some delay and embarrassment, replied, "Sometimes the one, and sometimes the other."

For the Literary Magazine.

SOUTH AMERICAN MODE OF BLEEDING.

THEY perform the operation in a very dexterous manner; not with a lancet, as our surgeons do, but with an Indian instrument very curiously made. It is a small and remarkable sharp flint, ground to an almost imperceptible point, and set in a small bit of ebony or cedar, in much the same manner as our glaziers' diamonds; with this difference, as theirs is placed perpendi-

cularly in the wood, so this is set horizontally, with as much of the flint projecting as is sufficient to make the incision. The arm is bound up as with us; the instrument is then laid on the vein, and struck with a kind of small hammer; the blood flows copiously: and so skilful are the Indian surgeons, that the patient runs no hazard of having the artery injured by this peculiar mode of bleeding.

In that part of the world, the priests are the only Europeans who profess any skill in medicine; and this knowledge is chiefly limited to the properties of a great variety of simples, which, in the hands of an able botanist, are found to counteract the noxious qualities of the waters of the Plata.

For the Literary Magazine.

AVARICE: AN EXAMPLE.

THE following narrative contains a curious and amusing instance of the misdirection of human passions.

There lately died in England, of a broken heart, Mr. Farmer, well known as a retailer of newspapers. He had acquired, by extraordinary industry, parsimony, and methods, peculiar to himself, a sum amounting to 9000l. His manners and external appearance indicated extreme poverty; his plaintive stories very often excited pity, and induced many to act with tenderness towards him. An old man, a news-dealer, being much afflicted with disorders incident to advanced age, wished to dispose of his business; the sum demanded for it was 50l. Mr. F. seemed inclined to purchase, but could not think of advancing so large a sum as 50l. at one time, but supsing the old man could not live long, agreed to allow him 27s. per week during his natural life. These terms were agreed to; the old man retired into the country, recovered his health, returned to London, exhibited his person before Mr. Farmer, which operated on him so powerfully, that his thoughts were engrossed with it; he gradually declined in health, his spirits became depressed, *sharp misery seemed to have worn him to the bone;* and, at last, distressed to part with the *darling object of his soul*, in a flood of tears he retired to his garret, and in a few hours expired.

For the Literary Magazine.

TRAVELLING MEMORANDUMS, MADE IN 1789, 1790.

French Inns.

FRENCH inns are in general better in two respects, and worse in all the rest, than those in England or America. We live better in point of eating and drinking, beyond a question, than we should do in going from London to Edinburgh, or from Baltimore to Boston, at double the expence. But if in England the best of every thing is ordered, without any attention to the expence, we should, for double the money, live better than we do in France; the common cookery of the French gives great advantage. It is true they roast every thing to a chip, if you are not cautious: but they give such a number and variety of dishes, that if you do not like some, there are others to please your palate. The dessert at a French inn has no rival at an English one; nor are the liquors to be despised. We sometimes meet with bad wine, but, on the whole, far better than such port and Madeira as English and American inns give. Beds are better in France; in England they are good only at good inns; and we have none of that torment, which is so perplexing in England, to have the sheets aired; for here, as in America, we never trouble our heads about them, doubtless on account of the climate. After these two points, all is a blank. You have have no parlour to eat in; only a room with two, three, or four

beds. Apartments badly fitted up; the walls white-washed; or paper of different sorts in the same room; or tapestry so old, as to be a fit nidus for moths and spiders; and the furniture such, that one of our innkeepers would light his fire with it. For a table, you have every where a board laid on cross bars, which are so conveniently contrived, as to leave room for your legs only at the end. Oak chairs with rush bottoms, and the back universally a direct perpendicular, that defies all attempt at rest after fatigue. Doors give music as well as entrance; the wind whistles through their chinks; and hinges grate discord. Windows admit rain as well as light; when shut they are not easy to open; and when open not easy to shut. Mops, brooms, and scrubbing brushes are not in the catalogue of the necessaries of a French inn. Bells there are none; the *fille* must always be bawled for; and, when she appears, is neither neat, well dressed, nor handsome. The kitchen is black with smoke; the master commonly the cook, and the less you see of the cooking, the more likely you are to have a stomach to your dinner; but this is not peculiar to France. Copper utensils always in great plenty, but not always well tinned. The mistress rarely classes civility or attention to her guests among the requisites of her trade.

—

French Companionship and Conversation.

As to the conversation of French assemblies, I am inclined to praise them for equanimity, but condemn them for insipidity. All vigour of thought seems so excluded from expression, that characters of ability and of inanity meet nearly on a par: tame and elegant, uninteresting and polite, the mingled mass of communicated ideas has powers neither to offend nor instruct; where there is much polish of character there is little argument; and if you neither argue nor discuss, what is conversation? Good temper, and habitual ease, are the first ingredients in private society; but wit, knowledge, or originality, must break their even surface into some inequality of feeling, or conversation is like a journey on an endless flat.

—

French Ordinaries.

At Nismes I dined and supped at the table d'hote: the cheapness of these tables suits one's finances, and one sees something of the manners of the people: we sat down from twenty to forty at every meal, most motley companies of French, Italians, Spaniards, with a Greek and Armenian; and I was informed, that there is hardly a nation in Europe or Asia, that have not merchants at the great fair of Beaucaire, chiefly for raw silk, of which many millions in value are sold in four days: all the other commodities of the world are to be found there.

One circumstance I must remark on this numerous table d'hote, because it has struck me repeatedly, which is the *taciturnity* of the French. I came here expecting to have my ears constantly fatigued with the infinite volubility and spirits of the people, of which so many persons have written, sitting, I suppose by their own fire-sides. At Montpellier, though fifteen persons, and some of them ladies, were present, I found it impossible to make them break their inflexible silence with more than a monosyllable, and the whole company sat more like an assembly of tongue-tied quakers, than the mixed company of a people famous for loquacity. Here also, at Nismes, with a different party at every meal, it is the same thing; no Frenchman will open his mouth. To-day at dinner, hopeless of that nation, and fearing to lose the use of an organ they had so little inclination to employ, I fixed myself by a Spaniard, and having been so lately in his country, I found him ready to

converse, and tolerably communicative; but we had more conversation than thirty other persons maintained among themselves.

—

French Theatres.

The theatre at Bourdeaux, built in 1780, is by far the most magnificent in France. I have seen nothing that approaches it. The building is insulated, and fills up a space of 306 feet by 165, one end being the principal front, containing a portico the whole length of it, of twelve very large Corinthian columns. The entrance from this portico is by a noble vestibule, which leads, not only to the different parts of the theatre, but also to an elegant oval concert-room and saloons for walking and refreshments. The theatre itself is of a vast size; in shape the segment of an oval. The establishment of actors, actresses, singers, dancers, orchestra, &c. speak the wealth and luxury of the place. I have been assured, that from thirty to fifty louis a night have been paid to a favourite actress from Paris. Larrive, the first tragic actor of that capital, is now here, at 500 livres (100 dollars) a night, with two benefits. Dauberval, the dancer, and his wife, the mademoiselle Theodore of London, are retained as principal ballet-master and first female dancer, at a salary of 28,000 livres (near 6000 dollars). Pieces are performed every night, Sundays not excepted, as every where in France.

—

Nobles' Estates.

Much of the wastes between Bourdeaux and Barbesieux belonged to the prince de Soubise, who would not sell any part of them. Thus it is whenever you stumble on a grand seigneur, even one that was worth millions, you are sure to find his property desert. The duke of Bouillon's and this prince's are two of the greatest properties in France; and all the signs I have yet seen of their greatness, are wastes, *landes*, deserts, fern, ling. Go to their residence, wherever it may be, and you would probably find them in the midst of a forest, very well peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves, with a domestic establishment of a hundred servants, two hundred dogs, and five hundred horses. This was literally the establishment at Chantille before the prince became a beggar.

—

Environs of Paris.

Enter Paris where you will, you are confirmed in the idea that the roads immediately leading to that capital are deserts, comparatively speaking with those of London. By what means can the connection be carried on with the country? The French must be the most stationary people upon earth; when in a place, they must rest without a thought of going to another: or the English must be the most restless; and find more pleasure in moving from one place to another, than in resting to enjoy life in either. If the French nobility went to their country seats only when exiled there by the court, the roads could not be more solitary.

—

Bas Bretons.

I have had an opportunity of seeing numbers of Bas Bretons collected, as well as their cattle. The men dress in great trowsers like breeches, many with naked legs, and most with wooden shoes, strong marked features like the Welch, with countenances a mixture of half energy and half laziness; their persons stout, broad, and square. The women furrowed without age by labour, to the utter extinction of all softness of sex. The eye discovers them at first glance to be a people absolutely distinct from the French. Wonderful that they should be found so, with distinct language,

manners, dress, &c., after having been settled here 1300 years!

—

Theatre at Nantz.

The theatre at Nantz is new built of fine white stone, and has a magnificent portico front of eight elegant Corinthian pillars, and four others within, to part the portico from a grand vestibule. Within, all is gold and painting, and a *coup d'œil* at entering, that struck me forcibly. It is, I believe, twice as large as Drury Lane, and five times as magnificent. It was Sunday, and *therefore* full. *Mon Dieu!* cried I to myself, do all the wastes, the deserts, the heath, ling, furze, broom, and bog, that I have passed for 300 miles, lead to this spectacle? What a miracle, that all this splendour and wealth of the cities in France should be so unconnected with the country? There are no gentle transitions from ease to comfort, from comfort to wealth: you pass at once from beggary to profusion; from misery in mud cabins to mademoiselle St. Huberti, in splendid spectacles at 500 livres a night (100 dollars). The country deserted, or if a gentleman in it, you find him in some wretched hole, to save that money which is lavished with profusion in the luxuries of a capital.

—

French Politeness.

Among my letters was one to monsieur de la Livioniere, perpetual secretary of the Society of Agriculture here. I found he was at his country-seat, two leagues from Anjou, at Mignianne. On my arrival at his seat, he was sitting down to dinner with his family; not being past twelve, I thought to have escaped this awkwardness; but both himself and madame prevented all embarrassment by very unaffectedly desiring me to partake with them, and making not the least derangement either in table or looks, placed me at once at my ease, to an indifferent dinner, garnished with so much ease and cheerfulness, that I found it a repast more to my taste than the most splendid tables could afford. An English family in the country, similar in situation, taken unawares in the same way, would receive you with an unquiet hospitality, and an anxious politeness; and, after waiting for a hurry-scurry derangement of cloth, table, plates, sideboard, pot, and spit, would give you perhaps so good a dinner, that none of the family, between anxiety and fatigue, could supply one word of conversation, and you would depart under cordial wishes that you might never return. This folly, so common in England, is never met with in France: the French are quiet in their houses, and do things without effort.

—

France and Great Britain compared.

France is superior to England in soil. The proportion of poor land in England, to the total of the kingdom, is greater than the similar proportion in France; nor have they any where such tracts of wretched blowing sand as are to be met with in Norfolk and Suffolk. Their heaths, moors, and wastes not mountainous, what they term *lande*, and which are so frequent in Bretagne, Anjou, Maine, and Guienne, are infinitely better than the English northern moors; and the mountains of Scotland and Wales cannot be compared, in point of soil, with those of the Pyrenees, Auvergne, Dauphine, Provence, and Languedoc. Another advantage almost inestimable is, that their tenacious loams do not take the character of clays, which in some parts of England are so stubborn and harsh, that the expence of culture is almost equal to a moderate produce. Such clays as are in Sussex, I never met with in France. The smallness of the quantity of rank clay in the latter country is indeed surprising.

Which, relatively to agriculture, is the best climate, that of France,

or that of England? The preference is due to France. I have often heard the contrary asserted, and with some appearance of reason; but, I believe, the opinion has arisen more from considering the actual state of husbandry in the two countries, than the distinct properties of the two climates. The English make a very good use of their's; but the French are, in this respect, in their infancy, through more than half the kingdom.

The importance of a country producing twenty-five bushels per acre instead of eighteen, is prodigious; but it is an idle deception to speak of twenty-five, for the superiority of English spring corn, barley and oats, is doubly greater than that of wheat and rye, and would justify me in proportioning the corn products of England, in general, compared with those of France, at twenty-eight to eighteen; and I am well persuaded, that such a ratio would be no exaggeration. Ten millions of acres produce more corn than fifteen millions; consequently a territory of one hundred millions of acres more than equals another of one hundred and fifty millions. It is from such facts that we must seek for an explanation of the power of England, which has ventured to measure itself with that of a country so much more populous, extensive, and more favoured by nature, as France really is; and it is a lesson to all governments whatever, that if they would be powerful, they must encourage the only real and permanent basis of power, AGRICULTURE. By enlarging the quantity of the products of land in a nation, all those advantages flow which have been attributed to a great population, but which ought, with much more truth, to have been assigned to a great consumption; since it is not the mere number of people, but their ease and welfare, which constitute national prosperity. The difference between the corn products of France and England is so great, that it would justify some degree of surprise, how any political writer could ever express any degree of amazement, that a territory, naturally so inconsiderable as the British isles, on comparison with France, should ever become equally powerful; yet this sentiment, founded in mere ignorance, is very common. With such an immense superiority in the produce of corn, the more obvious surprise should have been, that the resources of England, compared with those of France, were not yet more decisive.

—

French Irrigation.

In Languedoc we find by far the greatest exertion in irrigation to be seen in France; a solid stank of timber and masonry is formed across a considerable river near Gange, between two rocky mountains, to force the water into a very fine canal, in which it is, on an average, six feet broad by five deep, and half a mile long; built rather than dug, on the side of the mountain just under the road, and walled in like a shelf, a truly great work, equally well imagined and executed! A wheel raises a portion of the water from this canal thirty feet, by its hollow periphery. An aqueduct, built that height, on two tire of arches, receives the water, and conducts it on arches built on the bridge, across the river, to water the higher grounds; while the canal below carries the larger part of the water to lower fields: an undertaking which must have cost considerable sums, and shows the prodigious value of water in such a climate.

In some parts of France, particularly in the southern provinces, this branch of rural economy is very well understood, and largely practised; but the most capital exertions are very much confined; I met with them only in Provence and the western mountainous parts of Languedoc. In the former, canals were cut, at the expence of the province, for conducting water many miles, in order to irrigate barren tracts of land: in England we have no idea of such a thing. The interests of commerce

will induce our legislature to cut through private properties, but never the interests of cultivation. The works I observed at Gange, in Languedoc, for throwing the water of a mountain stream into a canal, and raising it by enormous wheels into aqueducts built on arches, being much more limited in extent, and even confined to single properties, might more reasonably be looked for in the mountainous districts of England and Wales. Such would answer greatly, and therefore ought to be undertaken; for I hardly need observe, that watering in northwardly climates answers on most soils, as well as it does in the south of Europe.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FRENCH IN HANOVER.

THE following account of the sufferings of the Hanoverians, during the late occupation of their country by the French, appears to have been drawn up by one of the inhabitants, and has been published as such, in a British publication. It is interesting in itself, as containing a minute and circumstantial picture of the evils of war. It shows us how much misery may be inflicted by a conqueror who neither massacres nor plunders, and warns us of the destiny that will inevitably await us, if we are visited by an army of foreign invaders.

The army which Bonaparte had so warily collected at Nimmegen, under pretence of sending it to Louisiana, was destined for Hanover.—Judging from the previous inactivity of the British ministers, they had no suspicions of the views of the French till their army actually made its appearance, and then, as if they had awoke from a dream, they started up and seized the sword, with a desperate resolution of defence. But in the moment of danger the confidence of the country was not to be obtained, and its required spirit of union was dissipated into considerations of personal safety. A levy *en masse* was decreed, which compelled the young men to emigrate; and the army, nominally 30,000, in reality was only 18,000. A slight skirmish near Suhlingen, betwixt the outposts, served to decide the fate of Hanover. The farce of a convention, concluded the 3d of June, 1803, surrendered it to the French, and stipulated that the unbroken Hanoverian army should withdraw beyond the Elbe into Lauenburg, and not serve against France until they had been exchanged.

Rudloff was then at the head of affairs, and his well-known character puts it out of doubt, that, in conjunction with some of his colleagues, he acted a treacherous part towards his country, in favour of the enemy. If the French had not received a previous assurance of being admitted without opposition, they never would have ventured through marshes and bogs, without ammunition, or with scarcely a single cartridge, to invade a country that had a regular and respectable force to produce against inferior numbers. However rash and fool-hardy the French may be, they would not thus have devoted themselves to certain ruin, when with the same facility they could have sent a force sufficient to ensure success.

In possession of Hanover, they no sooner learned that the king refused to ratify the measures of his German ministry, than they proceeded, with newly acquired arms, against the force in Lauenburg. The spirit of the Hanoverian soldiery, who were fired with an ardent zeal to engage the enemies of their country, was such as led every one to expect a bloody conflict: but count Walmoden put their lives and his out of danger, by a second capitulation, no less disgraceful than the former. According to this convention, signed on the Elbe, on the 5th of July, against the unanimous opinion of the whole army, the Hanoverian troops were disbanded, and obliged to lay down their arms.

The number was very small who were afterwards impelled, by distress and want of employment, to enter into the French service. After every endeavour to seduce them, Mortier could not get together more than 3000, the half of whom were not natives; and not deeming it prudent to keep them in Hanover, they were sent to the south of France.

The terrors of the people pictured every possible act of violence from the invading foe; and the liberty granted to the French troops of plundering two or three villages, naturally served to confirm these apprehensions, and occasioned many groundless reports; but in a short time every one was convinced that the French had laid down for themselves a very different system of conduct. Policy, in fact, suggested to them conciliatory measures; and as plunder was their object, they clearly saw, that by granting the people existence, they should the most effectually drain the country of its resources, and reap the fruits of its labours.

Agreeably to this idea, Mortier had specified as distinct articles in the convention, that the Hanoverian ministry should be dissolved, and such changes adopted in the electoral constitution, as he might think adviseable; yet, when he came to organize the government, he reinstated most of the old administration in high places, excluding only Rudloff, Von Arnswaldt, and Kielmannsegge, who, after having deserted their trust, fled into Mecklenburg.

The form of government adopted by the French was purely financial, it being, of course, their sole concern to extract from the country as much as possible during their stay in it. To this end, they established an executive committee, whose task it was to arrange and levy the contributions, and satisfy all the pecuniary demands of France. Durbach, Mortier's brother-in-law, whose familiarity with the German language, and extensive acquaintance among the Germans, fitted him for the office, was commissioned to select this committee, and he accordingly fixed on five persons for his assistants.

Nor could he have chosen men more fitted to execute the office imposed on them. They consulted the good of the country on every occasion, averted many evils, and made many remonstrances against the extravagant demands of the French.

This committee was assisted by a deputation of persons well versed in the peculiar resources, connections, and circumstances of the respective districts to which they belonged, whose advice was necessary in appreciating the wealth of each individual district, and proportioning the burden of taxes to its real condition. Their sphere of action was no less important than that of the committee, and they acquitted themselves with no less credit. They ingratiated themselves with the commissioners, and succeeded in obtaining their confidence by an upright system of conduct, in which they never lost sight of the interests of their country.

While their pecuniary demands were satisfied to the utmost of their expectation, the French did not trouble themselves with any other consideration; but whenever there was any failure or backwardness in the supplies, they would threaten the ministry with taking the management of the finances into their own hands. They would not have abstained from putting this threat in force, if they had not, in reality, taken measures to convince themselves that all was done in the power of men to do. It was truly astonishing to see with what indefatigable activity they scrutinized the revenues of the state, and defeated every possible scheme of deception. They demanded of all the ministers and boards of every province, exact statements of its income and expences, royal, civil, and military, and instituted the minutest inquiries into the accuracy of such statements. The first authorities of the land were likewise required to deliver in exact statistic accounts of the whole elec-

torate, and of each particular province; and these accounts, containing every thing worthy of notice relative to the internal wealth and resources of the country, when copied fair on fine royal paper, and in a fine hand, were dispatched to Paris.

The consequence of this vigilance was the ruin of Hanover. The first five months had drained it of every dollar to be found in it. What the country wanted in ready money it was obliged to supply by its credit: and while loads of specie were conveying to France, its public treasury was overwhelmed with debt, and its inhabitants starving. Though a due estimate can never be made of the burdens individually, yet the following statement will serve to prove that the French are merciless when plunder is in question. The public regular expences are calculated to have been—

1. The pay of the troops, amounting, on an average, to 25,000, which may be estimated at two millions and a half rix-dollars yearly*.

2. Bread, meat, forage, wood, and in some cases rice and beer, two millions a year.

3. Clothing, viz.: coats, linen, shoes, breeches, waistcoats, spatterdashes, caps, stockings, knapsacks, great coats, &c., which amounted to above half a million: for there was a constant exchange of soldiers, in want of every article of dress, for such as had been well provided.

Besides these, the country had to bear a number of extraordinary expences, the principal of which were:

4. The erection of hospitals, for which purpose private houses were fitted up, and furnished with a vast number of beds, matrasses, linen, &c.; the sick being likewise daily provided with victuals, drink, and medicines; all which combined to make a sum of 200,000 dollars.

5. The constant use of carriages from Hanover to France, and from one part of the country to the other; which cannot be estimated at less than half a million. The French had an immense number of carts, horses, and men in requisition during their whole stay, particularly for the conveyance of the booty.

The transportation of the artillery taken from the armory of Hanover, and the fortresses of Hamel, Ratzburg, &c., employed above half a year; and the value of the whole ordnance, including all the beautiful fire-arms, field-pieces, &c., laid up in store, from the famous founderies of Hanover, and the manufactories of Harzberg, was rated at ten millions. The French had likewise now the gratification of recovering a set of cannon denominated the Twelve Apostles, which they had lost in the seven years' war. As these cannon were passing through a village where an old general lived who had been present in the battle when they were taken, he is said to have shed tears, and soon after to have died of grief.

Besides the ordnance, the beautiful horses from the king's stud, the fine deer in Diesterwald, carried in expensive waggons built for the purpose, and many other royal effects, all exceeding two millions in value, occupied a full year in their conveyance.

6. The maintenance of, and presents to, generals, exceeding 200,000 dollars. All generals, particularly those of the higher ranks, had numerous retinues, consisting of twelve, and oftener of more persons. They resided in the capitals of Luneburg, Verden, Lauenburg, Osnaburg, &c. Upon an average, they received for themselves and their retinue fifty dollars per day. Besides these, the *commissaires en chef* were to be provided for; thus, for example, in Osnaburg, Dessolles received for his general staff, and commissariate, seventy-five dollars per day, whence may be easily inferred the amount of maintaining the commander in chief in the town of Hanover, his general staff, and retinue, with the *commissaire ordonnateur*. He occupied the electoral palace, and had every accommodation on a more

* A rix-dollar is about equal to the Spanish or United States dollar.

princely style than the elector himself would have had.

7. Several millions expended in casualties; among which may be reckoned the supply of quarters for the officers or soldiers who could not be provided for in certain places; the maintenance of artillery horses, and an army post with three horses; the erection of batteries on the Elbe; the raising and equipping of the Hanoverian legion; the fortification of Hamel and Nienburg, and victualling the former fortress for a whole year; the single contributions on particular provinces, supposed best capable of bearing the burden, with numberless other *et cæteras*.

8. The French gained likewise 100,000 dollars from the electorate by a financial scheme with count Bentheim, which originated in the following circumstance: count Frederick Charles Philip von Bentheim, being deeply involved in debt, mortgaged his country, in 1753, for thirty years, with all its appurtenances, to the electorate of Hanover, for the sum of 900,000 dollars. The count afterwards lived as a private man in Paris, and had neither money nor inclination to redeem his estate, in consequence of which it remained the rightful possession of Hanover. On his death, which happened in the year 1803, his next relative, the count von Stenfurth, profited by this opportunity to recover the land, on paying the French half the sum in ready money, and the rest by instalments. The French troops then left the county of Bentheim, and he was reinstated in the quiet possession of it.

From the preceeding statement, it will be seen that the French actually drew from Hanover, during a stay of two years and ten weeks, no less than twenty-seven millions of dollars, a sum grievously felt by a land enjoying few advantages, having no manufactures or trade of any importance, and scarcely producing sufficient corn for its own people.—The whole electorate yields not more than five millions of dollars, all of which was employed in supporting the military and public establishments. No important retrenchments could be made in these expences, without bringing ruin on the country. Of course, there remained but very little from the ordinary revenues for the French, who were therefore to be supplied by extraordinary loans and taxes.

The voluntary contributions afforded by patriotic individuals were very frequent and considerable; every rich man in the towns and provinces, particularly in the principality of Osnaburg, advanced from time to time, in the form of a loan, as much as his circumstances would admit. But notwithstanding this, and the heavy burdens imposed on the people, they were still obliged to have recourse to foreign succour. In the first instance, Hamburgh, Lubec, and Bremen, the elector of Hesse Cassel, and Hahn, the rich banker of that place, freely afforded assistance, by the following loans:

	Dollars.
The elector of Hesse Cassel	500,000
Hahn, the banker	75,000
Hamburgh	700,000
Lubec, first loan	160,000
second loan	50,000
Bremen	625,000
Total	2,110,000

which were all made in the first year; but upon the declaration of the king, that he would not acknowledge any of these loans, it was necessary to use threats, and even coercion, in order to extract money from the smaller states. Hamburgh submitted on the first demand, by paying 500,000 dollars: but Bremen and Lubec persisted in a long and obstinate refusal, till the French blocked them up, by land and water, so effectually, that no person or thing could get in or out either of the cities or territories. Bremen yielded, after a week's resistance, by complying with half the demand, and receiving a promise of never being troubled with a similar

requisition; but Lubec stood out a fortnight, and was finally released on granting only a part of the contribution. In fine, Bremen paid 250,000, and Lubec 160,000 dollars.

But the burdens of the Hanoverians, oppressive as they were on the public at large, were not confined to exorbitant taxes collected every week or month. Each individual had his peculiar burdens, which fell with unequal weight on his own particular family. The first and greatest of these was the quartering of the soldiers; from which, in the beginning, no occupier of a house, however poor, was exempt, while the richer classes were obliged to take in, and liberally provide for, six and even eight men at a time.

It is true the soldiers were to be provided with bread, meat, &c. at the public cost; yet had this been regularly attended to, which was by no means the case, it would have served but little in the place of better food. No Hanoverian would have ventured to place a dish from the public supply only before his French epicure, who insisted on sharing with him in every delicacy of his own table. According to a moderate computation, the board of every soldier cost thirty *grotes* (30 cents) a day, that of a captain and subaltern from three to four hundred dollars a year, and that of a superior officer five or ten times that sum.

Another burden, no less oppressive than the former, was the marching of troops backward and forward, with numberless waggons and their drivers. This concourse of men and horses naturally crowded the small number of houses by the way in a disproportionate manner, and, from the constant exchange of regiments passing and repassing, the evil rose to an insupportable degree. Osnaburg, as a frontier province between Hanover and Holland, suffered the most seriously from this grievance.

To escape the burden of quartering, many inhabitants sold their houses, and lived in lodgings; which proved, however, but a small relief, as the tax instead of quartering was raised accordingly, no class being exempted from the general calamity. All towns and villages were therefore occupied by troops, except Gottingen, on account of its university, and The Harz, on account of its poverty; but the French, disliking the waste and cheerless flats of Westphalia, and other parts, flocked as much as possible to the larger places, which of course endured the severest hardships, from being occupied by the greater number of soldiers.

The remoter parts of the country were, however, not without their share of distress. Contributions in kind were introduced in lieu of those in money. Every peasant was obliged to furnish the magazines with corn and forage; the proportion of his supplies being regulated by the extent of his land. The provision was then duly rated, and the peasant received for the value bonds at five per cent. And, however good the interest might be, the poor peasant was thus deprived of corn, hay, and money, the want of which he could not replace except at a treble cost.

Besides, the peasants were obliged, in their turn, to furnish their quota of waggons, horses, and carters, in part for the endless conveyances before-mentioned. Without calculating the wear and tear, consider only the loss of time and the interruption of his farming business; especially when, in addition to extraordinary calls, he was liable to be taken from his work in any season, and compelled to drive a few French officers to a ball.

Had the soldiery, who are generally liberal with their money, been allowed to spend their pay in the country, the poor inhabitants would have experienced some benefit; but the government of France took the most effectual measures to prevent this, by keeping back their pay eight or ten months, and, in fact, till they had passed the Hanoverian frontiers. Besides, the French com-

missaries and generals, who amassed the greatest sums, sent all they could spare to France, by which Hanover was, in fact, drained of all its wealth.

The effects of these measures were too quickly visible. Men of property were obliged to consume their capitals, and those in inferior circumstances to borrow at extravagant interest, as long as money was to be borrowed at any rate; but this resource at length failing to numbers who could not give ample security, they had no alternative but beggary or emigration.

Every one retrenched his expences, which was only an aggravation of the universal misery. Those who had lived by the luxuries of the great experienced first the hardships of poverty, from the want of employment and increase of expences. Of course, those towns in which luxury was most prevalent were the first victims of the extortions of the enemy; but the evil at length reached every class, from the lowest to the highest. Yet perhaps, of this latter class, none were more to be pitied than the civil officers of the state; who, accustomed, from their rank and education, to a commodious way of living, were exposed to greater sacrifices than other people in lower conditions. A cruel retrenchment was made in their salaries, and the remaining allowances were irregularly paid, and frequently altogether neglected. Redress, in such cases, was chimerical, for lawsuits would only have increased the evil. Those, therefore, who could not emigrate to England, Russia, or some other place, were compelled to submit to their misfortunes.

In consequence of the glaring distress, frequent petitions were addressed to Bonaparte for relief from part of the burden; to which he answered, in his usual cant, "*I do not wish the Hanoverian people to be ruined; and I wish the French name to be honoured among them.*" And on another occasion he declared, "he would do whatever he could to spare the land, the situation of which he sincerely lamented." But, notwithstanding these assurances, it was not till the end of 1803 that any diminution took place in the number of troops stationed in Hanover, when seven of the thirty thousand were ordered to France; and another removal took place in the summer of 1805, leaving 20,000 in the country, which were finally reduced to 5000 when the late unfortunate contest demanded their services in another part of Germany.

Barbou remained in Hanover with this small body of French, till the approach of the Prussians rendered it necessary for them to retire to Hamel. Previous to his departure, he tried to extort from the government another million of dollars, by declaring, that in case of refusal he would set fire to the town; but while the ministers were deliberating about their answer, the Prussians made such hasty advances, as rendered it necessary for the French to march without delay. As soon as they reached Hamel, they laid waste the suburbs, by destroying the gardens, and pulling down the houses, the wood of which they converted into firing. In the fortress itself they took possession of every thing they wanted for their own use, turning the poor people out of their beds or the cottages, as they found occasion for either. Even the graves of the dead were not exempt from plunder, and they took up several coffins for the sake of the wood and the nails. From one of them, which they were informed contained the remains of an Englishman, they tore out the body, and threw it into the streets, treating it with every indignity. In the neighbourhood round Hamel they laid the people under contributions, perpetually carrying away their provender and cattle by force.

It was the fate of Hanover to suffer every way by its accidental connection with England. The mischief intended to the English trade, by the blockade of the Elbe and Weser, fell ultimately upon them, and the two cities of Hamburgh and Bremen.

Their transit trade on the Elbe was thus almost totally ruined.

The little province of Osnaburg, whose principal occupation and subsistence lay in the manufacture and exportation of linen, which it sent to Spain and America, received a check from the stoppage of the regular navigation. The produce of this trade to the province, in which almost every peasant had his loom, was above a million of dollars yearly before the blockade. Though the navigation to Hamburgh was kept up in part by the way of Tonningen, and that to Bremen by the Jahde, yet the delays, losses, and charges arising from this circuitous mode of conveyance were very injurious to the merchant: not to mention that every article passing through Hanover was obliged to have a certificate to specify that it had notp aid English customs, which was another circumstance that enhanced the price of all commodities to the purchaser.

Meantime England was carrying on an unmolested trade, by the river Ems, in Emden, Leer, Meppen, and other places. The French attempted, indeed, to molest the progress of English goods from Meppen to Frankfort, and other parts of Germany, and profited by the supposed arrival of some fire-arms on English account, to occupy the town with soldiers. The fire-arms were, of course, not discovered; but, for the *prevention* of such an importation, they thought proper to continue there till the king of Prussia, who was then not so complaisant to the French as he afterwards was, positively insisted on the perfect freedom of the Ems navigation, and on the evacuation of Meppen.

The French generals who had the command in Hanover were men of as good character, and of as much humanity, as could be expected from persons in the service of Bonaparte. They kept the strictest discipline in the army to prevent every irregularity, and softened the rigour of the commands they were obliged to issue as much as lay in their power. Mortier being recalled at the end of five months, in consequence of his elevation to the rank of marshal, Dessolles supplied his place till the arrival of Bernadotte. Under the administration of the latter, the country was greatly relieved by the system of economy he introduced into the whole army. The maintenance of the generals in Hanover was reduced one half, by their being obliged to have their food from the royal kitchen, and that of the generals in the provinces one-third. The officers were enjoined, on their honour, to have their meals at their own expense, for which they received additional pay every month. The privates were, in like manner, restricted to their allowance, and not permitted to demand any thing but vegetables, and the preparation of their food. He also kept a strict eye over the commissaries, and lowered their salaries. In all these regulations he appeared to be guided by a consideration for the people's distress; and, in justice to his character, it ought to be stated, that he was friendly to the poor, and performed many acts of charity from his own private purse.

For the Literary Magazine.

GUIACUM.

MR. BRANDE has laid before the Royal Society of London some original experiments made on guiacum, from which he infers, that it is a substance very different from those which are denominated resins, and that it is also different from all those which are enumerated amongst balsams, gum-resins, gums, and extracts. Most probably, Mr. Brande says, it is a substance distinct in its nature from any of those above enumerated, in consequence of certain peculiarities in the proportions and chemical combination of its constituent elementary principles. At any rate he regards guiacum as composed of a resin modified by the vege-

table extractive principle, and, as such, it may be denominated an extracto resin without impropriety. Mr. Brande has been led to these conclusions from observing the action of different solvents on guiacum, whence it appeared, that, although this substance possesses many properties in common with resinous bodies, it nevertheless differs from them in the following particulars: 1. By affording a portion of vegetable extract. 2. By the curious alterations which it undergoes when subjected to the action of bodies which readily communicate oxygen, such as nitric and oxy-muriatic acids; and the rapidity with which it dissolves in the former. 3. By being converted into a more perfect resin; in which respect guiacum bears some resemblance to the green resin which constitutes the colouring matters of the leaves of trees. 4. By yielding oxalic acid. 5. By the quantity of charcoal and lime which are obtained from it when subjected to destructive distillation.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON VEGETATION.

AN interesting paper on the direction of the radicle and germen during the vegetation of seeds, was lately presented to the Royal Society, by T. A. Knight, Esq. It is known that in whatever position a seed is placed to germinate, its radicle invariably makes an effort to descend towards the centre of the earth, whilst the elongated germen takes precisely an opposite direction. By some these effects have been accounted for by gravitation; to ascertain this, Mr. Knight commenced a course of experiments; he concluded that if gravitation were the cause, it could only produce these effects while the seed remained at rest, and in the same position relative to the attraction of the earth, and that its operation would become suspended by constant and rapid change of the position of the germinating seed, and that it might be counteracted by the agency of centrifugal force. In a strong rill of water he constructed a wheel similar to those used for grinding corn, and to this he adapted another wheel eleven inches in diameter, round the circumference of which he attached numerous seeds of the garden bean. The radicles of these seeds were made to point in every direction, some towards the centre of the wheel, and others in an opposite direction. The whole was inclosed in a box, and secured by a lock, and a wire grate was placed to prevent the ingress of any body capable of impeding the motion of the wheels. The water being admitted, the wheels performed something more than 150 revolutions in a minute; and the position of the seeds relative to the earth was, of course, as often perfectly inverted, within the same period of time, by which it was imagined the influence of gravitation must have been wholly suspended. In a few days the seeds began to germinate: the radicles, in whatever direction they were protruded from the position of the seed, turned their points outwards from the circumference of the wheel, and receded nearly at right angles from its axis. The germens, on the contrary, took the opposite direction, and in a few days their points all met in the centre of the wheel. Three of these plants were suffered to remain on the wheel, and the stems soon extended beyond the centre of the wheel, but their points returned and met again at its centre.

Mr. Knight then instituted another experiment, and from them both concludes, that the radicles of germinating seeds are made to descend, and their germens to ascend, by some external cause, and not by any power inherent in vegetable life: and doubts not that gravitation is the principal, if not the only agent employed, in this case, by nature. He next endeavours to point out the means by which the same agent may

produce effects so diametrically opposite to each other.

The radicle of a germinating seed is increased in length only by new parts successively added to its apex, and not by any general extension of parts already formed: and the new matter which is thus successively added descends in a fluid state from the cotyledons. On this fluid, and on the vegetable fibres and vessels whilst soft and flexible, and whilst the matter which composes them is changing from a fluid to a solid state, gravitation would operate sufficiently to give an inclination downwards to the point of the radicle.

As the radicle is increased in length only by parts successively added to its point, the germen, on the contrary, elongates by a general extension of its parts previously organized; and its vessels and fibres appear to extend themselves in proportion to the quantity of nutriment they receive. If the motion and consequent distribution of the true sap be influenced by gravitation, it follows, that when the germen, at its first emission, or subsequently, deviates from a perpendicular direction, the sap must accumulate on its under side: and, in a great variety of experiments on the seeds of a horse chesnut, the bean, and other plants, when vegetating at rest, the vessels and fibres on the under side of the germen invariably elongate much more rapidly than those on its upper side: and thence it follows that the point of the germen must always turn upwards. And it has been proved that a similar increase of growth takes place on the external side of the germen when the sap is impelled there by centrifugal force, as it is attracted by gravitation to its under side when the seed germinates at rest.

This increased elongation of the fibres and vessels of the under side is not confined to the germens, nor even to the annual shoots of trees, but occurs and produces the most extensive effects in the subsequent growth of their trunks and branches. The immediate effect of gravitation is certainly to occasion the further depression of every branch which extends horizontally from the trunk of the tree; and when a young tree inclines to either side, to increase that inclination: but it, at the same time, attracts the sap to the under side, and thus occasions an increased longitudinal extension of the substance of the new wood on that side. The depression of the lateral branch is thus prevented, and it is even enabled to raise itself above its natural level when the branches above it are removed; and the young tree, by the same means, becomes more upright in direct opposition to the immediate action of gravitation: nature, as usual, executing the most important operations by the most simple means.

To this doctrine the most important objection is, that few branches rise perpendicularly upwards, and that roots always spread horizontally: to this it may be answered, that the luxuriant shoots of trees which abound in sap, in whatever direction they are first obtruded, almost uniformly turn upwards, and endeavour to acquire a particular direction: and to this their points will immediately return, if they are bent downwards during any period of their growth; their curvature upwards being occasioned by an increased extension of the fibres and vessels of their under sides, as in elongated germens of seeds. The more feeble and slender shoots of the same trees will, on the contrary, grow in almost every direction, probably because their fibres, being more dry, and their vessels less amply supplied with sap, they are less affected by gravitation. Their points, however, generally show an inclination to turn upwards, but the operation of light, in this case, has been proved to be very considerable.

The radicle tapers rapidly as it descends into the earth, and its lower part is much compressed by the greater solidity of the mould into which it penetrates. The true sap also continues to descend from the

cotyledons and leaves, and occasions a continued increase of the growth of the upper parts of the radicle, and this growth is consequently augmented by the effects of motion, when the germen has risen above the ground. The true sap is therefore necessarily obstructed in its descent: numerous lateral roots are generated, into which a portion of the descending sap enters. The substance of these roots, like that of the slender horizontal branches, is less succulent than that of the radicle first emitted, and they are in consequence less obedient to gravitation; and meeting less resistance from the superficial soil than from that beneath it, they extend horizontally in every direction, growing with most rapidity, and producing the greatest number of ramifications, wherever they find most warmth, and a soil best adapted to nourish the tree. As these horizontal or lateral roots surround the base of the tree, the blue sap descending down its bark enters almost exclusively into them, and the first perpendicular root, having executed its office of securing moisture to the plant whilst young, is thus deprived of proper nutriment, and ceasing almost wholly to grow, becomes of no importance to the tree. The tap-root of the oak may be adduced as an exception; but, in 20,000 trees of this species, Mr. K. never found a single one possessing a tap-root. And he concludes by saying, "As trees possess the power to turn the upper surfaces of their leaves, and the points of their shoots to the light, and their tendrils in any direction to attach themselves to contiguous objects, it may be suspected that their lateral roots are, by some means, directed to any soil in their vicinity which is best calculated to nourish the plant to which they belong; and it is well known that much the greater part of the roots of an aquatic plant, which has grown in a dry soil, on the margin of a lake or river, have been found to point to the water; whilst those of another species of tree which thrives best in a dry soil have been ascertained to take an opposite direction: but the result of some experiments led Mr. Knight to conclude, that the roots disperse themselves in every direction, and only become most numerous where they find most employment, and a soil best adapted to the species of the plant."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FIRE FLY.

INSECTS commonly known by the name of fire-flies, abound in America and the south of Europe. They resemble, in their size and external appearance, some flies known in the north. Their shape is oblong; their wings are covered with an outward shell, like insects of the beetle tribe; the head is red, with a black spot in the centre. In the dark, when they perch or creep, nothing is observable; but as often as they rise to fly, a bright light is perceived. This is not constant during their flight, but recurs every other instant, as if it were disclosed by the opening of their wings at each successive expansion. When laid upon their back they give out this light constantly, and have much difficulty in turning themselves. The light, when thus examined, is a clear, phosphorescent or lambent flame, of a green or light blue, inclining to yellow. It is very considerable even in one fly; and the light of three or four is sufficient to render small objects around quite visible. It is apparent in twilight. When these insects are examined by daylight, their bellies are perceived to be distinctly divided about the middle, by a line passing across the body. The under part is of a bright yellow, resembling in colour, smoothness, and in every particular, a bit of fine clean straw; the rest of the belly is quite black; the yellow part alone is luminous. When the fly is dead, the luminous appearance still continues for two or three days.

If the yellow part be cut off, it shines as brightly as before; and if rubbed between the fingers, a luminous greasy matter, like the bowels, oozes out, tinging the fingers, wherever it touches, with the same kind of lambent flame. This friction speedily terminates the phenomenon, apparently by exhausting the supply of luminous matter. Air is by no means necessary, or at all conducive to this process of phosphorescence: on the contrary, under water, or other liquids, the flies shine as much as in the air.

Here, we have an animal process at first sight resembling the slow combustion of the blood in the lungs, rendered visible by the extrication of light. No oxygenation, however, attends it. It cannot be explained by saying that light is absorbed, and then given out; for, if the animal be kept alive for months in a dark place, the luminous appearance continues; and if it dies, that appearance survives but a short time. Something is evidently secreted, which burns or radiates with a lambent flame, and which does not owe this luminous quality to any previous contact with light.

For the Literary Magazine.

BOOK COLLECTORS.

HOW much are booksellers indebted to that numerous tribe of virtuosos who buy books, not to read them, but to place them in agreeable order on a shelf or in a bookcase!

This passion for collecting books seems pretty much on a level with that for collecting old coins, but is much less respectable than that for collecting mineralogical, botanical, or zoological specimens. Knowledge directly flows from the inspection of the latter, and they are perceived by every one that enters the museum; but no knowledge that merits the name is derived from viewing the outsides of books, and the formers of private libraries, on a large scale, have seldom any design of reading their books, or any power to do so, if they had the inclination.

One of the most painful reflections that can occur to the minds of these curious collectors, is connected with the necessary termination of human life, in consequence of which they are sensible that a collection, formed with the expence of so much time, labour, and money, is liable to be utterly despised and lost, under the magical influence of an auctioneer's hammer.

There is, indeed, an expedient, often practised, for eluding this catastrophe. This is by bequeathing the collection to the public, or to some public institution. It is, accordingly, in this way that almost every public library existing has either originated, or been subsequently extended.

When I see a vast and curious library, in the formation of which an ingenious person has laid out an immense fortune and infinite pains, advertised for public sale, I cannot help indulging an apostrophe on the vanity of all human schemes.

The French revolution affords many striking examples of this kind of subversion and ruin: the most memorable of which are the three following.

The first of these libraries, which was that of Lamoignon, was thought to be the most splendid and select of any in France. This had formerly belonged to William de Lamoignon, first president of the parliament of Paris, in the time of Louis XIV, who lavished prodigious sums in procuring the collection of all works of excellent taste and erudition. It became afterwards successively the property of Berryer, lord keeper of France, and of Lamoignon his son-in-law. Berryer exerted indefatigable diligence in getting into his possession the best editions of every work, always making it his business to procure the most perfect and finest known copies, for strength of paper, excellence of pre-

servation, elegance of binding, and width of margin. With respect to the modern editions of works, even of such as were published in foreign countries, he always directed his agents to get them for him, if possible, in boards; and when he had collected a variety of copies, he made choice of a perfect one out of the number, which he afterwards ordered to be bound in the best Morocco.

Lamoignon, equally inspired with this hereditary passion for bibliography, submitted the catalogue of his grandfather's library to a rigid examen of learned men, with orders to discard all ordinary editions, and all works of which later and better editions were to be had. (The learned Adrien Baillet, librarian to the first M. de Lamoignon, had been chiefly consulted in the arrangement of the original library.) A new catalogue was however now executed, in the analytical mode, consisting of 35 vols. in folio, in which all the MSS. were preserved, together with all the books which M. Berryer had added to the collection; while many, which had now become unnecessary, were expunged. The two libraries were then consolidated into one, and M. de Lamoignon, with unceasing care, was continually augmenting it. In 1770, he printed a catalogue of the library, in one volume in folio. There were upwards of 5000 volumes bound in Morocco, green, red, blue, and yellow; many also were lined with tabby; by far the greater number were large paper copies, and some were printed on vellum. It is a circumstance highly to be regretted, that this magnificent collection is now dispersed.

Another very valuable library was that of the late cardinal de Brienne, archbishop of Sens, the catalogue of which was published by Debure, in three volumes 8vo. in 1792. The two first volumes of this catalogue, entitled, *Index Librorum ab inventa Typographia*, contained a most curious relation of the original of the invention of printing, with a similar history of engravings in wood and copper, and a prodigious number of the first editions of the Greek and Latin classics. The last volume contained the most superb and accurate modern editions of the same classics; authors, in large paper; a great number of books printed on vellum; prayer-books, by Nic. Farry, decorated with flowers and miniatures; several books of cuts; a grand assemblage of the finest books of antiquities; and a most beautiful and complete collection of travels, by *Theodore de Brie*, in twenty-nine volumes in folio, bound in a style of incomparable elegance. The bulk of this splendid library was sold in retail, at the Hotel de Bouillon, many articles of it having been previously conveyed abroad and dispersed.

For the Literary Magazine.

CLASSICAL OBSCURITIES.

THE difficulties that attend the comprehension of the classical Roman writers are totally unknown to common readers. They go on rendering English word for Latin word, and imagine that they understand the poet because they find an English counterpart for his Latin phrase or sentence: whereas their crude and uninformed minds collect no congruous ideas from the page. When they attempt to step from sounds to things, they leap into a chaos which furnishes no footing, no track, no guide.

Virgil's Georgics are generally read at school, and yet all our industry could not select more unprofitable, because more unintelligible, reading for a school-boy than this celebrated poem. It is an agricultural treatise, the principles and instructions of which are scarcely to be comprehended by persons of mature age, whom long experience has made thoroughly acquainted with the art to which it relates. It has, however, many other difficulties, be-

sides those arising from our ignorance of Roman husbandry. The following lines from the fourth Georgic afford a curious specimen of classical obscurity, and of the fruitless pains and profound learning which have been expended in decyphering a mystery, and reconciling a seeming contradiction.

Tăygete simul os terris ostendit honestum
Pleias, et oceani spretos pede repulit amnes:
Aut eadem, sidus fugiens ubi Piscis aquosi,
Tristior hibernis cælo descendit in undas.

These lines are thought to point out the astronomical characters of the two seasons of the year, at which it was usual to take the honey from the hives of the bees: one season, according to all commentators, being ascertained by the *heliacal* rising of the *Lucida Pleiadum*, in the middle of May; the other, by the *cosmical* setting of the same star, in the beginning of November.

But in this exposition a very great difficulty occurs. How is it, that Taygeta, setting cosmically, i. e., at sunrise, is considered as running away from Pisces? Pisces set in the morning before the Pleiads, lying to the west of them. When Taygeta is setting cosmically, Pisces is already set; and not a star of that constellation is visible above the horizon in any part of the sky.

All have felt this difficulty. Petavius justly says it is insuperable: expositors of less science are content to say, that the circumstance of flying from Pisces is thrown in only for ornament, to enrich the description. But they have omitted to inform us, in what way nonsense can enrich or adorn; or to produce instances, as they ought to have done, of Virgil's propensity to this sort of ornament.

The learned Heyne imagines, that this circumstance, though unintelligible with reference to any thing in the sky, may have allusion to some delineation of the heavens on a plane; in which the relative situation of the constellations was such, as to give an appearance of the Pleiad running away from the Fish. This able critic has not informed us, in what planesphere, ancient or modern, he had seen the relative position of the Pleiads and Pisces so represented; or according to what projection it could be so represented. The constellation of Pisces is always before the Pleiads, in the order of the diurnal revolution; and it is not usual in a flight, for the pursuer to keep a given distance *before* the fugitive.

The learned Dr. Horsley, who has lately published a *book* upon the subject, explains this matter by substituting the *acronychal* rising of the Pleiad for the *heliacal* rising, and the *evening* setting of the Pleiads for the *cosmical* setting: the first phenomenon marks the middle of September, and the second, the 13th of April. In this evening setting, Taygeta, in poetical conception, may seem to fly from Pisces: for in the season at which the Pleiads are setting in the evening, the stars of Pisces are rising heliacally in the morning; and, to the imagination of a poet, Taygeta plunges herself into the waters of the ocean, scared at the appearance of Pisces in the eastern sky.

This circumstance of Taygeta flying from Pisces was intended as a circumstance of specification, in order to distinguish the evening setting from the *cosmical* setting, when no such appearance takes place.

This exposition is liable to two objections. The first is, that it may seem strange, that the setting of the star, so late in the spring, should be called a descending *hibernas in undas*. But the obvious answer is, that the epithet *hibernas* is not to be understood of the season of the winter, but renders "stormy" at any season. The second objection is of more weight; namely, that the middle of April seems too early a season to find any honey in the hives at all; and this would be insuperable, if it were true, that the bees in Italy re-

vived not from their torpid state before the heliacal rising of the Pleiads; which cannot be put earlier than the middle of May. And yet Pliny says, that in warmer climates the bees awake so early as the acronychal rising of Arcturus; for which he assigns the 23d of February: but *in Italy*, he says, they remain in their torpid state till the heliacal rising of the pleiads. Now this cannot possibly be true; at least it is utterly irreconcilable with what he says of the taking of the honey of the flowers; which, he says, was practised *every where*: therefore, in Italy as well as in warmer climates. And yet the commencement of this *mellatio verna*, he says, was precisely on the thirtieth day after the swarming of the hive, and it was over before the end of May.

If the bees revived not before the middle of May, it is impossible that the hive should swarm before the middle of June, and the thirtieth day from the swarming would fall in the middle of July; and since the season lasted at least a fortnight, the end of it will fall beyond the commencement of the *mellatio æstiva*; and the bees would have no respite, to repair their loss after the first plunder of the hives. It is difficult to conceive, that all the passages in Pliny, in which the heliacal rising of the Pleiads is mentioned as the time of the reviviscence of the bees, are corrupt. But if this is not to be supposed, then we must suppose, either that Pliny was in an error; or, that when he speaks of the honey taken thrice every where, *in quocumque tractu*, he writes rather carelessly, using a large expression subject to many limitations, which he has not expressed, and that Italy is among the exceptions.

Dr. Horsley once thought that this expression, *quocumque tractu*, might be understood of the particular regions, which he had mentioned just before, Sicily, Crete, Cyprus, Africa. But this supposition he afterwards rejected, for Germany is among the countries mentioned. On the supposition that Pliny ought to have made an exception of Italy with respect to the vernal honey, another supposition might be made: that Virgil, who certainly composed his Georgics not from any experience and observation of his own in all the various subjects of that work, but often copied earlier writers; might, in this business of the bees, follow some writer of a warmer climate, without attending to the difference between that other climate and his own. But the *trina mellis vindemia* is mentioned by Varro, as he is quoted by Heyne. On the whole, therefore, he concludes, that the three honey harvests actually obtained in Italy, and that the vernal was one. That the slumber of the bees did not continue in Italy to the heliacal rising of the Pleiads, though they might not wake so early as the acronychal rising of Arcturus, and it is difficult to account for Pliny's mistake. However that may be, Taygeta's sinking herself in the sea, to hide herself from Pisces, is a just description of the evening setting of the star, and can be understood of nothing else; and this can describe no honey season but the first, when they took the honey of the flowers.

How much erudition is here expended in interpreting a few lines! and yet all these efforts fail to render this passage level to every capacity. None, indeed, but astronomers can comprehend the terms of these explanations.

er.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

The following verses are supposed to be written by a gentle and timid young woman, pining under the oppression of a romantic and concealed passion for a man who entertained no suspicion of her attachment.

NOT one kind look—one friendly word!
Wilt thou in chilling silence sit,
Nor through the social hour afford
One cheering smile or beam of wit?

Yet still, absorb'd in studious care,
Neglect to waste one look on me;
For then my happy eyes may dare
To gaze and dwell uncheck'd on thee.

And still in silence sit, nor deign
One gentle, precious word to say;
For silent I may then remain,
Nor let my voice my soul betray.

This falt'ring voice, these conscious eyes,
My throbbing heart too plainly speak:
There timid hopeless passion lies,
And bids it *silence* keep, and *break*.

To me how dear this twilight hour,
Cheer'd by the faggot's varying blaze!
If this be mine, I ask no more
On morn's refulgent light to gaze:

For now, while on HIS glowing cheek
I see the fire's red radiance fall,
The darkest seat I softly seek,
And gaze on HIM, unseen by all.

His folded arms, his studious brow,
His thoughtful eye, unmark'd, I see;
Nor could his voice or words bestow
So dear, so true a joy on me.

But he forgets that I am near:
Fame, future fame, in thought he seeks;
To him ambition's paths appear,
And bright the sun of science breaks.

His heart with ardent hope is fill'd;
His propects full of beauty bloom:
But, oh! *my* heart despair has chill'd,
My only prospect is—the tomb!

One only boon from Heaven I claim,
And may it grant the fond desire!
That I may live to hear his fame,
And in that throb of joy *expire*.

One little moment, short as blest,
Compassion Love's soft semblance wore,
My meagre form he fondly press'd,
And on his beating bosom bore.

His frame with strong emotion shook,
And kindness tun'd each falt'ring word;
While I, surpris'd, with anxious look
The meaning of his glance explor'd.

But soon my too experienc'd heart
Read nought but generous pity there;
I felt presumptuous hope depart,
And all again was dark despair.

Yet still, in memory still, my heart
Lives o'er that fleeting bliss again;
I feel his glance, his touch, impart
Emotion through each bursting vein.

And "*Once* (I cry) those eyes so sweet
On me with fondness deign'd to shine;
For once I felt his bosom beat
Against the conscious throbs of mine!"

Nor shall the dear remembrance die
While aught to me of life is given;
But soothe my last convulsive sigh,
And be, till then, my joy, my heaven!

For the Literary Magazine.

TO ELIZA, WITH A DOVE.

ACCEPT, dear maid, the most delightful bird
That ever Venus to her chariot bound;
By Love adopted, and by Peace preferr'd,
For meekness valu'd, and for faith renown'd.

A bird, in which such rare perfections meet,
Alone is worthy to be counted thine:
His beauty, fair one, is, like your's, complete,
And his fidelity resembles mine.

Response.

TO JULIUS, WITH A GOOSE.

Swain, I accept your all-accomplished dove,
With rapture listen to his plaintive moan,

And vow with constancy the bird to love,
Whose beauty thus reminds me of my own

I cannot prove my gratitude too soon,
For such a mark of tenderness conferr'd;
So song for song be thine, and boon for boon,
Kindness for kindness, swain, and bird for bird.

Lo the best fowl the barn-yard can produce,
My choice has singled from a *tuneful* group;
Accept, *sweet* bard, from me as *great a goose*
As e'er was fatten'd in a poult'rer's coop.

Your verse the merit of the dove displays:
The compliments I pay my bird are few;
Yet 'tis, methinks, no niggard share of praise
To say how strongly he resembles *you*.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN ALLEN,

Who departed this life on the third day of February, 1806.

AH, cruel Death! why with untimely frost
Dost thou delight to nip the tender flow'r?
A shining ornament of science lost,
When Allen fell a victim to thy power.

Scarce seventeen summers o'er his head had roll'd,
Scarce had his budding worth began to bloom,
When Death approach'd, with meagre form, and told
That he must fall a victim to the tomb.

If friends, if wealth, if earthly power could save,
Thy arm, O Death, had not the victr'y gain'd;
But vain, alas! is every human aid,
When once opposed against Jehovah's reign.

Yes, he was dear to all who knew his worth,
Each breast for him the pensive sigh doth give;
Though he's united to his kindred earth,
Yet in their memory still his virtues live.

In his young breast bright Honour rear'd her throne,
In his great mind fair Wisdom's influence spread,
While firm Integrity claim'd him her own,
And threw her dazzling lustre round his head.

Firmness of soul still marked the path he trod,
His breast was warmed by virtue's sacred flame;
He bow'd to each decree assigned by God,
And bore with resignation ev'ry pain.

Ah, why then mourn for him, ye parents dear,
Since he's removed from this vain world below?
Ah, why then shed the fond regretting tear?
Where he has gone all sorrow cease and woe.

Rather rejoice his happy spirit's free'd,
And flown to taste of purer joys above;
Our blessed Saviour once for him did bleed,
That he might dwell in everlasting love.

E. S. W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1616.

RENOWNED Spenser, lye a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lye

A little nearer Spenser; to make roome
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tombe.
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift,
Until doom's day; for hardly will a fifth,
Betweene this day and that by fates be slaine,
For whom your curtaines may be drawn again.

For the Literary Magazine.

The following ode is said to have been written by a lady, in the north of England, who for many years had been oppressed with a hopeless consumption.

ODE TO SICKNESS.

NOT to the rosy maid, whom former hours
Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
The melancholy lyre: no more I seek
Thy aid, *Hygeia** *!* sought so long in vain:
But, 'tis to thee, O *Sickness*, 'tis to *thee*
I wake the silent strings. Accept the lay
Thou art no tyrant, warring the fierce scourge
O'er unresisting victims; but a nymph,
Of mild, though mournful mein. Upon thy brow
Patience sits smiling; and whose heavy eye,
Tho' moist with tears, is always fixed on Heaven.
Thou wrappa't the world in gloom; but thou canst tell
Of worlds where all is sunshine: and at length,
When thro' this vale of sorrow thou hast led
Thy patient suff'rers, cheering them the while
With many a smile of promise, thy pale hand
Unlocks the bowers of everlasting rest;
Where death's kind angel waits to dry their tears,
And crown them with his amaranthine flowers.

* The goddess of health.

Yet I have known thee long! and I have felt
All that thou hast of sorrow. Many a tear
Has fall'n on my cold cheek; and many a sigh
Call'd forth by thee, has swell'd my aching breast:
Yet still I bless thee. O thou chast'ning pow'r!
For all I bless thee! Thou hast taught my soul
To rest upon *itself*; to look beyond
The narrow bound of time, and fix its hopes
On the sure basis of eternity.

Meanwhile, even in this transitory scene,
Of what hast thou deprived me? Has thy hand
Clos'd up the book of knowledge; drawn a veil
O'er the fair face of nature; or destroyed
The tender pleasures of domestic life?
Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the heart
Each better feeling; thou awakenest there
That unconfined *philanthropy*, which feels
For all the unhappy—that warm *sympathy*
Which, casting every selfish care aside,
Finds its own bliss in seeing others blest—
That *melancholy*, tender, yet sublime,
Which, feeling all the nothingness of earth,
Exalts the soul to Heaven; and, more than these,
That pure *devotion*, which, even in the hour
Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes
With tears of ecstacy—such tears, perhaps,
As angels love to shed.

These are thy gifts, O *Sickness!* These to me
Thou hast vouchsafed, and taught me how to prize.
Shall my soul shrink from aught thou hast ordain'd?
Shall I e'en envy the luxurious train,
Around whose path Prosperity has strewn
Her gilded toys? Ah! let them still pursue
The shining trifles! never shall they know

Such pure and holy pleasures as await
The heart refin'd by suffering. Not to them
Does Fancy sing her wild romantic song:
'Tis not for them her glowing hand undraws
The sacred veil that hides the angelic world;
They hear not in the music of the wind
Celestial voices, that in whispers sweet,
Call to the flowers—the young and bashful flowers!
They see not, at the shadowy hour of eve,
Descending spirits, who on silver wing
Glide thro' the air, and to their harps divine
Sing, in soft notes, the vesper hymn of praise;
Or, pausing for a moment, as they turn
Their radiant eyes on this polluted scene
Drop on their golden harps a pitying tear.

Prosperity! I count thy gifts no more.
Nor *thine*, O fair Hygeia! Yet to thee
I breath one fervent prayer; attend the strain:
If, for my faded brow, thy hand prepare
Some future wreath, let me the gift resign;
Transfer the rosy garland; bid it bloom
Around the temples of that friend, beloved,
On whose maternal bosom, even now,
I lay my aching head! and, as I mark
The smile that plays upon her speaking face,
Forget that I have ever shed a tear!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALFRED—Gulielmo to Gulielma—"Cynthia the saint free from sin," &c. are not sufficiently correct for publication.

Diogenes would be a valuable correspondent to the "Spirit of the Press."

Mr. Clark's statements of the Louisiana soil and products have been already set apart for re-publication in this work. The editor heartily concurs with *Agricola.*

Martin's portrait of a good wife is good enough for a *likeness*, but not sufficiently laboured for a *picture*. A devil by Raphael is better than a sign-post angel.

The *Traveller's* communications will be gratefully received. An early communication is requested.

Theron will be returned when called for. The Missionary Magazine *is* the proper repository for communications of this nature. The editor endeavours to avoid all polemics, whether religious or political.

There are several communications, on which, agreeably to the request of the writers, the editor is silent.

INDEX

TO

THE SIXTH VOLUME.

ADDISON and Steele, revolution caused by their writings 279
Addison a punster 26
Adversaria 55, 129, 203, 246, 360
Address of Rolla compared with lines by Cowper 203
Agriculture, state of in Caracas 331
Almanacs, on the use of 424
———, an improvement of suggested 426
American newspapers, invective against 434
———, objections to answered 437
Anacreon Moore, his censures of America 220
———, answers to ib.
———, proper mode of treating the reproaches of such a traveller ib.
Anecdotes, Turkish 187
Anecdote of a candidate for a degree 377
Anglo-German dialect in Philadelphia, the 427
Antiquarian researches, utility of 288
April, first of, curious theatrical anecdote 65
Arabian Nights, remarks on, and on Arabian tales in general 83
Arbor-unicus, account of the 270
Areka, a species of palm, description of 21
———, wonderful effects of in beautifying and preserving the teeth ib.
———, as a styptic, not inferior to the Peruvian bark ib.
———, where found 22
Ariosto and his translator, remarks on 73
Aristocracy, the want of a natural and efficient one, one great cause of the disasters of the French revolution 359
Artificial tastes, remarks on 267
Arts, why discouraged in America 77
"Arundel" and "Henry," brief notices of 185
Ascension, island of, curious singularity respecting 433
Avarice, an example of 378
Bas Bretons, account of 380
Bank paper money of Great Britain, on the 163
Banks, origin of many of them 165
Bards, Grecian, remarks on 129
Beauty, the value of 243
Beaver, Mr., extracts from his journal 109
Betel shrub, description of 21
———, used as a substitute for tobacco ib.
Blair, Dr. Hugh, a sketch of 74
Bleeding, South American mode of 377
Blunders of the French constituent assembly 353
Books, on the number of 461
———, different modes of calculating their number 462
———, on the passion for collecting 393
Boswell, Cumberland's sketch of 183
———, parody on 100
Boxing and cockfighting, eulogy of 266
Brasilian Portuguese, a sketch of 129

Brackers, Russian, excellent regulations respecting 455
Brissot's travels, anecdote in 77
British institution, the, account of 106
British arms, causes of the bad success of on the continent 335
Broek, the village of, a traveller's curious account of 275
Browne, sir Thomas, on the style of 246
Bulam, account of the British African colony at 108
Caracas, account of the, 323
———, productions of 331
———, its trade 332
———, government and finances 333
Catalogue of catalogues 462
Charlemagne and his successors, sketch of 417
Chess, an anecdote respecting 123
Christian republic, Henry IV's project of a 413
———————, means by which it was to be executed 414
———————, Henry's aim in making the proposal 415
Classical obscurities, remarks on 394
Clermont Tonnere, anecdote of 121
Commerce of America with England, Talleyrand's treatise on 280
Commercial sketches
Great Britain and the north of Europe 451
Russia 452
Odessa 454
Prussia 455
Dantzic 456
Lubec 457
Swedish trade ib.
Tonningen ib.
The Sound 458
Denmark ib.
British trade to Germany ib.
Conversation, Socratic 469
Corruption of the English language by the prevailing mode of translation, cursory reflections on the 136
Creoles of Caracas, sketch of their character 326
Cumberland's Memoirs, account of, and extracts from 33
————, bishop, tranquil death of 55
Deaf and dumb, mode of educating the 3
————, teachers of ib.
————, no attempts to teach in America 4
Decline of wit in France 224
Dermody, the Irish poet, account of 167
Diaper, origin of its name, and that of many other kinds of stuff 208
Disgusting objects, reasons of their pleasing when painted 268
Dodington, lord Melcombe, account of that singular character 34
Dress, influence of the appetite for 132
Duties of life, the Reflector's observations on 287, 363
Ease in style, remarks on 304
Easton Delaware bridge, account of 471
Emigrant, an, in America 412
English metal promissory notes 339
Envy, picture of 57
Error, arguments in favour of the propagation of 341
——, arguments e contra 343
Errors of cabinets and legislatures more fatal than those of writers 352
Estates of the French nobles, picture of 380
Fairies, Irish, their mischievous tricks 48
Faneuil Hall, in Boston, description of 295
Farmers in France the chief gainers by the revolution 216
Fear of death, ranked by Darwin among diseases 54
Female clothing, remarks on 23
——— character, influence of 55
——— loquacity generally considered as a reproach on the sex 71
——— proved to be bestowed for the best and wisest of purposes ib.
Fine arts in England, state of at the close of 1805 106
Fire fly, account of the 392
Foote, anecdote of 144
Founders of the French revolution, their merits 351
France and Great Britain compared 381
———, military state of 119
Franklin, view of his life and writings 367
French legislators, tumultuous proceedings of 296
——— colonies, Talleyrand's treatise on 280
——— vintage, a traveller's description of 276
——— burying places, description of 249
——— history more interesting and important than that of any other nation 429

French revolution, injury it has done to the cause of rational freedom 351
———, effects of on landed property 278
——— inns 378
——— and Austrian military character, a comparison of 306
——— companionship and conversation 379
——— ordinaries ib.
——— theatres 380
——— politeness 381
——— irrigation 382
Funeral customs and ideas of the Greeks 23
Funeral of a mussulman, description of 187
Garrick, sketch of his character 49
General rules, on the value of 89
Genlis, madame, account of her last work 270
Geography, in the strict sense of the word, extremely uninteresting and unprofitable 225
———, systems of, strange medleys ib.
———, on the prevailing ignorance of 467
———, importance of its study 469
Germaine, lord G., account of 184
Goldsmith and his writings characterized 145
Gold and silver, great value of before the discovery of America 163
Good nature and good humour, difference between 264
Government, difference between a free and a tyrannical one 356
Guiacum, on the nature of 389
Hanover, conduct of the French in 383
Hastings, Elizabeth, character of 363
Henderson the actor, account of 181
Hindoo almanacs 72
Historical writing, three different modes of 431
Homer and Ossian, comparison of their writings 264
Honest man, an, *not* the noblest work of God 461
Horace, on the translations and imitations of 122
Horn music, a new species of 114
Hughes, John, sketch of the life of 361
Human wishes, the folly of 126
Jaques, on the character of 56
Ideal miseries 374
Jenyns, Soame, Cumberland's portrait of 143
Jew, the 180
Jews, present institutions of 343
——, sentiments of respecting usury 348
Jersey, description of the island of 118
———, its despotic government ib.
———, causes of its great population ib.
Improvements in Paris since the last revolution 225
India, account of the late revolutions in 271
Indians of Caracas, particulars respecting the 328
Intelligence, literary and philosophical 228, 311, 472
Johnson, anecdote of Dr. 439
———, characterized by Cumberland 149
Irish character, sketches of 38
—— portraits 46
Ireland, reflections on the conduct of England towards it 365
Italy, scientific state of 297
Junius, observations on 187
Jurors, a lesson for 174
Knight errant, adventures of a modern one 115
Kotzebue, rapidity of his composition 296
La Tiranna, a Spanish actress, account of 152
Landscape, great use of water in 123
Lawyers, a defence of 359
Lewis, captain, particulars of his expedition 442
Libraries, account of two French ones 393
London gamblers, arts of 464
Louis XV, anecdote of 121
Magna Græcia, terrible effects of intestine commotions in one of the colonies of 448
Manuscript of the Koran, curious anecdote respecting 188
Many men, many minds 245
Marigny, a political tale 91
Marvellous in poetry, remarks on the 299
Mental myopism, no spectacles for 246
Meteoric stones, a French philosopher's theory of 412
Michaux's Travels, notice of the translation of 137
Milton and his family, anecdotes of 93
Milton's Lycidas and smaller poems, remarks on 95
Missionaries, christian, absurd conduct of in Africa 113
Moon, apparent size of, diversity of opinions respecting 245

Morgan, William, his extraordinary adventures and singular character 299
Motives of human actions, the Reflector's observations on 466
Mysteries, remarks on 263
Nantz theatre, description of 381
National defence, on the best means of 403
Neapolitan post-office, the 409
———————, curious scenes there, described 410
New French measures, table of 440
New sect in Arabia, account of 189
New York, description of 33
Nocturnal, specimen of a 71
North of Europe, sketch of the present commercial state of 192
Novel-reading, remarks on 451
Observer, the 179
Odessa, rapid increase of its commerce and population 454
Olympic games, advantages of 151
Orations of the apostles, on the 68
Origin of plants, on the 433
Orkney islands, account of 207, 272
Pain and pleasure, essay on 52
Paris, environs of 380
Penn, William, quere concerning his grave 290
Periodical essayists, duty of 265
Pestilence and bad government compared 448
Pewter coins struck by Charles I and James II 340
Petrarch, a visit to his tomb 248
Petersburg, remarks on the seasons at 87
Philadelphia, a splenetic foreigner's account of 261
Picturesque, remarks on the 6
Piety, beneficial effects of on the female mind 203
Pitt, William, biographical sketch of 9
——, Nicholas, the common ancestor of the families of Chatham, Camelford, and Rivers ib.
——, William, earl of Chatham, his illustrious administration ib.
Pittsburg, a sketch of 252
Pleasures, natural, more numerous than pains 53
Poetical translation, remarks on 441
Poetry, observations on 204, 205
Political conversation, the spirit of 430
Political weathercocks compared to the tide swelled to its height 203
Pope, his feelings not those of a poet 360
Poplar, the, a native of Thrace and Asia Minor 28
————, when first introduced into North America 26
Poplar worm, alarm excited by proved to be groundless 27, 28
Portrait of an honest man 459
Precedence given to ladies, on the 222
Pressing, a fragment 52
Prints, account of the different kinds of 103
Public baths at Paris, description of 250
Pursuit of happiness, on the 198
Quaker, letter from a female 299
Reason in poetry 96
Reasonable love, a dialogue 428
Red river, account of the country and productions near the 173
Reflector, the 222, 287, 466
Riches of a country, two senses in which it may be taken 77
Rogers, the poet, Cumberland's notice of 188
Romance of real life, the 70
Romney, the painter, account of 180
Roscius, the young, Cumberland's observations on 181
Russian empire, remarks on 447
———— stage, history of 63
———— theatre, when first established 66
———— dramatic writers, list of 67
Saturn's ring, professor Robison's account of 268
Science and knowledge, communication of, more obstructed by local boundaries than any other kind of intercourse 297
Sebastian of Portugal, death of 254
————————, personated by impostors ibid.
Short-hand writing, remarks on 421
Shylock vindicated 125
Similes of Homer drawn from the sea 337
Spain, sketch of a journey in 153
——, present state of 302
Spanish America, on the independence of 376
———— colonial government, defects of ibid.
———— colonies, population of 377
———— party, description of one 303
———— slaves in America, peculiar advantages possessed by 327
Spiders, the wisdom of 438
Standard of taste, inquiry into the reality of its existence 291
Steele, remarks on the writings of 279

Sterne, an anecdote of 418
Sumarokow, a Russian tragic poet, some account of 66
Swimming, Parisian school for 251
Tale of a Tub, quere respecting the title of 63
——— answered 207
Tatler, Spectator, &c., remarks on 141
———, effects of on morals and taste 278
Templars, some account of the 132
Theatrical exhibitions, remarks on 420
Theodore, king of Corsica, sketch of his life 304
Thomas, George, life of that famous adventurer 257
Thomson's versification, the most striking faults of 290
Timber, on the growth and consumption of, in Great Britain 471
Tomb of Alexander, description of 288
Total eclipse, account of the 198
———, its effects on the imagination of the Indians 197
Trade and literature compared 204
Travelling memorandums 378
Trumbull's M'Fingal, account of 57
Turkish chess, anecdote respecting 132
Turkish empire, state of 188
Vaccination and the small pox, comparative view of 419
Vegetation, experiments on 390
Virgil's Georgics, a *book* published on an obscure passage in 395
Voluntary death, a, Dr. Cheyne's wonderful account of 258
Wahabees, the, account of 189
Warehouses of Dantzic, excellent plan of 456
Wealth, effects of the torrent of, which flowed from America 164
West Indian, the, remarks on 41
Wilmington, description of the borough of 180
Woman, Ledyard's praise of 55
Yellow fever compared with the effects of bad government 450

POETRY.

Allen, John, lines on the death of 395
Amanda, elegy to 78
Bion, elegy on the death of ib.
Colubriad, the, by Cowper 59
Disappointment 319
Elegy, from the Greek 25
Epigrams, from the Greek 23
Hubert, lines addressed to 479
Hughes's advice to Pope 360
Hymn by Dr. Hawkesworth 319
Inscription on a jutting stone over a spring 320
Invocation, the, 160
Leyrid, to, on his retirement to the country 248
Lines to her who may understand them 160
——— written on reading a MS. journal 239
M'Fingal, extracts from 57—62
My father 159
Ode to Sickness 399
Philadelphia, an elegy 239
Poplar worm, remonstrance of 80
River Fowey, or Foy, ode to 318
Sonnets 319, 320
Stanzas on the death of a young lady 240
To Eliza, with a dove 397
To Julius, with a goose *(response)* ib.
Tom Thumb, description of his visit to king Arthur's court 98
Vers addressés à madame Moreau 239
Verses written by a gentle and timid young woman, pining under the oppression of a romantic and concealed passion 397
Wish, a 319
Women in distress, influence of 55

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 39. DECEMBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

CONTENTS.

	page
Best means of national defence	403
Neapolitan post-office	409
An emigrant in America	411
Meteoric stones	412
Henry IV's project of a christian republic	413
Charlemagne and his successors	417
Anecdote of Sterne	418
Vaccination	419
Are theatrical exhibitions useful?	420
On short-hand writing	421
Use of almanacs	424
Anglo-German dialect in Philadelphia	427
Reasonable love	428
French history	429
Spirit of political conversation	430
Modes of historical writing	431
Origin of plants	433
American newspapers	434
Wisdom of spiders	438
Dr. Johnson	439
Table of the new French measures	440
On translation	441
Captain Lewis's expedition	442
Remarks on the Russian empire	445
Pestilence and bad government compared	448
The Sorrows of Werter	451
Commercial sketches	ib.
The honest man	459
On the number of books	461
Arts of London gamblers	464
The Reflector, No. XIV	466
Prevailing ignorance of geography	467
Socratic conversation	469
Growth and consumption of timber in Great Britain	471
Easton Delaware bridge	ib.
Literary and philosophical intelligence	472
POETRY.	
To Hubert	479
To readers and correspondents	480

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1806.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 39. DECEMBER, 1806. VOL. VI.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON THE BEST MEANS OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THERE is no subject of political reflection of more importance than that of national defence. Happily, America is, at the present moment, more likely to be engaged in enlarging than defending her territories, but how long her present security from regular invasion may last, it is impossible to conjecture. No disquisitions on this subject can, at any time, be quite unseasonable, as peace is the only period of preparation and provision against future danger.

The following ingenious thoughts on this subject, by a British politician, were designed for the present situation of affairs in Great Britain, but they will not be found unworthy to excite interest and curiosity in the statesmen of every nation.

It appears, from the most careful survey of historical evidence, that a well disciplined army has, in all ages, been a sure foundation of political importance and power; and that such armies have been the immediate and efficient instruments in bringing about all those important revolutions in the affairs of mankind, of which history has preserved any authentic record. It is therefore very material to inquire, what are the peculiar qualities which characterize soldiers, and in what manner those qualities naturally arise out of the peculiar constitution which armies have in all ages assumed.

The constitution of an army is not the fanciful device of any rash projector; its fundamental principles are grounded on the unchangeable qualities of the human mind, and have on that account remained stationary, amid the varying fashions, manners, and improvements of mankind; it has, indeed, grown out of the nature of society, and has been found, by the universal experience of mankind, to be well calculated to fit those who are trained under its regulations for the purposes of war.

The perfection of a military force consists in an instant and complete *obedience* to command; not indeed on a parade, where any man may, without much exertion, yield a ready compliance with whatever is enjoined him; but it is in braving every mode of peril and of death, in obedience to orders, that the milita-

ry character is exhibited in its genuine perfection. It is therefore the object of discipline, not only to establish authority on a solid foundation, by training men to a constant familiarity with the peremptory decrees of martial law, but also to facilitate and secure obedience, by forming and bringing to maturity those habits of mind which enable them, bravely and cheerfully, to confront danger. There arises, besides, in all armies, when they are engaged in the operations of war, and exposed to its perils, a peculiar system of manners, which very materially assists the effect of positive institutions. From the ardour of zeal, emulation, and honour, which the situation in which soldiers are placed naturally produces, men are animated to unusual exertions of valour; they glory and rejoice in scenes, which the mind, in its natural state, contemplates with horror. It is only, also, in the perilous emergencies of real service, that a commander has an opportunity of securing the confidence, and conciliating the affections of his troops; by displaying courage, capacity, and presence of mind, in the midst of danger; by an unwearied attention to the comforts of the soldiers; by showing, on all occasions, a zealous attachment to the character and profession, and by cheerfully participating in all the dangers and privations to which they are exposed. By these means, all great generals have contrived to communicate to their troops an extraordinary portion of heroic zeal: by employing peculiar incentives, they have given new energy to all those principles on which the excellence of the military character depends, and have called forth in their service all those enthusiastic feelings which, in the hour of danger, animate the passions and fortify the heart. Men accustomed to this sort of training very soon acquire all those habits which teach them fearlessly to expose themselves to danger; and on those qualities of the mind entirely rests that grand distinction which exists between soldiers and men employed in peaceful occupations; and that superiority in the field which has always enabled armies to discomfit and disperse every kind of irregular force which has been rashly exposed to their attack.

It is, therefore, highly dangerous and impolitic in any state to rely for its security on the efforts of men who are not soldiers; who employ themselves only occasionally in acquiring mechanical dexterity in the use of arms, but who devote the chief portion of their time and attention to pursuits wholly different. It is impossible that men, placed in such circumstances, can ever acquire the characteristic habits and feelings of soldiers; and it has been found, by experience, that they have never been able to withstand the shock of a regular army. Whenever, therefore, the military force of any state is formed, either wholly or in part, of the unwarlike population of the country, who may, no doubt, be very easily assimilated in external appearance, but who never can acquire the real character of soldiers, great inconvenience and danger must result. In contriving a scheme of warlike operations, it is necessary to consider the nature and character of the troops to be employed. It would, no doubt, be extremely culpable in a commander, to waste the energies of a veteran force in feeble and indecisive warfare; but it would evidently lead to consequences still more disastrous, if raw and inexperienced levies were appointed to execute bold and offensive plans. But if the same army is composed of opposite kinds of troops, how is it possible to combine their exertions in the prosecution of one object? The mode of warfare to be pursued must either be adapted to the one sort of force or to the other. The regular army must either be clogged by the incumbrance of an inferior force, and the general system of military operations consequently enfeebled; or troops, imperfectly disciplined, must be ordered on service which they are not

qualified to perform, and may involve, in their defeat, the ruin of the whole body.

To assimilate new levies to regular soldiers, and to arrange them in solid battalions in the same line, is a very dangerous experiment. In all the various and unlooked for fluctuations of affairs which may occur in a battle, the new levies might be left alone to sustain the fiercest onset; and on their steadiness the event of the day might depend. By unforeseen accidents, they might be surrounded by perils, which it would require the collected fortitude of veterans to repel; they might be placed in positions which they could not maintain, or appointed to services which they could not perform. They cannot be qualified for any scheme of offensive hostility, or the attack of any important post, which, being defended by veteran troops advantageously posted, might not perhaps be carried but by the reiterated efforts of desperate intrepidity. The danger, therefore, of conjoining new levies in any great proportion with regular soldiers is manifest; and either in this case, or where the whole force of a country is composed of troops imperfectly disciplined, there is no chance of safety, in case of invasion, but by resorting to a system of defensive warfare, which, in an open or level country, can never be ultimately successful, except through the misconduct of the enemy, and which, even in a country abounding in strong positions, is of very doubtful issue. With a force imperfectly disciplined to check veteran troops by a judicious combination of scientific movements; to chuse positions so excellent as to bid defiance to the efforts of the most enterprising enemy, and so to fortify and secure them, that superior gallantry should be only a passport to destruction, requires such skill and talents, and such a series of prosperous chances, that it would be quite unsafe for any state to hazard its safety on such a rare conjunction. The invading army might, by rapid and daring hostility, render nugatory a system of defensive tactics; they might force their enemy to a battle in defence of some capital object; and how uncertain and precarious would such a contest be, if success depended on the persevering valour of inexperienced troops!

An invader, who possesses an army excellently trained and disciplined, and who is opposed by a force of an inferior character, will ultimately succeed in his views, if he is sufficiently rapid and enterprising in his movements, so as to prevent both the spirit of adventure from languishing among his followers, and the invaded country from concentrating its physical strength; and where invasions in similar circumstances have not succeeded, it has only been because the hostile commander, instead of pursuing a system of bold and sanguinary hostility, has wasted the energies of his troops in feeble, indecisive, and protracted warfare, which, in his situation, leads more surely to destruction than the blindest temerity. How quickly did Suwarrow subdue the Polish insurgents, by the celerity of his motions, and the unparalleled boldness of his designs!

The events of war are determined by the united influence of discipline and tactics; and, consequently, the perfection of the military art is produced by a combination of skilful tactics with a high state of discipline. Were the distinction between those two sources of excellence well understood, and sufficiently attended to, it might lead to a more clear elucidation of events which have been but imperfectly accounted for on general principles, and have, for that reason, led to much mistake. A general may have brought his troops to the highest possible degree of discipline, but he may not have perfected a system of tactics in a corresponding degree; or an unskilful general may be entrusted with the command of excellent troops, and may be opposed by a more skilful commander with an army inferior in discipline; and the superiority of tactics on one side

may more than counterbalance an inferiority of discipline. But are we from thence rashly to infer, that troops imperfectly disciplined, are a match for a veteran force, or that discipline has not a most important influence on the decision of battles? It might be argued, with equal propriety, that, in military operations, superiority of numbers is not a material advantage, because it has been frequently more than counterbalanced by the talents of a skilful general. The object of a great commander, who is well acquainted with his troops, and who has gained their confidence, is generally to bring his enemy to battle on fair and equal terms; and, if that object cannot be attained, to attack even at a disadvantage. His decision must be guided entirely by the circumstances of the case; and, in forming a correct estimate of the comparative advantages of the enemy's position, and of the superior discipline of his troops, the event of the battle, and his own character for prudence and judgment, must wholly depend.

Hannibal had brought his troops to a most astonishing state of discipline, and he had chosen a mode of warfare admirably adapted to display their warlike virtues: he always endeavoured to bring his enemy to battle on equal terms; and the event was constantly in his favour. The excellence of Fabius was chiefly manifested in his tactics; he had formed a correct estimate of the character, both of his own troops and that of the enemy; and he had chosen his defensive positions with such judgment, that Hannibal, with all the advantages of a highly disciplined force, did not think proper to hazard an attack. The successful execution of those manœuvres, by which he contrived to elude the effects of superior discipline, class him among the greatest generals. His troops, however, having been manœuvred for some time in the face of an enemy, must have very nearly approached to the standard of discipline generally to be found in armies; yet, in the battle of Cannæ, it was seen how much inferior they were, in those qualities which constitute the perfection of soldiers, to Hannibal's veterans.

Turenne, it is said, was chiefly remarkable for his tactical skill; the great qualities of Condé were displayed, in battle, in inspiring his soldiers with heroic ardour and enthusiasm.

In the civil wars of Charles the first, there is no appearance of tactical skill; the battles were chiefly decided by discipline; and no man excelled Cromwell in the forming of troops. That singular character, by ingrafting military enthusiasm on religious fanaticism, brought the military character to unrivalled perfection, and decided the fortune of the war.

The talents of king William were principally displayed in awakening the enthusiasm of his soldiers. He committed great errors of conduct, but he possessed a heroical courage, which inflamed all about him. The obstacles which he surmounted in the defence of his country, would have staggered the resolution of common minds; and if the French generals had pushed their advantages with sufficient vigour, his resistance would have been ineffectual; but they allowed the war to assume a languid and indecisive character; and, meantime, the Dutch troops acquired, under the presiding genius of the prince of Orange, all the habits of soldiers, and were soon enabled to cope with their enemies in the field.

Marlborough seems to have united in his character all the qualities of a great general; to have combined skilful tactics with the most admirable discipline; not only to have excelled in perfecting his instrument, but to have been equally dexterous in using it with the best possible effect. His troops appear to have possessed, in the greatest perfection, all those qualities which, in the hour of peril, render the heart impregnable to panic or dismay; and they were led on to contend for victory and fame, by commanders

of tried courage and capacity, who exalted, by their own example, the ardour of their troops, to the highest possible elevation of heroic zeal. It was remarked in the battle of Ramillies, how conspicuously every officer of rank distinguished himself; and even the Dutch general Auverquerque, forgetting his years and infirmities, was seen every where in the hottest of the fire, encouraging and animating his men to prodigies of valour. Marlborough did not waste the energies of such troops in feeble and indecisive hostility; his mode of warfare was entirely adapted to the nature and character of the force which he commanded, and was calculated to display the effects of superior discipline; he hazarded every thing, and depended in battle on the tried fidelity and courage of his soldiers, and on the sure resources of his own genius, for a glorious result. He was fettered, when beginning his career, by the timid caution of the Dutch generals; but with such a force, and such a commander, it was prudence to attempt the boldest and most adventurous designs.

The superiority of Marlborough's troops, in steady and desperate valour, was recognized by his enemies, who felt themselves unable to withstand them in the field, and frequently deserted their strongest positions at his approach. The whole history, indeed, of his campaigns illustrates strikingly, so far at least as respects the relative discipline of the troops engaged, the theory of offensive and defensive war, and shows plainly how difficult it is to defend the strongest positions against an army very highly disciplined, and led on by a bold and enterprizing commander.

The victories of Suwarrow are principally to be ascribed to the discipline of his troops; they had attained the highest perfection in all military qualities, and he accordingly employed them, almost entirely, in the boldest and most sanguinary operations of offensive hostility. The assault of Ismail and of Warsaw, and the attack of the French position at Novi, are almost unrivalled in the annals of military enterprize.

As, therefore, the success of military operations so materially depends on the discipline of the troops employed, nothing can be more impolitic than to rely on a force of inferior quality, and thus voluntarily to relinquish one of the requisite conditions either for acting offensively with effect, or for ensuring the speedy discomfiture of an invading enemy. The independence of such a state, when attacked by a regular army, though not exposed to certain destruction, must yet rest on a very insecure foundation. Its defence may no doubt be rendered possible, by a strong barrier of fortified towns, by the nature of a country abounding with strong positions, and by the unskilful management of the invading army.

If a commander, with a force trained and disciplined, after beating his enemy in the field, does not push his advantages with rapidity and vigour; if he allow them to recover from their consternation of his first victories; to recruit and reanimate their broken and disheartened troops; to secure their strong holds; and to consolidate the physical strength of the country against him, his ultimate ruin is certain. He ought never to allow his men to rest in pursuit of a routed foe; neither ought he to stand wavering and deliberating before passes and strong positions, but to appal his enemy by the rapidity of his movements, and the boldness of his designs; always considering, that the most sanguinary and desperate hostility is his surest policy, and that the blindest temerity does not lead more surely to destruction in the end, than a system of protracted and indecisive warfare.

As, therefore, a regular army, skilfully commanded, has always effected the ruin of a country defended by a less effective species of force, a nation ought to rest its security solely on a regular army; and if it

be thought expedient to arm the population of the country, it should form a force wholly and decisively irregular; not gathered into battalions, nor appointed to shock with the enemy in the regular conflict of the field. In a country especially which possesses few positions, either strong by nature or fortified by art, and arrived at such a state of improvement as to afford every facility for internal communication, the main reliance should be placed on a disciplined and disposable army, and it would be a rash and hazardous experiment to collect the unwarlike population into gross and solid masses, and expose it in the front of the battle to the charge of a practised assailant.

Though such, in general, are the best means of defence, they may not be, in all respects, applicable to the present situation of Great Britain; nor is there, in this case, so essential a difference between the volunteer and regular force, as to make us wish to see the former superseded in a great measure by the latter. The volunteers are not merely an armed multitude; they have been embodied for a number of years, and have attained, in many instances, to a very respectable state of discipline and knowledge. The money bestowed on them might perhaps have provided a more efficient and serviceable army; but this was a voluntary expenditure; and half the sum raised by compulsion would have been felt as a serious oppression. The volunteers, then, are too good to be parted with; and are certainly more fit for service than any other form of an armed population can possibly be.

The British volunteers, as they now are, are not only better than an armed multitude, but the regular army is something worse than the regular army of France, and does not seem to possess all those requisites which entitle it to be contrasted with forces of another kind. It is not being enlisted in a regular corps that can make a man a soldier, it is not receiving daily pay, nor appearing twice a day on parade, nor being expert at the manual exercise, and familiar with the eighteen manœuvres. It is the experience of danger, it is a practical knowledge of the business of war, it is real service in the face of an enemy. There is but a small proportion of the regular army which can boast of this qualification. There are 16,000, perhaps, who were in Egypt*, and about as many more who were in Holland, and in the West Indies; but the great body of the army has no military experience; and will be as new to actual service as the militia and volunteers. All they can boast of at present, then, is the exactness of parade discipline, and superior expertness in those exercises, in which it is not disputed that volunteers may be made to rival them. When the necessity of fighting comes, we have no doubt that they will rapidly acquire all the other requisites of the military character; but the volunteers, if they are called into action, will acquire them also; and if they start with the same advantages, as to mere bodily discipline and activity, they will probably acquire them as rapidly. A volunteer completely drilled is fit for any thing that a regular soldier is fit for, who has never seen service; and, if they are sent into the field together, will ripen into a veteran as soon as his comrade. It will not impair his martial ardour in any considerable degree, that, after he has learned all that he can learn out of actual service, he should work at a peaceable trade, instead of going about idle, till the occasion for service arrives; or, that he will fight the worse upon that occasion, for having a home and a family to fight for.

It must be owned, however, that the constitution of many of the volunteer corps is such, as to render

* Yet before they went to Egypt, where they vanquished the flower of the French veterans, they were raw troops. E.

it extremely doubtful whether it would be prudent to bring them into actual service. They contain many, whose physical qualifications, and inveterate habits, unfit them for actual warfare; and many, who would do more valuable service to the country in other occupations. Those who are pointed out by nature as the fighting men of the country, are by no means to be all found in the ranks of the volunteers; and there are many there, who cannot be classed under that denomination. Some reduction, therefore, of the volunteer establishment would probably be advantageous; and still greater benefit would result from the practice of training a larger proportion of them to the exercises of irregular warfare. They should be carefully exercised in firing at marks, and in suddenly dispersing and assembling in small bodies, as well as in accomplishing considerable journies, and providing for their shelter and subsistence, in cases of emergency: acting in this manner, in subserviency to the regular forces, they might be the means of the most dispiriting annoyance and fatal obstruction to the enemy, and secure a decisive victory, without ever encountering the hazard of a ruinous defeat.

One most important though hitherto neglected consideration, is the education and training of the officers, by whom the army, whether regular or irregular, is to be commanded. The two cardinal virtues of a military force are discipline and tactics. The former relates chiefly to the men; the latter, to the officers. Actual warfare is, undoubtedly, the best school for both; and the same circumstances which have prevented the regulars from acquiring all the habits of veteran soldiers, have no doubt thrown formidable obstacles in the way of the professional accomplishment of their commanders. Something, however, may certainly be done to promote these accomplishments; and something more than has yet been undertaken, or apparently meditated, by government. Perhaps the reform should begin by prohibiting the sale of commissions; and establishing, through the country, a variety of military academies, where the youth might be regularly trained to a scientific knowledge of the principles of their profession. A general taste for such acquisitions might also be promoted, by the example of a few persons in eminent situations; and by the endowment of professorships, for the different branches of military science, in most of the universities. Encouragement should also be given to young men who would go abroad as volunteers into foreign services; and honours and promotion made the reward of those who brought back certificates of their gallantry and proficiency.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE NEAPOLITAN POST-OFFICE.

By Kotzebue.

AS we go from the place Largo del Castello to the mole, we must pass a corner where the lists of the letters arrived are hung out. As the throng of people is there at all times very considerable, it gives rise to some singularities which are confined to Naples. The letters are numbered, and the names of those to whom they are addressed are marked alphabetically, but these are the christian and not the surnames. This does not, however, apply to all without exception; for whoever has the good fortune to be a prince will have a place apart, marked by the letter P.

Many who cannot read come also to inquire if there are letters addressed to them. A shrewd fellow has converted the ignorance of these into a source of emolument. He stands there with a packet of blank papers in his hand: the person who wants his assistance approaches him, and, giving him a farthing or two, mentions his own name. The other

casts a glance immediately over the list, and, when he finds the name there, he does no more than write on a piece of paper the number under which it stands: this he gives to the inquirer, who hastens with it to the post-office, and receives his letter without ceremony: whether the receiver be right or not, is no matter of concern, if he will but pay the postage.

The letters of foreigners are not put on the list, but are thrown in a heap in the post-office. When a person of that description inquires for a letter, they direct him to the heap, which he turns over till he finds it, or is satisfied there is none for him. But, if he chuses, he may take one not addressed to him, provided he pays the postage, which is the only evidence required of its being his property. It may easily be imagined that disorders must necessarily arise from such a want of all arrangement. Every foreigner will do well to have his letters addressed to a banker.

But to return to the corner I before mentioned. The man who marks down the numbers is not the only one who has found a source of profit there, though indeed he collects his receipts with the most ease and convenience. There are half a dozen small tables in the street; and as many men sitting before them, with physiognomies as worn out as their coats. They hold pens in their hands, and a folded letter-case lies before them. They need only dip their pens in the ink-stands near them, and they are ready to write letters of any conceivable purport to every quarter of the habitable globe. A second chair opposite to theirs, invites the needy letter-sender to sit down, and communicate his thoughts to one who will give them the polish of good diction. Here we see an old woman; there an honest sailor; in a third place a warlike hero; and in the fourth a brisk lass: they have sons, and mothers, and all sorts of concerns of the heart, far and near, in the old and new world. The old mother, for example, takes a seat (a scene that I have myself witnessed) opposite to the first writer, who had lost his nose (which is no uncommon thing here). He immediately puts his pen to paper: the date he had already written beforehand on the edge of the sheet, in order now to lose no time. He was right, for the good old dame is a little prolix. Her only son was roving about the world; and she wished him much to return, for she felt her latter end approaching. She affords proofs of her sickly condition by frequent coughing, which interrupts the torrent of words; and the shower of tears that frequently gushes down betrays the emotions of her mind. What I have comprehended in a short space, costs the poor old woman a multitude of words; which all imply the same thing, for she was in want of nothing less than expressions, her tongue appearing to be the healthiest part about her. The man listened patiently to her, digested her copious flow of thoughts with the greatest rapidity, and committed them with no less expedition to paper. The old woman put on a pair of spectacles, and followed every stroke of the writer's pen with strict attention. She often spoke in the mean time; recalling what she had forgotten, and making such amplifications as she found requisite. The gentleman of the quill paid no regard to her; but, having fathomed the spirit of the intended letter, wound it up with expedition, not letting his pen drop till he had brought himself through the labyrinth of conceptions to the close of the epistle. He then read it over to the old woman, who nodded approbation, and let a smile steal through her wrinkles. The dexterous penman presented her with the instrument for subscription; which, however, she declined at this time, *for various reasons*. He then desired her to spell her name, which he wrote; and, closing the letter with a wafer, put upon it the name and address of her son, and delivered it to the tottering old dame. She laid hold of the paper that expressed her

wishes, but not her ardour, with her left hand, and directed her right to her pocket: which, after much apparent trouble, at length reluctantly opened, and afforded a copper coin, which she gave to the writer, who had long stretched out his hand to receive it. She then hobbled with the letter to the post-office; and he quickly folded another sheet, unknowing and unconcerned whether he next should have to express the overflowings of a joyful or an afflicted heart.

All this correspondence is commonly conducted in such a loud and public manner, that the post-office has no occasion to break open the letters: it need only dispatch a few idle persons with good ears among the populace. Soldiers and sailors proclaim their affairs to the world without hesitation: their gesticulations while dictating are none of the gentlest, and they often beat with vehemence on the table of the writer. It might indeed be more difficult for a listener to catch the sensations of a bashful maid. I have seen some of this description also sitting and dictating, and I will venture to affirm, that the letters were to the constant or inconstant ones who had stolen their hearts: but I have no other proof of this than the unintelligible whispering, the downcast looks, the varied colour of the cheeks, on her side, and the friendly glances of the secretary.

These men of genius have, however, not erected their pulpits in the street for only the dispatch of letters, but also to decypher such as arrive for those who cannot read. On the day when the post comes in, a different scene is exhibited from that which we have just enjoyed. All pens are at rest: the lips only are in motion; and, as may be easily conceived, there is another interesting supply for the curious observer. The fixed attention with which the hearer hangs on the lips of the reader, the varying passions, the accomplished or defeated hopes of the former are well contrasted with the perfect indifference of the latter, and the unchanged voice with which he proclaims both joyful and melancholy news. Such various scenes are to be witnessed no where but in the open street. A friend of mine was once present upon a droll occasion of this kind. A sailor received a letter which he appeared to have waited for with the greatest impatience, and carried eagerly to the reader. The latter unfolded the paper, and commenced with the greatest unconcern the following billet, while the rejoiced sailor appeared ready to seize the words out of his mouth: "A greater rascal than you I never saw." It may be easily imagined how the looks of the gaping sailor were in an instant changed. He had no inclination to hear a continuance of the letter in the presence of a laughing crowd; but snatched it out of the hand of the reader, and crept away uttering imprecations.

We daily meet with these street-pulpits, surrounded with more or less bustle; and it is a characteristic of the Italians, in which they distinguish themselves from the French, that they display their ignorance without hesitation. The common French are just as little able to read as the Italians, but they never can be brought to acknowledge this to others. The Frenchman is vain and ignorant; the Italian ignorant only.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN EMIGRANT IN AMERICA.

THERE cannot be a more extreme contrast to any country that has been long under cultivation, or a scene more totally new to a native of Great Britain, than the boundless forests of America. An emigrant set down in such a scene feels almost the helplessness of a child. He has a new set of ideas to acquire: the knowledge which all his previous experience has accumulated can seldom be applied; his ignorance as

to the circumstance of his new situation meets him on every occasion. The disadvantages to which he is thereby subjected are so great, that emigrants who are taken at once from Europe to such a situation, and abandoned to their own exertions without aid or guidance, rarely avoid involving themselves in inextricable difficulties. To settlers of this description, success can be insured only by well calculated arrangements, and an unremitted attention in directing their efforts.

When the new settler is fixed on his land, his difficulties are not at an end: he is still exposed to much waste of time, and can seldom proceed in his work without interruption. He must first procure provisions; and, though no pecuniary difficulty should occur, he generally, from his ignorance of the country, loses more time than necessary in this business. In bringing them home, he often finds himself much at a loss, from the wild and almost impassable state of the roads through the the woods; the same difficulty occurs whenever any article, however inconsiderable, is wanted from the mill, the forge, or the store. From the want of a general attention to keep the settlements compact, and within reach of mutual assistance, most of the people who begin on new and untouched land are reduced to a situation of more than savage solitude. The new settler from Europe is unacquainted with the methods, by which a practised *woodsman* can find his way through the trackless forest. Every time he leaves his hut he is exposed to the danger of being bewildered and lost; if he has been sufficiently warned of this danger to teach him the requisite degree of attention, still he can feel no confidence that his children will have the same caution; and must still shudder, when he thinks of the howling wilderness that surrounds him. The horror of these impressions has, in many instances, completely unnerved the mind of the settler, and rendered him incapable of any vigorous exertion.

So many instances are quoted of the ill success of Europeans, when placed at once in the heart of the wild woods, that I have heard several gentlemen, of the highest abilities and experience in the United States, pronounce an unqualified opinion, that a new settlement could not be formed without a basis of native Americans. In most cases this is true, though the prosperity of the Scottish colony, at Prince Edward's Island, must be allowed to form an exception to the rule.

For the Literary Magazine.

METEORIC STONES.

MOST persons are now familiar with the history of what has been called atmospheric or meteoric stones. Their origin, however, is still a mystery: whether they are projected from lunar volcanoes, or suddenly compounded in the regions of air, is a question not likely to be soon, if ever, decided.

Among the various theories which this subject has produced, I have been much amused with the following one, lately given by a French philosopher. According to him ignivomous mountains were, in ancient times, indued with mighty force, though, like the race of mortals in Homer's day, they had sadly degenerated from their ancestors. Without staying to examine the causes of this deplorable degradation, or to reduce to consistency the expiring energies of volcanic projection, with the accumulating intensity of the central heat, it appears not all improbable, to this fiery champion, that, from the said mountains, masses of matter were propelled from an immense depth, to such a height, as to perform spiral circumgirations, somewhere within the limits of our planetary system, till, in the course of ages, they came to pop down, and take their rest on the surface of mother earth.

For the Literary Magazine.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S PROJECT OF A CHRISTIAN REPUBLIC.

AMONG the various problems which have exercised the ingenuity and displayed the learning of historical critics, none has received a degree of attention less proportioned to its importance, than the grand design imputed to Henry IV of France, which was just beginning to be executed at the time of his death. That a prince, of whose fame the annals of Europe are full, stopped in the midst of his victorious career to form a project which should secure the future peace of the world; that he actually devoted the rest of his days to the accomplishment of this undertaking, and even made some progress, in surmounting the obstacles with which it was attended, is a statement equally important and strange.

As often as the balance of power is mentioned, men recur to the chimerical project of Henry IV, and declaim on the absurdity of attempting any similar arrangement, because the impracticability of the most perfect form of that system is admitted.

Let us examine whether this famous scheme bears any relation to the external policy of modern times, known by the name of the balancing system; and whether it is, in any of its parts, founded on the principles by which that system is supported. No discussion can be frivolous which leads us to review a character so highly rated as that of Henry *the great*, and to examine impartially, by one important test, his claims to that renown for political wisdom and integrity, which mankind have, with rare unanimity, been so zealous to bestow on him. Besides, it will teach us the folly of all great political schemes, depending on the life of one man, and serve to encourage those politicians of the present day, who anticipate so much from the conquering and revolutionizing efforts of the living French monarch; efforts, which like those of his great predecessor, will be baffled and extinguished by the inevitable death that awaits him.

Henry is said to have proposed that Europe should be formed into a great commonwealth, under the respectable title of the *christian republic*. The emperor was to be placed at its head, with high authority over the confederacy, and increased powers in his private capacity of Germanic chief. The extent of his prerogative was productive of little danger, because it was proposed that his office should be always conferred *according to merit*. In order to insure this excellent expedient, Henry intended to make the imperial dignity elective, and added a prohibition against conferring it twice in succession on the same family. He farther thought proper that it should be given first to the house of Bavaria; and that this natural rival of the Austrian dynasty should receive, in perpetuity, all the neighbouring provinces of the natural enemy of France. The house of Austria was likewise to lose all its hereditary possessions in Europe, except Spain; and what is still more whimsical, the king of France, who proposed this scheme, is said only to have reserved for himself the glory of conceiving this grand project. In return for these sacrifices, Austria was presented with the absolute and entire possession of every inhabited country out of Europe, either then known, or afterwards discovered; the only restriction upon her colonial supremacy being a reservation in favour of free commerce.

Men have laughed as much at the famous bull of Paul, as they have admired the plan of Henry; yet there was nothing half so absurd in the pope's grant of the new world, which began and ended in a statement of abstract right, as this provision of the French monarch, by which the same right was to be for-

cibly maintained, and Europe was to conquer all the other parts of the world for the benefit of that power which it had violently stript of its lawful possessions at home.

The possessions of Austria were to be partly given away, partly new modelled; and various new states and unions of states were to arise from the fragments of that great monarchy, on the confines of the empire. A republic was to be formed of the Netherlands together with Holland. Hungary and Bohemia were to become elective monarchies; the choice being vested in the pope and the six hereditary potentates of France, Spain, England, Sweden, Denmark, and Lombardy. Poland was to be made elective in the same manner; and each of these three was to be increased by new possessions forcibly taken from other powers. The succession of Cleves was to be portioned out among such of the Germanic princes as France then favoured, and Austria opposed. The pope was to have all Naples, and to be made chief of the Italian federal republic, a body composed of all the Italian states except Lombardy and the Milanese, which were reserved for the kingdom of the duke of Savoy. Sicily, a member of this republic, was designed as a present to Venice; and Switzerland was to receive Franche-Compte and Alsace with a permanent oligarchical constitution.

The *christian republic*, thus formed by plunder and usurpation, was to begin its operations by persecution. Three different creeds were to be permitted, and all sects instantly extinguished. Moreover, every power not professing the christian faith was to be expelled from Europe; and the czar of Muscovy, being a true believer, was to be offered a corner in the grand confederacy, which if he refused, he was immediately to be stript of his European dominions, and sent off to Asia after the sultan. Much has been said of the balance of religion, in consequence of the spiritual part of this project; and, truly, if the phrase has any meaning, it is as difficult to comprehend it, as the connection between the temporal arrangements of the plan and the balance of power.

The principal means by which the scheme was to be executed, was main force. The overtures being made to certain powers, it was proposed, that a large army should instantly be raised by such as agreed, for compelling the rest to agree. The overtures were accordingly made, and much astonishment has been expressed at their favourable reception. We are told, that most of the European princes came readily into the scheme, and that a certain prospect was obtained of raising at least half the forces required. This has been deemed the most wonderful part of the story; and those who can scarcely believe that a prince of Henry's wisdom seriously formed so chimerical a plan, are still less disposed to admit that he found the obstacles to its execution so easily surmounted. But let us consider whether there be really any thing wonderful in any part of the statement; whether the basis of the plan was romantic virtue, or that ambition after impossibilities, which we denominate splendid folly, or only a more ordinary love of aggrandizement, couched under a pretext of heroism too thin to conceal it; let us inquire, whether the reception which the proposals are said to have met with, might not have been expected from their own nature, and the circumstances of those to whom they were addressed. There is no task more instructive than that of destroying the wonders of history, and reconciling the strange passages of great men's lives with their general character and situation.

The plan of Henry IV was evidently a scheme for the utter extirpation of all those principles which are in favour with modern politicians. Under the name of perpetual peace, a name in which every treaty is concluded, the whole of

Europe was to be instantly involved in a war, than which, no former hostility was more general or unsparing. In order to change the names, numbers, and sizes of the different members of the commonwealth, a universal pillage was to take place; and those who refused to plunder were to enjoy the satisfaction of being plundered. In this way, all the evils pretended to be destroyed were produced and aggravated. Europe was to be plunged in hostilities, that peace might, at some future period, be, contrary to the nature of human affairs, perpetual; those changes of dominion, for which war is chiefly dreaded, were to be the first step in the progress of the pacific system; treachery and usurpation were to be enforced by present war, that war might not, at some future period, spring from treachery and usurpation, or be found necessary to prevent them.

The balance of power is no more than a union to prevent all changes of dominion; a constant check on the ambition of princes; a plan for defending the weak against the strong. All this system is at an end, if the strong unite to arrange the dominion of the world, to parcel out states according to their own fancy or interest, to spoil those who dare not resist, and to overwhelm, by an irresistable league, such as are powerful or brave enough to oppose. The longest tranquillity might be the consequence of rooting out all the seeds of dissention; peace may flourish when all are destroyed who have a right to defend or regain their rights by war. So much the worse. Injustice and wrong, in their worst forms, will then enjoy a secure triumph, and the evil has only gained the quality of being irreparable. The *solitudinem quem pacem appellant* was never more fully realized by the usurpations of ancient Rome, or of modern France, than by the plan of universal equity and peace ascribed to Henry the great.

The iniquity of this scheme is easily proved; but its folly, with regard to the selfish and exclusive interests of France, is not quite so apparent. If other advantages than the chimerical one of perpetual peace could be secured to Henry by the co-operation of certain foreign powers, he showed no want of foresight, by his attempts to seduce them with bribes, and to blind the mass of mankind with a council of amphyctyons. There is, indeed, no room to wonder at the folly of the plan by which France was to get rid, at once, of her great rival, to surround herself with petty states of her own creation, and to share the whole power of the continent with a few other nations, so impotent that they must be led by her, or so distant from the scene of action as to have no chance of ever taking part in any critical emergency. Such a plan we see actually revived by Henry's successor at the present day. The indemnities all came from Austria or her allies, from the rival or the enemies of France. The favours were bestowed on her friends, or on such new states as the circumstances of the union must throw at her mercy.

We need not consider the ultimate effects of the scheme, when it is plain that its execution was never seriously intended. If the proposal could induce the chief powers of the continent to take part in the humiliation of Austria, the end of France was served; a few years of co-operation were abundantly sufficient to reward her for the trouble of inventing a grand plan of a *christian republic*, sufficient to make her mistress of all she had been fighting for, of all she has since gained by her arts and her arms.

Nor was there any thing so absurd in the outward appearance of Henry's plan, when skilfully dressed up by his *Jeannins* and his *Sullys*. The ideas of men, even in the present age, are so vague on such subjects, that we constantly meet with errors, at least as gross as that which Henry's project was intended to inculcate. The partition of Poland has been defended as tending to the

general equilibrium; and the ablest living writer on these matters has almost fallen into the same mistake. Gentz has argued, as if the chief object of general policy were to preserve certain great states, and consolidate smaller communities into large empires, forgetting that the *balance of power* has no meaning, unless it be applied to all existing states, and that the universal monarchy of one nation is only to be dreaded, as causing the general ruin of those which enjoy present independence. To the same illusion Henry's plan must have looked for a favourable reception with the bulk of mankind, and with those powers to whom it might be simply proposed, without the offer of new dominions, which generally accompanied the disclosure. To persuade a few neighbouring princes that their independence was the great end of all foreign policy; that, provided they flourished in freedom, it mattered not how little regard was paid to other potentates; that the cause of Europe meant their interests; was a doctrine which less skill and eloquence than the president's and the duke's might easily have enforced. But other means, in fact, were used to secure the active co-operation for which those general topics served as the pretexts.

The parties to whom he confided the scheme, were, the pope, the Venetian and Swiss republics, the duke of Savoy, the electors of Mentz, Cologne, Bavaria, and the elector Palatine; the nobles of Hungary and Bohemia, certain free towns, and others. The pope was to receive a whole kingdom (Naples) in real sovereignty, with the nominal supremacy of all Italy, and a place among the electors-general; not to mention the opportunity of persecuting infidels and sectaries.

Venice was to receive Sicily: certainly the richest present with which the masters of the Adriatic could be bribed. No wonder that no pains were taken to acquaint the king of Sicily and Naples with these proceedings, which interested him as much as the pope and Venice. He was to fall under the ban of the new christian republic; the secret was to be imparted by heralds, and put home to him by lances. The duke of Savoy, too, was safely apprised of a project which was to give him a rich crown, and exalt him from the lowest to the highest rank among the princes of Europe. It is not recorded that he made any objections to the plan; no doubt he was persuaded of its excellent tendency to secure the peace of the world, and never hinted the propriety of disclosing the scheme to the rightful owners of the realms which he was to receive. The Hungarian and Bohemian nobles, who formed a feudal and factious aristocracy, naturally preferred any change which destroyed the present hereditary dynasty, and gave each of them a chance for a crown. All who were to be benefited by the project were made privy to it, and zealously engaged to assist in the execution. Those who were to be ruined by the scheme were spared the pain of knowing its existence; and those who were only remotely affected had not time to give their full attention to the subject, before its author was numbered with the victims of the scheme so happily accomplished on St. Bartholomew's day.

That a prince of Henry's plain good sense and intimate acquaintance with affairs should have formed the design of giving perpetual peace to the world by means infinitely more chimerical than ever entered the head of a cloistered enthusiast, might indeed excite our wonder. But there is nothing very surprising, that an ambitious and patriotic monarch, flushed with domestic conquest, should resolve to foment divisions among his foreign enemies, and raise such a party in his own favour as might spare the armies of France, while it raised her to the highest pitch of influence. Under pretence of giving peace to Europe, a pretence addressed not to his coadjutors whom he was bribing with spoil, but to the world at large

like all the appeals made in manifestoes and proclamations, he was only exciting a war of partition, and giving a new position to the balance in favour of France. He did not try to form coalitions by describing the real interests of his neighbours in diplomatic conferences, nor did he expect to make foreign armies march into the field by argument and declamation on the propriety of hostilities. His reasoning was much more practical; it was levelled to the mean capacities of courts, as it was drawn from a thorough knowledge of their nature. To one he said, 'Attack the house of Austria, and you shall have Lombardy for your share of the spoil;' to another, 'Go to war, and here are fifty thousand men to assist you.' These were the topics seriously insisted on by Henry; and he knew them to be wonderfully suited to the comprehension of kings and ministers. That he ever looked beyond the first movements of his coalition, it would be absurd to imagine. His end was gained if Austria was attacked on all sides. Having secured Germany, the pope, the duke of Savoy, and Switzerland, by liberal offers of pillage; having made some progress in keeping the northern powers quiet by negociation, and probably by secret offers also; and having succeeded in exciting the utmost discontent among the subjects of some of the Austrian provinces, no doubt can be entertained of his final, and even speedy success, to the whole extent of his wishes, had he lived longer, or been followed by less peaceful successors.

The reception of his plan, therefore, where he propounded it, is not more wonderful than the structure of the scheme itself. Those who imagine that its perfidy suited ill with Henry's general good faith, and other moral qualities, may be reminded that the monarch who could carelessly plunge his country and his neighbours in all the horrors of war, to gratify a passion for a silly woman, was not very likely to feel squeamish about gratifying a passion for empire. The character of this singular person is in truth too mixed and motley to admit of any positive inference drawn from his supposed moral rectitude.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

FROM Clovis to Charlemagne France was governed by the Merovingian dynasty, which expired about the middle of the eighth century, and gave way to Pepin, and his son Charlemagne. There were three-and-thirty of these monarchs, great and small, without reckoning the four from Pharamond to Clovis, who, like the four first lines of the Æneid, *(Ille ego)* have a doubtful sort of claim to authenticity, and are put on or struck off according to the fancy of the author.

As to the manner of life of these princes, they maintained an oriental establishment of wives and concubines, put out the eyes of their brothers and nephews when they came in their way, were very much afraid of the bishops, drove about the streets of Paris in a waggon drawn by buffaloes, trusted the management of their affairs to their mayors of the palace, and wore very long hair.

The singular faculty of propagating long-haired children ran in the family of Merovæus: their young highnesses were known by it, like the ogre's children by their crowns, or prince Cherry and princess Fairstar by combing pearls out of their locks. Like Samson of old, their whole strength lay in this hair; the moment one of them was shaved, there was an end of him; not a Frank had instinct enough to own such a wight for the true prince. We cannot indeed say much for the inner lining of the skull in these shepherds of the people. They acquired the name of *insensati, fainéans*, or *fools*. This was not a

libel, a pasquinade, an impertinent sally of plebeian wit A grave chronicler, as dry as dry can be, relates this little circumstance in their characters as a matter of course. *Post Dagabertum, regnavit Daniel, clericus insensatus, frater ejus; post Chilpericum, regem insensatum, regnavit, solo nomine, Hendericus insensatus, consanguineus ejus; post Hendericum, regnavit, solo nomine, Childericus insensatus, frater ejus.*

In English, thus: "After Dagabert came Daniel, a fool of a priest, his brother; after Chilperick a foolish king, reigned his kinsman, Henderick, *the silly*; after Henderick, reigned his brother, Childerick, *the fool*. All these were mere pageants of royalty, governing only in name."

It has been suggested by some of the learned, that, from the constant conjunction of long hair and folly in these Gallic potentates, mankind have, as usual, inferred the relation of cause and effect to have subsisted between them, and assuming, rather illogically, the converse of the proposition to be true, have rivetted in their minds that association of wigs and wisdom which has so greatly redounded to the glory and profit of modern doctors and perukemakers.

Like the corresponding history of England during the heptarchy, the annals of these princes are ineffably wearisome and uninstructive. Whether the Offas and the Pendas, the Chilpericks and the Dagaberts, had a vice more or less, we have as little solicitude to inquire, as about any question which the busy dæmon of controversy can possibly suggest. The sublime porte does not trouble itself, said the reis effendi to an ambassador, who communicated a victory of his master's, whether the dog beats the hog, or the hog beats the dog. We care as little, whether in any one given year during an age of anarchy a greater number was slain in one horde of barbarians or another. These are the ups and downs of savage warfare, which are occasionally varied by the *fluctus decumani*, the grand revolutions, by which the fate of nations has been affected.

In one instance, perhaps, a man may excusably wish to look a little into the annals of this period. Brunehaut was queen of Austrasia and Burgundy, and rival of the no less notorious Fredegonde, who, in the year 613, was dragged at the tail of a vicious horse, for the amusement of a humane conqueror and his polished camp. Concerning this princess the antiquaries and historians of France have been debating for some centuries, the greater part maintaining her to have been a monster of guilt, while some espouse her defence with as much zeal as was felt by the three hundred gallant Franks, who swore, that a child, of which Fredegonde had been delivered, was the actual offspring of her husband. Yet when we recollect, that some great philosophers have declared, that the dispute about the guilt of the Scottish Mary, connected as it is with so many illustrious characters, heightened by so many associations of sentiment and romantic circumstance, and embellished by such ingenuity and eloquence, has excited no curiosity in their breasts, one is half ashamed to express any curiosity about so obsolete and remote a personage as Brunehaut.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF STERNE.

DUTENS, in his Memoirs, lately published, relates the following anecdote of Sterne, which throws additional light on that eccentric and faulty character.

Nous étions au tems de l'anniversaire de la naissance du roi d'Angleterre: milord Tavistock invita, ce jourlà, le peu d'Anglais qui étaient à Paris, á dîner avec lui pour le célébrer. Je fus de la partie, où je ne trouvai de ma connaissance que ceux avec qui j'étais venu à Paris. Je fus assis entre milord Berkeley, qui allait à Turin, et le fameux *Sterne*, auteur de *Tristram Shandy*,

regarde comme le Rabelais de l'Angleterre. On fut fort gai pendant le dîner, et l'on but à l'Anglaise, et selon le jour. La conversation vint à tomber sur Turin, où plusieurs de la compagnie allaient; sur quoi M. Sterne m'adressant la parole, me demanda si j'y connaissais M. D***, en me nommant; je lui dis qu'oui, et même fort intimement. Toute la compagnie se prit à rire; et Sterne, qui ne me croyait pas si près de lui, s'imagina que ce M. D*** devait être un homme assez bizarre, puisque son nom seul faisait rire ceux qui l'entendaient. N'est-ce pas un homme un peu singulier? ajouta-t-il tout de suite. Oui, repris-je, un original. Je m'en étais bien douté, continua-t-il; j'ai entendu parler de lui et là-dessus il se mit à faire mon portrait, auquel je fis mine d'acquiescer; et voyant que le sujet réjouissait la compagnie, il se mit à inventer, dans la fertilité de son esprit, plusieurs contes à sa façon, qu'il fit durer, au grand plaisir de tous, jusqu'à ce que l'heure vint de se séparer. Je sortis le premier; et à peine fus-je hors de la maison, qu'on lui dit qui j'étais: on lui donna à entendre que, par respect pour milord Tavistock, je m'étais contenu; mais que je n'étais pas traitable, et qu'il pouvait s'attendre à me voir, le lendemain, lui demander raison des méchans propos qu'on lui persuada qu'il avait tenus de moi. Il crut, en effet, qu'il avait poussé la raillerie trop loin; car il était un peu gai: il vint, le jour suivant, me trouver, et me demander pardon de ce qu'il pouvait avoir dit qui m'eût déplu, s'excusant sur la circonstance, et sur la démangeaison qu'il avait eue d'amuser un peu la compagnie, qu'il y avait vue si bien disposée, dès qu'il avait prononcé mon nom; mais je l'arrêtai tout court, en l'assurant que je m'étais amusé de son erreur autant qu'un autre; qu'il n'avait rien dit qui pût m'offenser; et que, s'il connaissait l'homme dont il avait parlé, aussi bien que je le faisais, il en aurait pu dire beaucoup plus de mal. Il fut enchanté de ma réponse, m'embrassa, me demanda mon amitié, et me quitta fort satisfait de moi.

For the Literary Magazine.

VACCINATION.

THE following statement has been circulated in England, by W. Neyle, of Dorsetshire: "As the superiority of the vaccine or cow pock over the small pox may, perhaps, be best seen, by a comparative view of their different effects, I think it may be of public utility to make known the result of the observations respecting both diseases, as they fell under my notice, during the progress of a general inoculation, which took place here, and in the adjoining parish of Burlston, this month; in the first week of which I inoculated with variolous or small pox matter 336 patients, 30 of whom had been inoculated with cow pox matter last summer, and two four years since, by myself, and four more by other gentlemen. These 36 were now inoculated for their own satisfaction. I *now* also vaccinated 12, of whom two were variolated within *forty-eight* hours after the insertion of the vaccine fluid; the other ten, with nine others who had before this time passed the cow pox, stood their chance without further inoculation. The result has been as follows:—Of those variolated, viz. 300, although strictly dieted, well physicked, and, in general, highly and commendably attentive to all my directions (which were rigidly cool and antiphlogistic), and although the weather has been tolerably favourable for the season (a brisk north, or north-east wind prevailing generally during the month) 10 have had a more than common sprinkling of pustules, occasioning a good deal of trouble to their friends; 45 have had it so heavy as to require constant attendance, both by night and day, during the eruptive fever and state of maturation, having been *all* for a shorter or longer period blind; ten have been so dangerously ill as to demand regular medical attendance, and have recovered with much difficulty, and, in one or two instances, even against hope; and one has actually fallen a victim to the disorder: *whereas all* (in number 57) who had been before, or were at this time vaccinated, escaped contagion from the small pox, although they lived intermixed with

those sick in that disorder, in the same village, under the same roofs, nay, in the same chambers with them, having passed what can scarcely be termed a disease, without pain to themselves, or trouble to their friends, without attention to diet or regimen, and—what may be thought still better—without *physic!*"

For the Literary Magazine.

ARE THEATRICAL EXHIBITIONS USEFUL?

THE usefulness of theatres is a question that has often been discussed, but, perhaps, never in a manner perfectly satisfactory. Subjects of this kind are very complex, and the foundation of our reasonings lies much deeper than is commonly supposed. The question may be stated in the compass of a page, but could not be thoroughly discussed in less than a volume.

Three things are necessary to a theatrical exhibition; a drama, actors, and auditors.

We may consider the drama as it is in itself; we may analyze this mode of composition, and determine its power and efficacy as an instrument of morals; we may inquire what the dramatic art is capable of doing.

But this art has already been employed to some purpose, good or bad. Dramas having been written in considerable numbers, it is a momentous question what the tendency of these identical dramas is, and whether they inculcate falsehood or truth. In order to this, an accurate acquaintance with dramatic authors is necessary: to this we must add a knowledge of the actual history of mankind, and an investigation of the influence which certain plays have actually had upon human manners.

Plays may be written and read, but not exhibited. Whatever influence theatrical exhibitions may have, the tenor of the piece performed must have some share in producing it. On this question we are not concerned to ask, merely, what influence plays may have on the writer or reader, but what is the share of influence they possess in a public exhibition.

The tragedy of Cato has been performed a certain number of times: so have "The Jealous Husband," and "A Trip to the Jubilee." Certain effects have been produced, and numerous causes have each borne a part in producing these effects. One of these causes is the nature of the scene exhibited. What consequences have flowed from the peculiar structure of these three dramas? A question not easily solved. To this influence, whatever it be, there are two kinds of persons subject, actors and auditors; and, in weighing this influence, a just attention must be paid to this distinction.

Plays have been very numerous. This circumstance, among others, obliges managers to make a selection from them. Different managers, or the same managers at different periods, may make different selections. In order to arrive at a useful or exact decision, therefore, it behoves us to confine our inquiries to some particular period or place. If the tendency of all plays be the same or similar, differing from each other not at all, or differing only in degree, this nicety will be superfluous; but if the tendency of different plays be opposite, a theatrical exhibition, so far as its influence is modified by the nature of the scene, may, under different managers, produce opposite effects.

This is only one among three points of view, in which the subject ought to be considered. It is not, perhaps, of chief, but it is of indispensable importance. It cannot be denied that the influence of theatrical exhibitions is, *in part*, to be ascribed to the texture of the pieces performed. But it would not be proper to suppose that other circumstances have not their share of influence, be it greater or less.

Acting being a trade, it is to be inquired, first, what influence this

trade has on the morals or happiness of those who follow it? and secondly, what share the personal character of actors has, in producing the effects that flow from theatrical exhibitions?

Plays are performed to numerous auditories, under a roof, at certain hours of the day, for a stated price to each auditor, and with certain appendages and decorations. None of these circumstances are to be overlooked in a candid discussion of this subject, because they accompany every dramatic performance, and because none of them are neutral or indifferent with regard to the effects produced by this species of amusement on the morals and happiness of mankind.

To examine all these points with suitable accuracy; to furnish an impartial mind with just conceptions of the usefulness or hurtfulness of these establishments; to enable him to judge whether it be his duty to discountenance or encourage them; and to apprize him of the means most suitable to that end which shall appear to be the best, would be conferring no small benefit on mankind.

E.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON SHORT-HAND WRITING.

SHORT-HAND has grown considerably into use of late years. In some schools in Great Britain it has been adopted as a part of ordinary education, and the authors of schemes of short-hand writing are never tired of dwelling on its excellencies and advantages. It may, therefore, be worth while to reflect a moment upon the possibility and limits of this accomplishment.

Penmanship is an art of the highest value, and, in the instruction of youth, the utmost stress should be laid upon it. No pains should be spared, at an age when the muscles are pliant and the joints flexible, to create the habits of a skilful penman. This skill, it is obvious to remark, comprehends two things, legibility and swiftness.

It may seem superfluous to dwell upon the importance of *legibility*. No argument seems necessary to prove, that one of the most essential qualities of good writing is, that it may easily be read; and yet, nothing is more rare than to find writing that possesses this quality, even in a small degree. The power of comparing and inferring, in the human mind, is so great, and this power, in relation to written characters, is so much improved by exercise, that most penmen place an excessive and unreasonable confidence in it, and neglect almost every rule by which writing is made easily and accurately legible.

This negligence arises from the desire of expedition. In transcribing our own words, or those of others, the movements of the hand are necessarily much more tardy than those of the imagination or the tongue. Having thoughts and words in possession, we are impatient of that dilatory progress which the hand is obliged to make in rendering them permanent and visible. Thus we hasten to the end, at the cost of elegance and perspicuity, and omit, or distort, syllables and letters, so that none but those accustomed to our pen, or those versed in the business of decyphering, can make out our meaning; and he, indeed, must transcend his fellows by a wonderous distance, whose characters not only can be read, but read with absolute facility.

How far may these excellencies be attained? In what degree may swift penmanship be united with legible, is a question which every student should be at great pains to decide. There are many whose sole trade is penmanship, and many more whose professions require the very frequent use of it. To such, it is not easy to overrate the importance of this inquiry.

But few questions are harder to decide than this. We see, in many-

berless instances, the astonishing swiftness and accuracy to which the movements of the hand and fingers can be brought. In managing the bow of a violin, or touching the keys of a harpsichord, the quickness and exactness of motions are such as to wear, to an unpractised observer, the appearance of something preternatural. There are limits, no doubt, to our powers in all these respects; but these limits are scarcely definable, and certain it is, that no length of practice, though every hour bring us nearer, will ever, in the longest life, enable us to reach these limits.

In discussing this subject with a friend of mine, who has been long used to the pen, he proposed to reduce the question, in some degree, to the test of experiment, and to try, not what is possible for one, by long practice, to do, but what he or I, by fully or intensely exerting the moderate skill which each possessed, was already qualified to do.

Our first experiment was to ascertain the time in which a given quantity of words could be read. For which end we took, as a book to which most readers have access, the Dublin edition of Gibbon's History. A full page, that is, a page without notes, was found to contain 43 lines, and, on an average, 390 words, and 650 syllables.

This page we found could be read by the eye, without moving the lips, and with the utmost swiftness consistent with the comprehension of its meaning, in *one minute*.

It was then read aloud, with a distinct but very rapid articulation, in *two minutes and a half*.

It was then read deliberately and emphatically, with the due intervals and pauses, in *five minutes*.

We then proceeded to compare the eye and the tongue with the pen. My friend took paper and transcribed the page which had just been read, first, in his swiftest hand, and next, with deliberation and exactness. The first copy was far from being illegible. It was much better than the hand which thousands of merchants, lawyers, and authors habitually employ. Still, however, it was somewhat indistinct, and could not be read so easily as the printed page. This copy was finished in a very little less than *ten minutes*, and was executed in what I will call a *current hand*. *(Festinatè.)*

The second copy was extremely regular and fair. All words were separate, and all the letters complete and distinct, and no one could wish to peruse characters more legible. This second copy was finished in a little less than *twenty minutes*, and was done in what may be called a *deliberate hand*. *(Lentè.)*

Allowances must always be made for casual intermissions and diversions of the eye and hand, both in reading and writing, but these allowances cannot be computed in general. Every reader must calculate them for himself. Meanwhile I state, with all its circumstances, what has actually been done. All cannot do this; but all, with slight efforts, may do this; and many there undoubtedly are who can effect much more than this. Now what are the inferences?

It appears that what may be hastily, but *silently* read in one minute, will require a period ten times longer to write it hastily, and twenty times longer to write it at leisure.

A rapid articulation appears to exceed the *current pen* by three-fourths; and the deliberate articulation exceeds the pen *in haste* only by *one half*, and the pen *at leisure* by *three fourths*.

Till this experiment was made, I had been far from thinking the pen so dispatchful a tool. I had no previous conception that what was properly spoken or read in twenty minutes, could be adequately transcribed in forty.

Before extraordinary modes of abbreviating writing be sought, we should investigate the powers of the methods already in use: and it is far more wise to carry known modes to higher perfection, than to invent new ones.

An obvious method of contraction

consists in *omission*. For the sake of speed, we may omit letters, syllables, or words. It is manifest that a word may be easily read, notwithstanding the omission of some of its letters or syllables, and that sentences may be intelligible, in which one or more words are omitted. It is difficult to say to what extent these various kinds of omission may be carried without producing difficulty or obscurity. But certainly every hour's practice will lessen the difficulty which at first existed.

The bones and sinews of every language, but especially of our's, are its consonants. Suppose our scheme of writing should entirely drop the use of vowels; or, at least, in all the cases in which, as observation and experience may teach us, the disuse of them will not occasion ambiguity.

We have been told that an English student, who had occasion to make numerous memorandums and copies for his own use, and to maintain an exclusive but voluminous correspondence, adopted the vowel-dropping scheme to very great advantage; but, to judge of this, it will be requisite to consider the proportion of vowels and consonants in the English language.

Without stopping to explain the grounds on which I build my inferences, it will be sufficient to observe, that our consonants are double the number of our vowels, two consonants to one vowel being found to be the usual distribution. If we take away one third of our characters, we shall lessen the toil of penmanship by one third, and the speech or rehearsal of ten minutes, may then be recorded, not in twenty minutes, but in *fourteen*.

In truth, however, the deduction of one third of our letters is not a diminution of the quantity of writing by one third, our consonants being doubly or trebly more complicated than our vowels. By dropping vowels, therefore, we should not lessen the actual quantity of writing by more than a fifth; the proportions, therefore, even on the vowel-dropping scheme, between reading and writing, would not much vary from that already stated.

The end of short-hand is to enable the writer to keep pace with the reader or speaker, or, at least, to approach more nearly to the speed of utterance than is done by the common methods. In what degree is this practicable?

Our written characters are far more complex than is necessary to the purposes of writing. Not one of our letters is the single modification of a line, yet all our alphabet might be exhibited by distinct and single modifications of the line. Few of our alphabetical characters represent elementary sounds, and none of them are elementary lines.

By adopting more simple characters, we might surely greatly expedite the business of writing. I will not mention the use of arbitrary forms, by which, indeed, we may carry abbreviation to an inconceivable extent, but I should adhere merely to the use of characters different from the English ones.

Most stenographical schemes denote the vowels merely by the relative position of a single dot, so that, to exhibit any vowel, a mere touch of the pen is necessary, such as at present is placed above the vowel *i*. The benefits to dispatch of this mode are manifest.

But how shall we measure the advantages of the simple, over the complex alphabet? Suppose the eye as easily peruses, and the hand as readily delineates the new letter as the old one (and this faculty will inevitably flow from practice): how many simple forms may be traced in the time requisite to trace the single English letter?

The simple forms are, in this respect, equal to each other; but the complex, having different degrees of complexity, are, of course, unequal to each other.

According to the foregoing experiments, it appears that we can rapidly articulate 650 syllables in two minutes and an half, which is four syllables in a second. A syllable ge-

nerally contains three characters. Can any stenographical hand trace *twelve* distinct characters in a second? I am afraid it is impossible.

It has likewise appeared that, by the current hand, one syllable, or three characters, will demand at least a *second*. To be equal to the speed of rapid utterance, stenography then must be *four times* as rapid as the current hand, a disproportion that cannot be conceived practicable without the abundant use of arbitrary signs.

If we will try the experiment, we shall ascertain this matter clearly, and shall find that a stenographical sign can be traced in the time that a syllable can be uttered; consequently, to keep pace with speech, either the three characters of which every syllable, on an average, consists, must be represented by *one new*, but simple character, or one only of the three must be retained, and the other two be inferred from the context. But one of every three is a vowel, and may prudently be dropped; the difference, therefore, from a third rises to an half, and, consequently, it appears that the *abvocal* stenography is only twice as rapid as the current hand, and that rapid speech is, in like manner, only twice as rapid as the abvocal stenography.

But though stenography appears thus unequal to rapid speech, it follows that it is equal to deliberate speaking, since, according to experiment, we find that the *hasty* utterer is twice as rapid as the *leisurely*.

The deliberate and hasty utterers, if their utterance be distinct, differ not in the time employed in enouncing a syllable, but merely in the intervals admitted between their syllables, words, and sentences. For stenography to keep pace with any just elocution, the pen must take advantage of the pauses of the tongue; and must, therefore, be unceasingly busy; but this unceasing activity is sufficient for the end.

The deliberate speaker is a being midway between the precipitate, on the one hand, and the dilatory on the other; but men oftener fall into the last excess than into the former, and thus facilitate the task of the short-hand writer.

From all these observations, it appears that there is a mode of writing by which the common utterance of men can be equalled in speed, a truth which few persons are able to understand and believe. They are, indeed, far from gathering it from the practice or the precepts of short-hand writers, for there is seldom any one among them who attempts to keep pace with speaking, or who has practised sufficiently to confer on him the power, or who is not negligent and prone to rely upon his memory.

The great source of improvement in this art is the doctrine of arbitrary signs. It would be impossible to talk intelligibly on this subject, without exemplifying figures; but it is not necessary, since, in proportion to the use of arbitrary signs, must we reinstate the vowels and omitted characters; and refinements, the adoption of which is consistent with the just use of time, can do no more than make an active pen keep pace with a deliberate speaker.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE USE OF ALMANACS.

THERE are few subjects in which a man may find more room for speculation than an almanac. I lately experienced the truth of this remark in a very forcible manner. Travelling some time ago in the wilds of New Jersey, I was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to seek shelter in the hovel of a fisherman. Looking about for something to employ my thoughts and beguile the hour, I spied, hanging by a piece of packthread from a nail, an almanac. I took it down, opened it, and turned over the pages in search of some information or amusement. The receipts for curing several diseases in men and horses, the moral pro-

cepts, and the quotations from Joe Miller scattered through it, were all read with much gravity and deliberation. At length I closed the book, and turning to the good woman who sat near me, and who was busy in darning a worsted stocking, Pray, said I, what use do you make of this thing?

Why, said she, with a good deal of hesitation, why—I don't know—it's an almanac.

True, said I, and what use do you find for an almanac?

Why, she answered with an air of increased perplexity, we look at it now and then to—to—to tell us the day of the month.

And what need have you to discover the day of the month?

Why—I don't know, I am sure.—One likes to know what day of the month it is sometimes. One must pay one's rent quarter day, and one doesn't know when it comes round without an *olminic*.

That said I, happens four times a year; so that once in three months you have occasion to look into this book: but there is much besides the days of the week and month. I see, continued I, taking up the book again and showing her the page, I see there are eight columns. One of these shows the day of the week; but here the letter *G* occurs on every Sunday; what does that mean?

Lord love your soul, cried she, how should I know?

The next space is filled with various particulars. First there are the names of saints. I suppose Nicholas, and Stephen, and Matthias, and Sylvester, and Benedict, and Swithen, are saints: what use do you make of them?

Why none, to be sure. What are these folks to me?

Here are likewise sundry hard words: such as Quinquagesima, Epiphany, Ascension: what do they mean?

La! suz, don't ask me.

And what are these uncouth characters, squares, and circles, and crosses; and the words, elongation, southing, apogee, Sirius, and Arcturus, and Bull's eye, and Crab's foot? What did the almanac maker mean by giving us all that?

I can't tell, not I. I looks for nothing but the day of the month, and the times that the sun rises.

Here I thought proper to put an end to the dialogue. I could not help reflecting on the abundance of useless and unintelligible learning which an almanac contains. There is scarcely a family, however ignorant and indigent, without one copy hanging constantly in sight, and yet there is no production which fewer understand. The sense it contains is not only abstruse and remote from vulgar apprehension, but it is exhibited in the most scientific and concise form. Figures, initials, symbolical characters, and half-words every where abound.

A stranger who should meet, in every hovel, with a book, in which the relative positions of the planets, the diurnal progress of the sun in the zodiac, the lunar and solar eclipses, the wanderings of Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades; of Oculus, Tauri, and *Spica-Virginis* were described in a way the most technical imaginable, would be apt to regard us as a very astronomical and learned nation. That the volume should be bought annually by every family, should be considered as an indispensable piece of household furniture, be so placed as to be always at hand, are facts that would make his inference extremely plausible. He would be not a little surprised to discover, that the book is bought for the sake of that which the memory and skill of children would suffice to find out, of that which costs the compiler nothing more than the survey of a former almanac, and a few strokes of his pen; and that these celebrated computations, these mystic symbols, this adjustment of certain days to certain holy names, are neither attended to nor understood, by one in ten thousand.

The eye roves over them, but the question, what do they mean? never

enters the mind. Being accustomed to retain figures and arrangements, we are dissatisfied if they do not appear as usual. My father hung his almanac on this nail, and I must do as my father did. A book of this kind being compiled and published anew every year, we take for granted that every new year demands a new almanac.

Habit will account for the continuance of a certain practice, but not for its origin. One would be naturally led to think, that when almanacs were first invented, mankind were more conversant with the stars than at present; that every cottager was interested in the planetary revolutions, in the places of the moon, in the solar progress, and in the birth-days of hermits and confessors.

This is partly true; but the source of curiosity respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies, was merely a belief that the incidents of human life were connected with these changes. That tract in the heavens which the sun apparently passes in a year, was called the zodiac, and was divided into twelve portions, which were called signs, and each of which received a fantastic name. A connection was imagined between the different members of the human body and the signs of the zodiac. Hence it was requisite to state minutely the zodiacal place of the sun, that men might be aware of the accidents to which they were most liable at certain seasons. The frontispiece commonly exhibited a figure, explaining the connection between constellations and limbs; and this frontispiece is still generally retained.

Stellar influence, though strong, was rightly supposed to be inferior to that of the planets. The relative position of the fixed stars is apparently unchangeable. Not so that of the planetary bodies: hence curiosity was busy in ascertaining the places of the latter, the prosperous and adverse state of man being supposed to be swayed by the oppositions and conjunctions of these orbs; and hence compilers of almanacs bestowed particular attention on this circumstance.

There was a time when festivals and religious observances were connected with the anniversaries of the births of apostles and martyrs. It was therefore necessary to inform the people when these anniversaries occurred. A change of religion has taken away this necessity, at least among ourselves. Swithen, Margaret, Magdalen, Michael, and Denys are names which the reader overlooks. He never dreams of making a distinction between the days opposite to which these names appear and other days. To us, therefore, or at least to some of us, they are wholly useless and impertinent, but still they are annually printed, and their omission would create, in many persons, disapprobation and surprize.

It can scarcely fail to occur, that almanacs might be made the instruments of much general improvement. Custom has introduced them into every family. There is generally a space set apart for miscellaneous information, and in filling this space the compiler is at liberty to exercise his own judgment. The popularity of almanacs will thus afford him an opportunity of imparting wholesome truths to thousands, whose audience he could never hope to obtain in any other way.

In the form of tables, and in place of much of what is now introduced, facts in physical and moral science might be happily substituted. What is now occupied by Crispin and Gregory, by the perigee and apogee of the moon, by the risings and descents of Sirius and Arcturus, and by the vagaries of the planets, might surely be supplied with much more useful matter.

The happiness of mankind depends not so much upon the progress which the sciences, abstractedly considered, have made, as on the diffusion of the knowledge which already exists. A thousand truths are to be found in the recorded meditations of the wise, of which mankind have profited nothing, because, in general,

they remain ignorant of their existence. It seems as if a man, truly enlightened, should employ himself not in advancing the various branches of physical and moral knowledge to perfection by solitary experiments, and closet speculation, but in contriving and executing schemes for making simple, intelligible, and concise, the sciences in their present state of improvement; in making cheaper and more commodious, in clothing in more popular and attractive forms, and putting into the possession of a greater number, the knowledge already ascertained, and which is most conducive to their welfare. I cannot conceive an instrument more useful to this end, and an opportunity more favourable to the dissemination of truth and happiness than an almanac affords.

The advantages of this expedient have not been wholly overlooked. In Germany it has been more extensively employed than elsewhere. History, botany, mineralogy, agriculture, and domestic economy, have all been moulded into this form, and with admirable skill and efficacy. Two improvements have likewise been observable in our own country. One consists in noting the date of the principal events of our own history, and the other in assigning a column for exhibiting the degrees of heat, as observed on Fahrenheit's thermometer, on each day of the preceding year.

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN DIALECT IN PHILADELPHIA.

Scene—Street before a house.

ENTER a shoe-maker, with boots in his hand. He taps softly at the door.

Finch. (within) Who's there?

C. Nebber mint; 'tis o'ny me, vid mishter Vinch's two pootes.

F. (opening the door) Well, Conrad.

C. Ferry vell; tank you kaintley. So! 'tis right hot akin to-tay: ov'vre, not so hot as Soontay: unt no rain at all: Got's veel pe tone; unt dare's mishter Vinch's two pootes. I'fe heel'd 'toder, unt poot fone sole to dis.

F. (taking the boots) Very well, Conrad.

C. Hem—hem—'tish hart times, mine vife says; ferry hart times, she says, unt no ledder in de *hause*; unt de widdow Veester vont two shoose fur papey. She's kot a new papey, unt de oder fone iss teat; unt so she vont shoose to let her vaulk pye-unt-pye—hem!—hart times, inteet, mishter Vinch, my vife says.

F. True, Conrad; and so, to soften them a little, there's your money.

C. Tank you kaintley. So, koote pye! *(going).*

F. Good day, Conrad.

C. (returning) Mine kott! I forkits Katy Stephens—poor Katy!

F. What of her, Conrad?

C. Kott's veel pe tone; unt a voort more mit you, mishter Vinch. *(After a pause, assumes a grave tone.)* Your company iss, in a most pertee'kler manner, invited to de perrin of Ratmouse* Stephen's pig shile, at four diss efternoon: unt two perrins koes in fone: unt fone iss a leetle fone, unt 'toder is much pigger; unt de parson koes pefore: so, koote pye! *(going).*

F. But you say there's two, Conrad: who is the other?

C. (returning) Mine Kott! I voorkits 'toder. 'Toder iss Sophy, up pye de cooper's *hause*, right ober Kingsint'n perrin kround. So! koote pye *(going).*

F. But, Conrad, what Sophy is this?

C. Mine Kott, mishter Vinch, no madder fur her oder name. Eff I vas tell you, you voud'nt know it. So, koote pye!

F. But what was her complaint, Conrad?

* Erasmus.

C. De feeber unt agur, unt a leetle pain in de pones. Mine own shile died of *dat* last yee'ar. Put Sophy Schneider died of 'toder ting: put I don't know vot dat voss. De docter Schneehause said it voss de grumble in de pelley, ov'vre some nish ting; fur old mooter Schutzpeckke laid a spell upon Sophy; unt so she had de grumbles and died so: unt so, kaote pye! *Exeunt.*

A.

For the Literary Magazine.

REASONABLE LOVE.

A dialogue.

(By Holcroft.)

L. YOU surely are the happiest of mankind.

H. We are but ill judges of the happiness of others.

L. Why do you make that observation? Are you not married to the woman on whom your love was so fixed that, without her, frenzy, death, or some strange misery, must have been your lot?

H. I am married to the woman whom I do and shall for ever love, and am much happier, indeed, than I deserve to be.

L. Pshaw! that is talking idly. Your friends are reconciled; nay, they are as happy as you are yourself; they are rich; you have your establishment; are empowered honourably to maintain your wife and pursue your studies; and, if you can complain of unhappiness, well may I.

H. I did not: I meant only to say, I am not so happy as I might have been, and that, during a certain period, my error gave me strong affliction, which, however well it might be deserved, required every effort to support.

L. You talk now at your ease.

H. You are a witness that I say nothing but the truth.

L. I do not mean to dispute the sincerity or the goodness of your heart; but, having obtained the woman you loved, you will find it difficult to convince me that your sufferings, however real, were not rather the effect of caprice than of sound understanding.

H. Do you then think that we owe nothing to the feelings of parents, who have devoted themselves to our happiness; who for a number of years have been unremittingly anxious for our welfare, and who, to the utmost of their knowledge and ability, have afforded us every source of instruction, and communicated every good within their power. If I do not understand this question, I understand nothing. Grant, however, that it were caprice; from the mistakes of caprice, we are the most liable to suffer. Why did I so readily take upon me to assert, lovely and admirable though I have found my Marianne to be, that she was the only woman on earth who could make me happy?

L. The only one whom you know, at least the only one perhaps whom you could hope to obtain: and you were fortunate enough to have her thrown as it were upon your mercy, and with the rare and exquisite enjoyment of being able to bestow happiness on her whom your heart adored. Oh, that I had that power!

H. The blessing was indeed ineffable, and one that, while I have life, will give me transport to recollect! But to confirm one truth does not destroy another. The desire to make her mine was no less virtuous than it was delightful to my heart. I may, and I sincerely believe I shall, be happier with her than I should have been with any other woman. Still, however, so far as I supposed the happiness and utility of my life must be lost were we to be separated, I was wrong, under the influence of violent passion, and unable to recollect or perceive the the truth. Virtuous and highly amiable though Marianne be, she is not the only virtuous and highly amiable woman on earth.

L. But the only one, I say, whom perhaps you might be ever able to obtain.

H. That is uncertain; but suppose it true, it only happened to be my peculiar good fortune to meet with her. And suppose the power to obtain her had not been mine? Must I therefore have sunk under an imaginary loss? How many beautiful objects are there in the world, how many treasures, which for themselves men might desire, but which they do not, because they are sensible their desires would be vain! In romances, written perhaps with much imagination, but with little moral feeling, it is the essence of the story that a knight should fall in love with a princess. Men may read such romances till they think themselves permitted to fall in love with the first princess they may happen to see, or to hear described; but, in such a case, their fellow-citizens must always consider them as mad. I was not far from the same unhappy condition, when I refused to refer the decision of my fate to my parents, and married without their knowledge. My friend, my heart bleeds, when I recollect my own dishonest, undutiful, and unworthy behaviour!

L. Your feelings were very different before your marriage.

H. They were strangely erroneous! For a man to say there is but one woman who is worthy of me, there is but one with whom I can be happy, or there is not another on earth possessed of so many perfections, is to be guilty of an absurd supposition with respect to himself, and to commit flagrant injustice towards the female sex. That people, before they marry, should have a sincere and tender affection for each other; that their love should be founded on their mutual admiration and excellence, and that should be a mutual preference of each other, is so just, that a virtuous marriage can scarcely be made without these requisites: but that any one should say, I must have the person whom I now admire, or I never can admire any woman on earth, and shall be guilty of some folly, or indiscretion, is surely neither conformable to virtue nor to sound understanding. Should we not call the man absurd who, beholding a beautiful mansion and park, were to say, that must be mine, or I shall be for ever wretched. I will continually lament, I will continually accuse, I know not whom or what; the world, the fates, my stars, or any other imaginary phantom; or, if the owner do not give it me, I will cast myself into the water that ornaments his lawn, and punish him by putting an end to my own sufferings! Would it not be as childish as if he were afterwards to add, my wretched ghost shall haunt him after I am dead, to punish him for his injustice towards me. Believe me, there is no essential difference between such a man and a desperate lover, and the insanity and folly of the latter, though more common, is not a whit less egregious, than of the former.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH HISTORY.

THOUGH the records of every man's own country are those which he reads with most curiosity and delight, yet, considering the matter as citizens of the world, and divesting ourselves of local partialities, the history of no European nation can enter into competition, in point of interest and importance, with that of France. If we look at the other states of Europe, some of them have come into the vineyard, as it were, at the eleventh hour, and were barbarians but the other day; some, again, have long ago run out their race of fame, and protracted from age to age an existence gradually decaying; some have never cultivated letters, and others never been great in arms; some have been too miserable to produce legislators, and others too happy to breed heroes; some have had meagre annalists to chronicle great exploits, and others great historians to record their petty transactions. But, as the duration

of the French empire for thirteen centuries far transcends the credible history of any other state; so the events by which that period is filled up are more various and important, have been related by more numerous and agreeable writers, and given scope to the talents and virtues of more distinguished men, than any other; while the subject presents a still more interesting spectacle to the British and American philosopher, as the source from which much of our polity and jurisprudence, much of our literature, and almost the whole of our system of manners has been derived.

No man can claim the title of a literary or philosophical antiquarian, who has not drank pretty largely from the copious stream of French history; a stream so copious, indeed, that the most diligent among the learned natives themselves have never been able, even in its smaller branches, to exhaust it.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF POLITICAL CONVERSATION.

Written in 1799.

I WENT lately into the company of two persons, whom I will call Tom and Harry, talking very loudly upon politics. The debate, as usual, had proceeded from argument to sarcasm, and from raillery to railing, and went on somewhat in this style:

Tom. Yes, your party aims at nothing but to overthrow the present government.

Harry. The very purpose of the villanous faction whom we fight against.

T. To throw us all into anarchy, and deliver us over to a Robespierrian usurpation.

H. And who's to blame, if that falls out, merely from our struggles to prevent you from establishing a titled and hereditary despotism, well known to be the dearest wish of your hearts, and the end of all your labours?

T. For that you wish to cement us, by alliances and treaties of fraternity, with the horrid and inexorable French.

H. The only expedient we have left to elude the effects of *your* unnatural and traitorous devotion to Britain.

T. But no wonder you act as traitors to your country, and as tools and sycophants of France. Power is the bribe held forth to you; and, to reign is worth your ambition, though as slaves and puppets of a foreign power.

H. Whereas you more wisely content yourself with money, and will barter the freedom of your country for a much safer consideration. Gold, British gold, is the spell that binds *you*.

T. A pack of knaves! cajoling the people by lies and stratagems! and labouring to build up your private fortunes, profligate and bankrupt as you are, upon the ruins of your country!

H. Better knaves than fools, say I: better pursue measures by which a few shall prosper, than, like you, to embrace those by which all shall perish in common. The knave promotes his own interest, at least, but the fool partakes himself of the ruin which he heaps upon others. Ye are blind guides, that fall first into the ditch into which you lead others. Sampsons, that, in order to destroy your enemies, pull the house upon your own heads.

T. Not content with warring against all political order, ye labour, with a diabolical zeal, to destroy the very *names* of morals and religion.

H. Whereas you are contented merely with abolishing the *things*. You leave us to console ourselves with the name, but take care that the substance shall be exchanged for bigotry, intolerance, and superstition.

T. Cursers of God ye are, and tools of the devil!

H. Fit companions, if so, for the

enemies of man, and the victims of their own folly.

T. Ungrateful scoundrels, that, if I had my will, should all be shipped off to-morrow to your respective countries, where your crimes have already merited the gallows. What are you but the refuse of Europe, fugitives from states where your restless malignity strove in vain against wholesome order, and vipers who sting to death that bosom which gave you an asylum?

H. Fit companions, once more say I, for those impious monopolists who deny us the rights of human nature; because, forsooth, we were not *born* among you. More savage, you, than those savage tribes with whom every stranger is an enemy; for, with you, it seems, every *guest* is a *slave!*

T. How dare you abuse the government that fosters and protects you; by whose indulgent influence you are *what* you are; and which, if your ingratitude were treated as it merits, would reduce you in a moment to the beggary and dirt from whence you sprung!

H. I can't tell. I wonder at my own audacity as much as you. For a slave like me to pretend to question the will of one who has my life, liberty, and property in his own hand, and may kill or banish me just as caprice shall prompt him, is a rashness truly surprising. To supplicate his mercy, to pamper his arrogance, to confess that his power over me is no more than simple equity, that I have no shadow of pretence to aspire to an equality with him, to take an equal share in the government of myself and my fellows, is by far the safest way.

T. I understand your irony. And so you would insinuate that you have a right to enter my house, to claim a seat at my table, and share the possession of my wife and children, would you? *That* is one of the rights of human nature, is it? All exclusive property, all household and conjugal privileges, are arrant tyranny and usurpation, I warrant you. Maxims worthy of those who are at once rebels to their country and their God.

H. Rebels let us be as long as we are ruled by tyrants.

T. Atheists!

H. Hypocrites!

T. Liars!

H. Dissemblers!

T. Vile, bloody-minded jacobins!

H. Proud, detestable aristocrats!

T. How dare you, rascal, use such terms?

H. Your humble imitator, sir, am I; I dare do all, as the poet *might have said*, that other rascals dare.

T. Do you call me rascal, sir?

H. No, sir; I *miscal* you gentleman, that's all.

T. Take that, sir (*kicking*).

H. And, to be out of your debt, take *that*, sir (*striking*).

Having little relish for this species of debate, and other persons being present to see *fair play*, I hastily withdrew. This being a pretty good specimen of the fashionable political conversation, I have amused myself by giving you this account of it, which, I hope, may likewise amuse some of your readers.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

MODES OF HISTORICAL WRITING.

THERE are three methods which a historian may pursue with respect to those great subjects, of laws, manners, and the rest, which are so much more interesting, for the most part, than a mere narrative of transactions, and for the sake of which alone, in many periods, civil transactions are worth knowing.

He may interweave them with the body of his narration, either incidentally, as Herodotus, Froissart, and most writers of contemporary history have done, or by way of illustration, like the greater part of modern writers; or, secondly, he may station them in preliminary books, or reserve them for appendices, wherever they bear only a ge-

neral connection with the main body of the work, still pursuing the former method, where it is essential to discuss the causes, or elucidate the circumstance of particular events. Such is the plan of Robertson, in his Charles V, and of Hume, in his History of England. The arrangement of Gibbon is compounded of these two kinds, but partakes much more of the former. The third scheme of disposition is that of Dr. Henry; in which every distinct subject forms a distinct chapter, and the corresponding chapters in each successive volume may be read as a continued independent account of the matters to which they relate.

Of these, the first is beyond comparison the most pleasing to those who read history as a source of amusement. The fatiguing monotony of battles and sieges in war, cabals and negociations in peace, so palls on the mind in almost every historical work, that intermingled passages, which illustrate laws, literature, or manners, show like Oases in the great desert, and afford resting places to the weary reader, from which he may launch out again refreshed into the tedious wilderness. These passages are in many of the best authors more precious, by being rare. Man, so studious to record his crimes and his miseries, casts a careless eye on the laws which protect, the arts which adorn, and the commerce which enriches him. It was not indeed till lately, that the great and leading uses of historical knowledge seem to have been well understood, or that philosophy, with Montesquieu as her high priest, taught us to consider the progress of the species as of more importance than the pedigree of kings, and commissioned those painful, though sometimes refractory drudges, the antiquarians, to labour as her pioneers in the collection of facts, which her more favoured sons must afterwards combine and generalize. Hence, in modern histories, these interesting branches bear a much greater proportion to the main stock than formerly; and for that reason cannot so easily be incorporated with it, without distracting us by frequent transitions, losing that time which is required to recal our ideas, and bring our minds to the proper focus, and rendering it difficult either to refer to particular passages, or to study collectively any particular subject.

To this confused, immethodical disposition, the third plan is directly opposite. It seems indeed at first to be the very reverse of confusion: every genus has its chapter, and every species its section. Yet this extreme accuracy of arrangement may sometimes defeat itself. Many facts are to be found, of which we cannot well say whether they should be referred to the civil or ecclesiastical departments, to the history of science or of art. Thus, the disputes between Henry II and Becket are related by Dr. Henry under the head of religion, though no events could be of a more general nature. But, what is more material, there is great danger that too rigorous an adherence to the systematic division may produce a jejune spiritless performance, a mere anatomy of history, more resembling the dry precision of an index or chronological table, than a skilful and harmonious combination of the several parts of the work. Such is, perhaps, in some degree, the case with Dr. Henry's production.

A field is likewise thus entered, larger than any one can reasonably hope to explore; and the writer is naturally induced, by the very disposition which he adopts, to dwell with unnecessary minuteness on many subjects, which, as they reflect little light on civil history, and furnish little towards philosophical views of the species, ought to be seldom and slightly noticed. Such are long details of theological schisms and heresies, which properly fall under another province, and impose a needless obligation on the writer, the fulfilment of which will perhaps excite the gratitude of few of his readers. Such too is the history of language, a subject extremely inter-

esting in itself, but, for the same reasons, rather injudiciously mingled with very different matter.

The second of the three methods above mentioned is, therefore, best suited to the greater part of histories. In the standard works of Hume and Robertson, while the chain of events is never broken by long dissertations, the narrative is agreeably varied and perspicuously illustrated by occasional digressions, and general views of the state of society are introduced in proper places, without a tedious accuracy, or an attempt to exhaust materials of an indefinite extent.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

THE first vegetation of a new soil, remote from continents and the intercourse of man, is a botanical problem of difficult solution. Objections may be made, with much plausibility, to the received notions of winds, water, and birds conveying an adequate and sufficiently varied supply of seeds in a state fit for germination. The hypothesis of *temporary* and *partial* acts of creation, adapted to *existing circumstances*, is unphilosophical, and by no means countenanced by facts. What have these supplementary acts effected for the island of Ascension, a volcanic ejection of comparatively recent date? Its immense distance from land renders its acquisition of seeds difficult and precarious. There are but two ways of supplying it with seeds, one by the water of the ocean, the other by birds. By one or other of these ways, it has got possession of three species of plants, and only three, a singularity no where else known.

Many existing islands are, probably, only portions of continents, and received their quotas of vegetable germs in periods of high antiquity. Others, which owe their present appearance to the agency of subterraneous fires, may have previously existed at no great depth under the surface of the sea, and in such a state as to preserve the rudiments of future plants from the contact of air or other causes of corruption. Amid the physical convulsions which may have agitated various tracts of the earth's surface, some of the many sources of vegetable reproduction may have been kept alive, while the fortuitous movements of wind, water, and birds may have also contributed their aid. In reasoning, however, on such a subject, we may truly say, that *we are of yesterday*, and that *we know nothing*. History, eager to keep pace with the busy but fleeting events which harass the successive generations of rude and of civilized society, presumes to disdain the silent yet majestic march of nature, who steadily observes her course, heedless of the clamours of contending factions, and of the miseries which man inflicts on his brother. And thus, since the days of Theophrastus till those of Linnæus, the flower, which has not ceased, with the return of spring, to disclose its beauty, or dispense its fragrance, and the more homely herb, which has continued to minister to the shelter or sustenance of animated beings, have, as subjects of inquiry, been condemned to peculiar neglect.

The affinities and migrations of the vegetable families, in the early and subsequent ages of the world, it is now impossible, from want of proper documents, to ascertain. Either they never found a place in the registers of man, or, if they did, their history has for ever perished. What given tract of land can, at this day, exhibit the uninterrupted genealogy of its vegetable tribes? Impressions of races, long since extinct in the colder latitudes, are still visible in various strata of schistus, coal, and iron stone. Their prototypes have, perhaps, perished, or, perhaps, they exist in Africa or Indostan.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

"THE Americans," said a splenetic friend of mine, who has travelled a good deal in America, "are a nation of readers. Taking one with another, a far greater number of the people devote some of their time to reading, than of any other people in the world. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, those who *do*, or who *can* read, bear a very small proportion to the rest. They are scarcely one to twenty; but, in America, almost every man is a student.

"They read not casually, or now and then, but regularly and daily. They betake themselves to reading as punctually as to dine or to labour. Surely, then, they must be a very learned nation. All their minds must be turned to a generous and enlightened key. Society must wear, among them, a face totally different from that of any other nation, and is not this so?

"Why, one must pause a little, and inquire what is it they read? Books of history, or poetry, or science, or morals? Much depends upon their kind of reading. Are they meagre ballads, or fabulous legends? If they be, we can only expect them to be confirmed in every silly prejudice or vile superstition. A sort of volume is left, daily at every man's door. What are its usual contents? To judge of its efficacy, it is necessary to know the tenor of it.

"If we examine them, we shall find them to be nothing more than *newspapers*; pages in which the two factions, who divide the nation, perpetually fight their battles; and, in every species of invective and stratagem, endeavour to get the better of their adversaries. In this school, you may judge what progress the American student is likely to make in the art of governing his passions, enriching his fancy, or enlarging his understanding."

It is thus that the traveller affected to sneer at us poor Americans, for our attachment to the noble pursuits of history and politics. "I would fain know, Mr Caviller," returned I, "how the time of a citizen can be better employed than in watching the conduct of his governors, in detecting their mistakes, and, if need be, censuring or displacing them. For what end has the power of chusing our governors and legislators been vested in us, if we do not exercise it with judgment and vigilance; if we do not inquire into their claims to our favours, and regulate our choice by the tendency of those measures which we know they will adopt?

"But mere political discussions do not wholly engross these publications. Are they not continually supplied with intelligence from all parts of the world? And do they not inform us of the fate of battles, the schemes of statesmen, and the change of rulers, in every part of the world? And what objects are more sublime, more interesting to the rational inquirer, than the successive scenes of this great drama?

"There is no soul among us so sordid and groveling that has not an active curiosity in relation to these great events. He will always lay down his groat for the sake of knowing what they are about in Germany, Egypt, or Bengal. The scene cannot be so remote but we have an eye to it; and sultan Tippoo, and field-marshal Suwarroff, are people with whom every American, the meanest and most laborious among us, is as intimately acquainted as with his next door neighbour."

Not convinced by these reasonings, my companion continued to insinuate, that to know the incidents of a German and Italian campaign, cannot very materially benefit a native of America, who has his bread to get by his industry, and his family to cherish by domestic virtues. He prated much about the necessity of limiting our attention, in the first

place, to our own family affairs; and, if those will allow any of our time to be employed in general pursuits, he urged that it ought to be devoted to the improvement of the heart and the understanding, by writings that explain to us our personal duties, and illustrate them by familiar, pertinent, and amusing examples; by books that advance us in the knowledge of the properties and processes of nature; that make us, or *tend* to make us, better fathers, husbands, and neighbours, better artists or husbandmen.

"Now, no instruction of this kind," he continued, "can be gained from the bickerings of faction, vulgarly politics, and from the shreds and fragments, trifling, contradictory, and vague, to be found in newspapers, and gravely dignified with the name of history. Is any professional skill, any maxim of domestic economy or of social conduct, any improvement in the condition of ourselves or our neighbours, to be drawn from these fountains? How is any man the better in his taste, his temper, or his fortune; how is any man the wiser, in any art or science worth knowing, by hearing that the king of Sweden is playing the fool heroically, and that policy has made the king of Prussia a knave; that Bonaparte has made himself brother to emperors, and kings of his brothers?

"A newspaper, considered as one among a merchant's documents, is a very good thing; as conveying, in due season, information of what is to be bought and sold; of ships arrived, or departing, or taken, or shipwrecked—may not be conveniently dispensed with by the owners of ships, and the venders and buyers of commodities; but why so many of its pages should be stuffed with declamation against individuals, and with scraps of news respecting the operations of armies and ambassadors in another hemisphere, is not easily conceived.

"If these events are worth knowing, it is ridiculously absurd to seek the knowledge in this way. Stay till a little time has rendered the issue of transactions certain, and stay till you have the whole of a particular event, in all its parts and incidents, before you, instead of indulging a childish impatience, and eagerly swallowing every mutilated lying rumour. A little time will not only afford you an authentic account of an event, but will save you all that expence of time which is wasted in procuring and reading premature, unauthentic, and, what is worse, unintelligible statements.

"If the knowledge of great events, passing in the other hemisphere, be of any value, newspapers, as at present conducted, are liable to insurmountable objections; inasmuch as, instead of faithfully and accurately affording this knowledge, they only tend to confuse, bewilder, and mislead. In all they give us, there is such confusion or contradiction of dates; such opposite accounts of the same events; such idle and incessant repetitions, that no mortal can extricate himself from out the chaos. After a week or a month's study, a man may safely conclude that a certain battle has been fought, or a certain treaty ratified; but as to the causes and circumstances that belong to them, the memory is burthened with a discordant and obscure mass. Of these he knows nothing, till some impartial and enlightened observer has collected, arranged, sifted, and weighed the accompanying testimony, and, profiting by lights for which it was requisite patiently to wait, or deeply to search, he delivers, in a narrative of half a page, what had filled, in its impure and chaotic state, not less, perhaps than a hundred columns of a hundred gazettes.

"But even admitting that there is some use in perusing these desultory and impertinent details of news, what have I, a plain farmer perhaps, or a man of some studious vocation, physician, lawyer, or divine, or a country shopkeeper or city artisan; what has such a one as *I* to do with this long history of shipping, this catalogue of sloops and brigs to be sold or freighted, these lists of

goods, wet and dry, to be found at such a corner, or in such an alley? These things occupy three out of the four huge and overflowing pages which I daily receive, and are absolutely of no use but as blank paper.

"A daily gazette contains, when collected, at a year's end, no less than twelve hundred and fifty-two pages, and these are equivalent to, at least, twelve thousand pages of a good sized octavo, and these would make, at least, *twenty-four* bulky octavo volumes. When we reflect upon the infinite variety and quantity of valuable matter which might be squeezed into twenty octavos, how must we lament when we come to scan their actual contents! Three-fourths of them are nothing to the world at large. They are of use, of temporary use, only to the traders, to one of the numerous callings into which the people are distributed. To all the rest they are just as foreign as if some eminent taylor should send his ledgers and receipt-books, for the last ten years, to the press, and I should be served, every morning, with half a volume full of the precious contents. What is the cargo of the ship *Sailfast* to me? What is the bale of dry goods, or a thousand bags of *prime green coffee*, to be sold *to-morrow* by an auctioneer, to me, who live a hundred miles off, or whose pursuits have nothing in them of a mercantile cast? Yet such is the vanity of fashion, and the caprice of the passions, that two thousand copies of such stuff shall be daily printed, and dispersed within a sphere of a hundred miles. Though never read by any but traders, it is brought and laid upon the table, because it is connected with the news and politics of the day; a connection that is perfectly incongruous, and irrational, and unnecessary.

"Among other causes for regret, which the contemplation of the world and its ways furnishes to a friend of mankind, is the absurd or pernicious application of an instrument capable of the most illustrious and permanent use. It is impossible to praise too highly the invention of the *press*. Of all the forms of publication, that of a large sheet, filled with small type, and printed and dispersed daily, is the most to be admired. By this means, a man shall have, for eight dollars, in daily and convenient portions, put into his hand, without effort or forethought of his own, a quantity equal to twenty-four volumes in octavo.

"How powerful in the cause of true virtue and beneficial knowledge might this instrument be made! Put into the hands of philanthropy and genius, what wonders would be wrought by it! How might the knowledge diffused through costly, or inaccessible, or widely scattered volumes, be compressed, with new forms, arrangements, and illustrations, into this easy and current vehicle! How might the truths of science, the maxims of morals and economy, be modelled and distributed anew, be familiarized, and rendered, at the same time, captivating and intelligible, in a daily paper!

"Such are its possible uses; but it is mournful to reflect on the actual application of it. Three-fourths of its contents are wholly useless and foreign to nine-tenths of its readers. By the remaining fourth, the illusions and misrepresentations of faction are conveyed to us. Our understandings are misled by sophistry, and our passions are irritated and depraved by invective and by slander, or a silly curiosity is tantalized (not gratified) by the shreds and patches, void of connection, authenticity, and order of events, in which we have no concern, and attention to which usurps the place of every salutary study.

"Considering the popular newspaper as the test of civilization or wisdom in its readers, how very low must sink our opinion of Americans! Their connection with us, as natives of a common country, may rescue them from our contempt, and prompt us to extenuate the censure, by extending it from *Americans* to *men*; and, by studied comparisons, to show, that if Americans are no *better*, in this respect, than other nations, yet

it may, at least, be said that they are not *worse*."

Such was my good friend's invective against newspapers. It is easy to see that there was much error and extravagance in it; and that the fault, thus imputed to the people at large, can only fall on the head of the editors or publishers of newspapers. As to the contempt cast upon the mercantile portion of a gazette, it is plainly absurd, since intelligence of what is to be bought and sold, is useful to every one who buys and sells; and that is the case with every member of society.—Every man is not interested in every article, but there are some to whom every article is of use; and, in proposing the gratification or advantage of all, each one must be contented with a little.

In a performance of this kind, nothing is more unreasonable than for any one man, or one class, to expect that his benefit or pleasure shall be solely consulted. It is sufficient that there is something, among a multitude of things, which is of use to him, and the scantiness of each portion is made up by the number of those who receive it.

There is no valid reason why mercantile intelligence and general speculations should not be connected in the same paper. Every merchant and townsman is a citizen and a man, though every citizen is not a merchant or inhabitant of a town; and, while one is contented to receive (for he need not read) the salesman's catalogue for the sake of the literature or politics connected with it, the trader is prompted to extend his view beyond his professional concerns by the vicinity of other topics.

As to the politics of newspapers, the curiosity that is attentive to the character and conduct of our rulers, so far from being merely harmless, or only moderately useful, seems to be the grand and indispensable duty of every citizen. Since it is our privilege to chuse, it is our duty to chuse wisely; and, for that end, to be vigilant in scanning the practices and principles of public men, to employ all practicable means of forming a true decision ourselves, and to recommend that true decision to our neighbours.

In all transactions with our fellow men, we must make account for the influence of passions and prejudices, and draw from their folly, their precipitation, and their selfishness, new motives for industry in searching truth for ourselves, and for perseverance and ardour in combating the passions and rectifying the ignorance of others.

If newspapers be, in general, the vehicles of falsehood, and men are betrayed, by faithless guides, in the pursuit of their true interest, and the selection of their true friends, it is criminal to stand idly aloof, or to content ourselves with reviling either the deceiver or the dupe. No; it is our business to exert ourselves to show them their preferable path; and, by shunning all absurd reproaches, all groundless calumnies, all personal altercations, which obscure the penetration in proportion as they inflame the passions of men, we may confer the most signal and illustrious benefits upon our countrymen.

Political intelligence, as conveyed to us through newspapers, is liable to many objections; but some of these objections arise from the nature of the thing, and are inseparable from human testimony; but much, it is evident, must upon the industry, and candour, and judgment of the publisher. The proofs of momentous events must ever be wanting in absolute consistency and certainty; and, in general, mere rumour and conjecture are just as likely to be wrong as right: but this is not applicable to every kind of document or intimation, and there is constantly occurring proofs of a proper and legitimate kind. The selection of these evidences, and the conveyance of them to the inquisitive or studious part of mankind, are surely laudable and beneficial undertakings, and af-

ford large scope for the exercise of diligence, penetration, and impartiality.

The constitution of a newspaper will always allow some columns to be assigned to general information or speculative disquisition. It is, in this respect, chiefly, that it is an important and inestimable instrument for influencing human society, and that a wise superintendant will have occasion for all his wisdom.

Three or four columns of economical or moral discussion, daily supplied, will be quite as much as the occupations of mankind will allow them to attend to. More would be tedious and redundant; and the narrower be the compass of our lucubrations, the more incumbent on us will be the careful selection, and the judicious management of our topics. Instead of lamenting that three-fourths are otherwise engrossed, the friend of mankind should rejoice that literature and morals occupy so large a portion of a production that so widely circulates; and, instead of censuring the connection that is thus formed between literature, and lucre, and politics, he should give honour to his countrymen for permitting the alliance, and ardently approve of such effectual means for introducting the teacher of virtue, and the preceptor in useful arts, to the counters, desks, and tea-tables of every rank and profession in society.

C.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE WISDOM OF SPIDERS.

CAN any thing more strongly evince the intellectual weakness of the animal called man, than the signs of fear, the starts, the shudderings, which he sometimes manifests at the appearance of a spider? How many of us shrink at the mere imagination or description of a spider crawling on our bare shoulder or cheek! And yet, what is a spider? So light that its weight is not felt; so frail that we often crush it into atoms without knowing what we have done. Wholly inoffensive: a mere *spectrum*: as to its mischief-making and resisting power, it is nothing. A spider is, to a man, in *volume* and force, less than a mole to the elephant, than the elephant to Teneriffe.

As we fear, so likewise we hate it. We fly from it; we turn away our eyes; or gratify our spite by remorselessly mangling and exterminating it. To our fear, we add abhorrence; to our abhorrence, contempt; to our contempt, cruelty. Caligula killing flies, and Carrier killing Poictevans, give but too strong evidence of partaking in a common nature. The principle in each is—what? Surely not justice or compassion.

As we fear a spider, though harmless, we despise or neglect it, though wonderful in structure, and far surpassing us in sagacity. Man, with all his art, can never build his house with so much wisdom as the *ant*, prepare his food with so much skill as the *bee*, or provide himself with clothing, and with the means of passing through fluids specifically lighter than himself, with so much expedition and success, as the *spider*.

I have seen spiders descend from the ceiling of a hall thirty feet high, to the floor, occasionally stop or linger by the way, and finally return, by means of a thread, safer to him than a bridge of marble to a man, drawn instantaneously, without seeming labour or pain, from his own substance. Materials for a bridge must be collected, by hundreds of concurring men, from the substances around and without us; but the spider has no need to go beyond himself; his materials are within him and perpetually renewed; his purpose is effected by new modifying, as it were, by the exertion merely of his will, *his own substance*. He prolongs himself, he stretches himself forward, so to speak, and to an extent more than *eighteen hundred fold* greater than his own customa-

ry length; that is, he traverses a space as great, relatively to his bulk, as *two miles* would be to a human being.

How shall a man pass through the air from the summit of Etna to the surface of the sea? In a balloon. How must he descend, safely, eighteen hundred fathoms into the caves of the ocean? In a diving bell. But what is a balloon or diving bell to the conveyance of the spider through a space *relatively* equal?

The reasoning or instinctive foresight of the spider is not less admirable. His house and domain in which he dwells, and over which he expatiates, are, in like manner, parts of himself, wrought into length and breadth, without pain, and with only temporary diminution of his substance. Not only the length, but the thickness and consequent strength of his cords, are accurately adjusted to present circumstances and to future. This fabric must be strong in proportion to the quantity of moisture and of motion in the air about him; but this quantity is variable, and his fabric is designed to last during periods when many successive changes may, in this respect, take place.

Hence the spider, in preparing his web, always ascertains the kind of weather that will prevail for the ten or twelve ensuing days. If he foresees, and his foresight is unerring, much wind or wet, he weaves his woof thicker and shorter accordingly. If he prognosticates a continuance of clear and still skies, he lengthens and *attenuates* without scruple. This knowledge of the future is obtained by some faculty or sense peculiar to himself. Man, on the contrary, must obtain this knowledge by means arduous, complicated, and uncertain. His only reliance, hitherto, has been experience, which is vague, and the barometer, which only predicts the weather for the next twenty-four hours. A very small part of mankind employs the barometer; and that is not the class to whom such knowledge is of most use. The shepherd and the husbandman know as little of barometrical prognostics, as they do of the spider's foresight in this particular.

But though we cannot hope to vie with the wisdom of the spider, it is certainly practicable and wise to profit by the information which he gives. By attending to his measures, by marking the size of his threads, we shall, at least, know *his* opinion of the weather; and thus be guided, in many instances, where a guide is of great importance to our happiness.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

DR. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON, to whom an engraver of some eminence brought a high-finished portrait of lord George Sackville (soon after his lordship's return from Germany), and stated, with a sigh, that he wished for some advice concerning it, for, though he had taken infinite pains with the engraving, he could not sell a print. "Sir (replied Johnson), it appears to me to be a very good portrait, but it is *dress too fine* for a soldier: change the solitaire for a halter, and you will sell as many as you can get rolled from the printing-press."

For the Literary Magazine.

TABLE OF THE NEW FRENCH MEASURES, WITH THEIR PROPORTIONAL RELATIONS.

Relation of all the measures to their principal measure.	Expressed in Cyphers.	NAMES OF THE MEASURES. First part of the name, which indicates the relation to the principal name	Measures of Length.	Measures of Capacity.	Measures of Weight.	Measures of superficies of Land.	Measures of Wood for Fuel.
Ten thousand	10000.	Myria					
A thousand	1000.	Kilo					
A hundred	100.	Hecto					
Ten	10.	Deca					
One	1.		Metre.	Litre.	Gramme.	Are.	Stere.
A tenth (dixième)	0.1	Deci					
A hundreth (centième)	0.01	Centi					
A thousandth (millième)	0.001	Milli					
Relation of the principal measures to one another.			$\frac{1}{10000000}$ of a quarter of the Meridian.	A cubical decimetre.	Weight of a cubical centimetre of water.	100 Square metres	A Cubical metre.
Relation of the principal measures to the ancient ditto.			Ft. Inch. Line. 3 0 $11\frac{1}{2}$	1 pt. $\frac{9}{10}$, or $\frac{1}{18}$ of a bushel.	18 grains $\frac{14}{19}$	$\frac{3}{100}$ of a French acre, or 3 perches.	19 cubical feet.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON TRANSLATION.

WE are never to expect much from a new translation of any poet of eminence. Those who have been used to admire the original, reject a literal rendering of the words as tame and tasteless, and a more free manner as an unwarrantable change of what was good before. To translate literally and beautifully at the same time; to be at once *true to the sense and fame* of the author, is, unless by a rare felicity here and there in a single line, or little more, beyond the compass of man's wit to accomplish.

The first and most notorious obstacles are the rules of metre: the words which constitute a Latin hexameter will not, when correctly translated, fall into the ranks of a French or English verse; and the use of synonyms, which, to a reader who has studied language, either as a philosopher or a man of taste, are always very few, is a limited and precarious resource.

This difficulty is prodigiously increased by the necessity of finding rhymes. If the sense of an original writer is so much modified, as all who have made trial must know that it is, by the imperious obligation of ending each couplet with a chime of sounds, what must be the case with a translator, and by what possibility can he adhere to the meaning of his text, without sacrificing the essentials of metre?

But there are other impediments in the way of literal rendering which cannot be removed, though they are sometimes overlooked at the expence of the goodness, and, consequently, the popularity of the translation. Every language has its own idiom, its own class of words appropriate to poetry, its own artifices of phrase and rhymical structure, in which great part of what is strictly called *style*, both in prose and poety, consists. All this must be lost in a foreign tongue, and, indeed, some part of it is often unperceived by foreigners in the original

What we lose, however, of these lighter and indescribable touches of grace, when we read a language with which we are not thoroughly familiar, is made up to us, in many cases, by the superior effect which the sense is apt to produce on us, where there is something new in the words by which it is conveyed. Every man must have observed how much trite and common-place sentiments appear to gain, when they are found in a Greek or Latin writer, and how totally the illusion is dissipated when we turn them into literal English.

From the exquisite beauty of metrical structure among the ancients, and the gratification which it consequently gave to the ear, as well as from the general superiority of their languages, much greater simplicity, in point of expression, was preserved, by many at least of their great poets, than would be consistent with the spirit and tone of poetry in our modern unmusical tongues. The Italian, indeed, from the softness of the language, the delicacy of its metrical rules, and the copiousness of its poetical dialect, comes near to the ancient class; and, accordingly, there is a general simplicity of style, which will not bear literal translation into English or French.

The consequence of all this is, that a man of taste and fancy, who sits down to present his countrymen with the portrait of an illustrious bard of antiquity, will be perpetually dissatisfied with the bald and spiritless version which must result from a close adherence to his text. He will therefore be led to lay the blame on himself, not on his system; to touch and retouch; to heighten the colouring; to sprinkle here an epithet, and there a metaphor; to make amends for the beauties which, like trees long used to their soil, will not bear transplanting, by new turns and images of his own; till, by degrees, perhaps, like stockings under

the care of a good housewise, very little trace is left of the original prototype. By this process, he may have some chance of producing a good poem, though probably not so good as if he had followed the bent of his own genius; but he will, beyond a doubt, call down on him the indignation of those who discover how palpably he has deserted the model which he proposed to copy. This indignation is sometimes rather unjust, since it imputes as a fault that which was prescribed by necessity: it is, however, well founded, where the copy differs from the original, as is often the case, not only in slighter shades of colour, but in the features and complexion of the whole. These two extremes, of meagre copying, and of imitation so free as to leave no likeness, are to be found in our two translations of Homer. After Pope had been censured, for near a century, for leading his unlearned readers to the most mistaken estimate of the first of poets, there appeared, by a writer, of reputation hardly inferior to Pope's, a very different performance; the best use of which has been, to serve as a beacon and a sea-mark, by which all succeeding poets may be warned to turn their helm from the perils of literal translation.

The just medium seems to be, that every thing should be allowed to the translator, which, it may be fairly presumed, would have been the choice of the author had he lived in our own time. The business of the translator is to enter so fully, by long study and attention, into the mind of his original, that he may, as it were, look on every thing with the same eyes, and feel with the same soul. Whatever is thoroughly in the *manner* of Virgil may, when necessary, be introduced by him who renders Virgil into his own tongue; for the object of a poet is to please, and the object of Virgil was to please chiefly by the beauties and graces of diction: no one, therefore, can doubt that he would have rather, had he written in English, introduced a new image or epithet, than left a line weak and unpoetical. But what is not in the manner of an author, even though good, should never be admitted; for a translation seems primarily meant for the unlearned, and can only mislead them, if it represents a poet as thinking and feeling as he would not have felt or thought. We extend this license of deviation no farther than necessity requires, by which we intend a poetical, not merely a metrical necessity.

For the Literary Magazine.

CAPTAIN LEWIS'S EXPEDITION.

THE following particulars of the expedition of captain Lewis, from the mouth of the Missouri, which empties into the Missisippi at St. Louis, to the Pacific ocean, transmitted to general Clarke, of Kentucky, by his brother, who accompanied the expedition, will be found interesting.

St. Louis, 23d Sept. 1806.

DEAR BROTHER,

We arrived at this place at 12 o'clock to-day, from the Pacific ocean, where we remained during the last winter, near the entrance of the Columbia river. This station we left on the 27th of March last, and should have reached St. Louis early in August, had we not been detained by the snow, which barred our passage across the Rocky Mountains until the 24th of June. In returning through those mountains, we divided ourselves into several parties, digressing from the route by which we went out, in order the more effectually to explore the country, and discover the most practicable route which does exist across the continent by the way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers: in this we were completely successful, and have therefore no hesitation in declaring, that, such as nature has

permitted, we have discovered the best route which does exist across the continent of North America in that direction. Such is that by way of the Missouri to the foot of the rapids, below the great falls of that river, a distance of 2575 miles, thence by land, passing by the Rocky Mountains to a navigable part of the Kooskooske 340; and with the Kooskooske 73 miles, Lewis's river 154 miles, and the Columbia 413 miles to the Pacific ocean, making the total distance, from the confluence of the Missouri and Missisippi to the discharge of the Columbia into the Pacific ocean, 3555 miles. The navigation of the Missouri may be deemed good; its difficulties arise from its falling banks, timber imbedded in the mud of its channel, its sand-bars, and steady rapidity of its current, all which may be overcome with a great degree of certainty, by using the necessary precautions. The passage by land of 340 miles, from the falls of the Missouri to the Kooskooske, is the most formidable part of the track proposed across the continent. Of this distance, 200 miles is along a good road, and 140 miles over tremendous mountains, which for 60 miles are covered with eternal snows. A passage over these mountains is, however, practicable from the latter part of June to the last of September; and the cheap rate at which horses are to be obtained from the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and west of them, reduces the expeaces of transportation over this portage to a mere trifle. The navigation of the Kooskooske, Lewis's river, and the Columbia, is safe and good, from the first of April to the middle of August, by making three portages on the latter river; the first of which, in descending, is 1900 paces at the falls of Columbia, 261 miles up that river, the second of two miles, at the long narrows, six miles below the falls, and a third, also of two miles, at the great rapids, 65 miles still lower down. The tide flows up the Columbia 183 miles, and within seven miles of the great rapids. Large sloops may with safety ascend as high as the tide water, and vessels of 300 tons burthen reach the entrance of the Multnomah river, a large southern branch of the Columbia, which takes its rise on the confines of New Mexico, with the Callerado and Apostle's rivers, discharging itself into the Columbia, 125 miles from its entrance into the Pacific ocean. I consider this track across the continent of immense advantage to the fur trade, as all the furs collected in nine-tenths of the most valuable fur country in America may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia, and shipped from thence to the East Indies, by the first of August in each year; and will of course reach Canton earlier than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in Great Britain.

In our outward bound voyage we ascended to the foot of the rapids below the great falls of the Missouri, where we arrived on the 14th of June, 1805. Not having met with any of the natives of the Rocky Mountains, we were of course ignorant of the passes by land, which existed through those mountains to the Columbia river. And had we even known the route, we were destitute of horses, which would have been indispensably necessary to enable us to transport the requisite quantity of ammunition and other stores to ensure the remaining part of our voyage down the Columbia; we therefore determined to navigate the Missouri as far as it was practicable, or unless we met with some of the natives, from whom we could obtain horses and information of the country. Accordingly, we undertook a most laborious portage at the falls of the Missouri, of eighteen miles, which we effected with our canoes and baggage by the 3d of July. From hence, ascending the Missouri, we penetrated the Rocky Mountains at the distance of 71 miles above the upper part of the portage, and penetrated as far as the three forks of that river, a distance of 180 miles further. Here the Missouri divides

into three nearly equal branches at the same point. The two largest branches are so nearly of the same dignity, that we did not conceive that either of them could with propriety retain the name of the Missouri; and therefore called these streams Jefferson's, Madison's, and Gallatin's rivers. The confluence of these rivers is 2858 miles from the mouth of the Missouri, by the meanders of that river. We arrived at the three forks of the Missouri on the 27th of July. Not having yet been so fortunate as to meet with the natives, although I had previously made several exertions for that purpose, we were compelled still to continue our route by water.

The most northerly of the three forks, that to which we had given the name of Jefferson's river, was deemed the most proper for our purpose, and we accordingly ascended it 248 miles, to the upper forks, and its extreme navigable point; making the total distance to which we had navigated the waters of the Missouri 3096 miles, of which 429 lay within the Rocky Mountains. On the morning of the 17th of August, 1805, I arrived at the forks of Jefferson's river, where I met captain Lewis, who had previously penetrated, with a party of three men, to the waters of the Columbia, discovered a band of the Shoshone nation, and had found means to induce thirty-five of their chiefs and warriors to accompany him to that place. From these people we learned that the river on which they resided was not navigable, and that a passage through the mountains in that direction was impracticable. Being unwilling to confide in this unfavourable account of the natives, it was concerted between captain Lewis and myself, that one of us should go forward immediately with a small party, and explore the river; while the other in the interim should lay up the canoes at that place, and engage the natives with their horses to assist in transporting our stores and baggage to their camp. Accordingly I set out the next day, passed the dividing mountains between the waters of the Missouri and Columbia, and descended the river which I since call the East Fork of Lewis's river, about seventy miles. Finding that the Indians's account of the country in the direction of this river was correct, I returned and joined captain Lewis on the 29th of August, at the Shoshone camp, excessively fatigued, as you may suppose; having passed mountains almost inaccessible, and compelled to subsist on berries during the greater part of my route. We now purchased twenty-seven horses of these Indians, and hired a guide, who assured us that he could in fifteen days take us to a large river in an open country, west of these mountains, by a route some distance to the north of the river on which they lived, and that by which the natives west of the mountains visit the plains of the Missouri, for the purpose of hunting the buffaloe. Every preparation being made, we set forward with our guide on the 31st of August, through those tremendous mountains, in which we continued until the 22d of September, before we reached the lower country beyond them; on our way we met with the Olelachshoot, a band of the Tuchapaks, from whom we obtained an accession of seven horses, and exchanged eight or ten others. This proved of infinite service to us, as we were compelled to subsist on horse beef about eight days before we reached the Kooskooske.

During our passage over those mountains, we suffered every thing which hunger, cold, and fatigue could impose; nor did our difficulties, with respect to provision, cease on our arrival at the Kooskooske, for although the Pallotepallors, a numerous nation inhabiting that country, were extremely hospitable, and for a few trifling articles furnished us with an abundance of roots and dried salmon, the food to which they were accustomed, we found that we could not subsist on these articles, and almost all of us grew sick on eating them; we were obliged, therefore, to have recourse to the

flesh of horses and dogs, as food, to supply the deficiency of our guns, which produced but little meat, as game was scarce in the vicinity of our camp on the Kooskooske, where we were compelled to remain, in order to construct our perogues, to descend the river. At this season the salmon are meagre, and form but indifferent food. While we remained here, I was myself sick for several days, and my friend captain Lewis suffered a severe indisposition.

Having completed four perogues and a small canoe, we gave our horses in charge to the Pallotepallors until we returned, and on the 7th of October re-embarked for the Pacific ocean. We descended by the route I have already mentioned. The water of the river being low at this season, we experienced much difficulty in descending: we found it obstructed by a great number of difficult and dangerous rapids, in passing of which our perogues several times filled, and the men escaped narrowly with their lives. However, this difficulty does not exist in high water, which happens within the period which I have previously mentioned. We found the natives extremely numerous, and generally friendly, though we have on several occasions owed our lives and the fate of the expedition to our number, which consisted of thirty-one men. On the 17th of November we reached the ocean, where various considerations induced us to spend the winter; we therefore searched for an eligible situation for that purpose, and selected a spot on the south side of a little river, called by the natives *Netul*, which discharges itself at a small bar on the south side of the Columbia, and fourteen miles within point Adams. Here we constructed some log houses, and defended them with a common stockade work. This place we called Fort Clatsop, after a nation of that name who were our nearest neighbours. In this country we found an abundance of elk, on which we subsisted principally during the last winter. We left Fort Clatsop on the 27th of March. On our homeward bound voyage, being much better acquainted with the country, we were enabled to take such precautions as in a great measure secured us from the want of provision at any time, and greatly lessened our fatigues, when compared with those to which we were compelled to submit in our outward bound journey. We have not lost a man since we left the Mandians, a circumstance which I assure you is a pleasing consideration to me. As I shall shortly be with you, and the post is now waiting, I deem it unnecessary here to attempt minutely to detail the occurrences of the last eighteen months.

I am, &c.

Your affectionate brother,

WM. CLARK.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

RUSSIA, by the part she has lately taken in the contests and negociations of the western nations of Europe, has become an object of importance. The progress and condition, political and geographical, of that empire, are subjects of curious speculation; but these speculations seem hitherto to have led to many erroneous conclusions. It is common to allow our minds to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of this object, and not to discriminate between the real and apparent sources of power and wealth.

The most obvious considerations respecting Russia are suggested by the view of a map of the eastern hemisphere. The eye begins its course at the shore of the Atlantic, speedily traverses the British islands, steps with ease across the peninsulas of Spain, Italy, and Greece; and, turning northward, reaches, in a few glances, the banks of the Baltic sea and the Dnieper. This space, scol-

lopped, intersected, and checkered by gulphs, bays, and lakes, appears a minute off-set or branch of the vast extent of ground stretching to the east of it; and yet, inconsiderable as it is, it is broken up into some scores of independent sovereignties and petty principalities.

Having rested a while on the shores of the Don or Dnieper, we may look abroad to the east, north-east, and south-east. Over what immense tracts must we range, before we descry the icy capes of the north, or the islets scattered at the western limits of America, or those lofty ridges which form the southern rampart of Siberia, and divide it from the ancient seats of the Mongals, and the hereditary domains of the Chinese princes! Yet, until these are surveyed, we have not reached the limits of the Russian empire.

From surveys like these, we are apt to obtain awful conceptions of the greatness of Russia. When we compare it with the western parts of Europe, and observe that England and Wales, multiplied eighty fold, would be no more than equal in extent to Russia; that France, Spain, or Germany is to this empire as one is to twenty-five; the former kingdoms are likely to fall into contempt, to dwindle into insignificance.

These lofty images, however, will, perhaps, be somewhat lowered when we come to reflect, that ground, not inhabited or cultivated, and not capable of cultivation, is in reality of no more value, in an estimate of national greatness, than so much water. A million of acres of sand, or bog, or *glaciers*, is, indeed, inferior to a million of acres of ocean: since the water abounds with life and motion, and supplies an inexhaustible store of subsistence to those who seek it; but the snows and fogs of Kamtschatka, the dreary sands of Orenburg and Tobolsk, and the mountainous rocks of Yakutska, afford no scope for the plough, no nutriment to the wholesome plants on which civilized man must live, and no air fit to be inhaled by human lungs.

In estimating national power, one consideration is the number of subjects. Three-fourths of this empire are comprised in Siberia; but Siberia is a realm of torpor, solitude, and dreariness. One-fifth of it lies within the arctic circle, and is wandered over by a few thousands of human creatures, whose animal and mental powers are withered and shrunk up by the horrors of the climate.

The rest of Siberia is included between the arctic circle and the fiftieth degree of north latitude.—The state of these provinces, as to fertility and population, may be known by examining the condition of one of them. Kamtschatka, which stretches from one of these parallels to the other, and may therefore lay claim to as lenient an air and pregnant a soil as any of them, will afford a suitable example.

Kamtschatka is larger than Great Britain, but will produce little corn, and contains *five thousand* people*, which is one person to every twenty square miles. If the rest of Siberia be allowed to be twenty times more fertile and populous than this province, which is a very liberal allowance, the whole number will perhaps amount to four millions.

These millions consist partly of a great number of Tartarian tribes, whose wealth consists in their felt tents, their wooden buckets, and their herds of mares, oxen, and sheep, and partly of a drowsy and amphibious race, who live upon the flesh and oil of fish, and are examples of the utmost degradation of which our species is susceptible. They have little on which the rights of sovereignty can be exercised. They render a kind of nominal homage, and pay, as tribute, one of every ten skins which they tear from the foxes and otters of their forests and lakes.

This homage and tribute are occasionally withheld, and must be ex-

* See Coxe's Russian Discoveries.

acted by bands of Cossacks, whose maintenance costs more than the tribute received. Such is the real state of four-fifths of the boasted empire of the Russians.

National power generally depends, not only on the number of the people governed, but, 1st, On the absoluteness of the sway. 2d, On the civilization and wealth of the people. And 3d, On the compactness and proximity of their dwellings. The last circumstance, indeed, naturally flows from the preceding one, trade and tillage being the causes and tests of national improvement, and these always tending to collect men into cities and villages.

What is pompously called the Russian empire in Asia, is a nominal and unsettled superiority over savage tribes and barren deserts. Its subjects are poor and barbarous, and dispersed, in small bands, hundreds of miles from each other; and, with few exceptions, vagabonds and rovers, without a fixed dwelling or a tilled acre.

Should we compare Russia with the dominions of the German princes, we shall be surprised at the total difference between them. Four millions of impoverished, unlettered, and almost independent savages, are dispersed through Siberia; but the same number of farmers, artisans, villagers, and townsmen, are collected together in the archdukedom of Austria alone; that is, into a space one hundred and forty times smaller than Asiatic Russia. Hence, in subordination, compactness, civilization, and wealth, Austria infinitely surpasses Siberia, while it is not inferior in the number of inhabitants.

European Russia is a country of immense extent, stretching from the forty-fifth degree north latitude to the neighbourhood of the pole. Its extent is equal to all the western kingdoms, Britain and Ireland, Spain, Portugal, France, Netherlands, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Hungary, and Poland, taken together. The middle and southern parts have a mild temperature and fertile soil, but one-third of it lies beyond the sixtieth degree, and can therefore differ but little from Siberia. The best portion of the southern provinces is possessed by the Zaporavian, Nogay, and Cossack tribes, whose population is extremely scanty, and who are turbulent, fickle, and unprofitable subjects. The best cultivated space is that bordering on the Baltic, and which has been conquered from the Swedes.

If the whole were peopled in the same proportion as Livonia, the population would be thirty millions; but this can by no means be granted, since, on the north, so large a portion as one-third is known to be too moist and too cold for culture, and since so much of its most fertile southern ground is occupied by Tartar hordes.

If the whole were equal in population to the Ukraine and the new kingdom of Tauria, it would amount only to two millions; but this computation can be admitted as little as the other. It will be nearer, and certainly will not fall below the truth, to fix the number of European Russian subjects at *twenty millions*: but this does not exceed the population of France or Germany; and how immeasurable is the interval between the ignorance and poverty of Russia, and the arts and opulence of Flanders or Saxony!

In no country in the world are the false conceptions of magnificence and empire more prevalent than in Russia; no where have the efforts to enlarge dominion been more uniform and strenuous; no where has the art of transforming men into soldiers been practised to a greater extent. Yet the utmost military force which these vast territories can furnish, including the licentious bands of Tartar cavalry, has never exceeded the regular force of France or Austria.

Nearly half of this force (about one hundred and fifty thousand) is scattered over an extent of six thousand miles, from the fortresses on the Baltic to those in Kamtschatka, in order to acquire or maintain the superiority of the Muscovites over

barbarians, of a thousand tribes, languages, and superstitions, who are compelled to give one-tenth of their substance to enable their oppressors to lounge in their barracks, and keep their muskets bright.

The rest are occasionally employed in the field against the Turks, or stationed in the towns of Poland, Finland, and Moldavia, to enforce submission to the ukase of *the emperor of all the Russias*, and to rob the peasants of their black bread. That wretched bread which a churlish soil and domestic tyrants have made too small for wholesome subsistence, must be shared with the slaves of his imperial majesty; and the morcels wrung from ten thousand hands, come in time to be consolidated and transmuted into a shining pebble, or a hundred square yards of painted canvas. This pebble is destined, perhaps, by imperial munificence, to dangle from the button-hole of a field-marshal, and this canvas will be spread upon the wall of a saloon, and thus secure to the tenant of the building the glory of a patron of the arts.

By much the larger part of this tribute is exchanged for fire-arms, and gun-powder, and military uniforms. To what end? To stretch the limits of ideal dominion over more mountains and deserts, and to wrest their hard earnings from the fishers of the Baichal, and the herdsmen of Podoli.

Finally, the whole empire of Russia, including the recent usurpations in Poland and Turkey, contains about thirty millions of subjects. In mere numbers, therefore, it is not superior to France. In every other respect, the inferiority is still more evident. In estimating national power, the importance of numbers is lessened in proportion as they are scattered over a wider space, as they are poor, ignorant, disunited, and imperfectly subjected. In all these respects, Russia may be quoted as a perfect specimen of political debility. There is no region of the globe, in which numbers have a less proportion to extent of ground, whose soil is more sterile, and climate more unfriendly to man; whose inhabitants are more ferocious, and stupid, and forlorn, and more remote from each other in language, habits, and religion; and where the rights of sovereignty are less perfectly established, less profitable to the rulers, and less beneficial to the subjects.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

PESTILENCE AND BAD GOVERNMENT COMPARED.

WHAT a series of calamities is the thread of human existence! I have heard of men who, though free themselves from any uncommon distress, were driven to suicide by reflecting on the misery of others. They employed their imagination in running over the catalogue of human woes, and were so affected by the spectacle, that they willingly resorted to death to shut it from their view. No doubt their minds were constituted after a singular manner, for we are generally prone, when objects chance to present to us their gloomy side, to change their position, till we hit upon the brightest of its aspects.

I was lately perusing, in company with two friends, the history of intestine commotions, in one of the ancient republics; one of the colonies of Magna Græcia. The nation comprehended a commercial city, peopled by eighty thousand persons, with a small territory annexed. Two factions were for a long time contending for the sovereignty, but, on one occasion, the party that had hitherto been undermost, obtained the upper place. The maxims by which they intended to deport themselves were, for some time, unknown. That they would revenge themselves upon their adversaries, in any signal or atrocious way, was by no means expected. Time, however, soon unfolded their characters and views.

The ordinary course and instruments of judicature were esteemed inadequate to their purposes, for these would not allow them to select their victims in sufficient numbers, and with sufficient dispatch. They therefore erected a secret tribunal, and formed a band of three hundred persons, who should execute, implicitly, the decrees of this tribunal. These judges were charged with the punishment of those who had been guilty of crimes against the state, and they set themselves to the vigorous performance of their office.

On other occasions, it has been usual to subject to some appearance of trial the objects of persecution; to furnish them with an intelligible statement of their offences; to summon them to an audience of their judges; and to found their sentence on some evidence real or pretended; but these rulers were actuated by no other impulse than vengeance. The members of this tribunal were convened, daily, for no other purpose than to form a catalogue of those who should be forthwith sacrificed.

The avenues to the hall where they were assembled were guarded by the troop before mentioned. Having executed this business of the day, the officers of the band of executioners were summoned, and the fatal list was put into their hands. The work of death began at night-fall; this season being adopted to render their proceedings more terrible. For this end, likewise, it was ordered that no warning should be given to the men whose names were inscribed upon this roll, but by the arrival of the messengers at their door.

These, dressed in a peculiar uniform, marched by night to the sound of harsh and lamentable music, through the streets of the mute and affrighted city. They stopped at the appointed door, and, admission being gained, peaceably or by violence, they proceeded, in silence, to the performance of their commission. The bow-string was displayed; the victim, torn from his bed, from the arms of his wife, from the embraces of his children, was strangled in an instant; and the breathless corpse left upon the spot where it had fallen. They retired without any interruption to their silence, and ended not their circuit till the catalogue was finished.

To inflict punishment was the intention of these judges, but they considered that our own death is not, in all instances, the greatest evil that we can suffer. We would sometimes willingly purchase the safety of others at the price of our own existence. The tribunal therefore conducted itself by a knowledge of the characters of those whom its malice had selected. Sometimes the criminal remained untouched, but he was compelled to witness the destruction of some of his family. Sometimes his wife, sometimes his children, were strangled before his eyes; and sometimes, after witnessing the agonies of all that he loved, the sentence was executed on himself.

The nature of this calamity was adapted to inspire the utmost terror. No one was apprized of his fate. The list was inscrutable to every eye but that of the tribunal. The adherents to the ruling faction composed about one-third of the inhabitants. These of course were secure, and, if they did not triumph in the confusion of their foes, they regarded it with unconcern.

The rage and despair which accompanied the midnight progress of the executioners scarcely excited their attention. Their revels and their mirth suffered no interruption or abatement.

It was asked in vain, by the sufferers, when the power which thus scattered death and dismay was to end? No answer was returned; but they were left to form their judgment on the events that arose. Night succeeded night; but the murders, instead of lessening, increased in number. Many admitted the persuasion that a total extermination of the fallen party was intended; and, for a considerable period, every circumstance contri-

buted to heighten this persuasion. It was observed that the list continued gradually to swell, till the number of executions in a single night amounted to no less than two hundred.

It were worthy of some eloquent pen to describe this state of things. Surely never did the depravity of human passions more conspicuously display itself than on this stage. The most vigorous efforts were made to shake off this dreadful yoke, but the tyrants had previously armed their adherents, and guarded every avenue to a revolution with the utmost care. The city walls and gates served to stop the fugitives, and none but the members of the triumphant faction were suffered to go out. Policy required that those who furnished the city with provisions should be unmolested in their entrances and exits. In no variation of circumstances, indeed, had the wretched helots any thing to fear, for no change in their condition could possibly be for the worse.

It will hardly be believed that this state of things continued for so long a period as four months. During this time, vengeance did not pause for a single night. At the expiration of this period, suddenly, and without warning, the nightly visitations ceased, and the tribunal was dissolved. The world were now permitted to discover what limits had been assigned to the destruction. On counting up the slain, it appeared that six thousand persons had perished, and, consequently, that the purpose of the tyrants had been, not the indiscriminate massacre, but merely the decimation of their adversaries.

Having finished the perusal of this tale, I could not forbear expatiating to my friends on the enormity of these evils, and thanking the destiny that had reserved us for a milder system of manners.

"Not so fast," said Thomas. "You forget that the very city of which we are inhabitants, no longer ago than 1793, suffered evils nearly parallel to those that are here described. In some respects the resemblance is manifest and exact. In the inscrutability of the causes that produced death; the duration of the calamity; and the proportional number of the slain, the cases are alike. Our condition was worse, inasmuch as the lingering agonies of fever are worse than the expeditious operation of the bow-string. We had to encounter the miseries of neglect and want; the cessation of all lucrative business, and the sealing up of most of the sources of subsistence, were disadvantages peculiar to ourselves. Against these may be put in the balance the misery which haunts the oppressors, and those aggravations of distress flowing from a knowledge that the authors of our calamities are men like ourselves, whom, perhaps, our own folly has armed against us. The evils which infest human society flow either from causes beyond our power to scrutinize, or from the licence of malignant passions. It would require a delicate hand to adjust truly the balance between these opposite kinds of evil; but suppose tyranny and plague, as in these cases, to destroy the same numbers in the same time, which has produced the greatest quantity of suffering? It is not easy to decide, but I am apt to think that the miseries of plague must be allowed to preponderate."

"The cases," said William, "seem to me to have very little resemblance. If I had been an inhabitant of the Greek colony, I see not how I should have been benefited by this state of affairs, whereas the yellow fever was, to me, the most fortunate event that that could have happened. I kept a store, as you know, in Water street. I was young, and was then so poor that my stock, small as it was, was obtained upon credit. I was obliged to exert the most unremitting industry to procure myself the means of living, and the very means by which I sought to live had like to have destroyed me, for my frail constitution could not support the inconveniences of inactivity and bad air. My health was rapidly declining, and

I could not afford to relinquish my business. The yellow fever, however, compelled me to relinquish it for a while.

"I took cheap lodgings in the neighbourhood of Lancaster, and country air and exercises completely reinstated me in the possession of health; but this was not all; for I formed an acquaintance with a young lady, who added three hundred pounds a year, to youth, beauty, and virtue. This acquaintance soon ripened into love, and now you see me the happiest man in the world. A lovely wife, a plentiful fortune, health, and leisure are the ingredients of my present lot, and for all these am I indebted to the yellow fever."

S.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

THE recreations and studies of youth greatly influence their morals through life. The prevailing passion for novels particularly merits regard. There are some books of this kind which no parent should suffer to enter the hands of her child; which no bookseller should sell. Among these I shall mention the *Sorrows of Werter*, a book more read than any of its kind by the young, and which has proved the bane of more than one family.

There are, however, numerous novels which tend rather to enlarge the heart and to produce only the most generous emotions. It has been questioned by moralists whether Richardson should ever have drawn his character of Lovelace, because it exhibits a monster of depravity. Much may be urged against the delineation of such characters; but, so long as they exist, it appears to be no more than proper to display their deformity, in order to guard youth against them. The character of Lovelace is not dressed up in alluring colours like that of Werter; nature is displayed where it is depraved, in lines so strong as to excite abhorrence: Werter, on the contrary, is drawn with a richness, that, however pitiable the real character might be, the danger of a mistaken passion or an immoral indulgence of affection is too great for a picture like this to be safely or prudently entrusted to the consideration of minds not strongly formed.

Many persons are wholly adverse to novel reading. If this sentiment were produced by a fear of the danger of particular works like Werter, or Peregrine Pickle, their motives could not be disapproved; but when it extends to the exclusion of the whole class, it does not appear to be founded in reason.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

COMMERCIAL SKETCHES.

Great Britain and the North of Europe.

ALL civilised states have mutually an interest in each other's prosperity. The benefit which any country derives from the flourishing situation of adjoining nations is in proportion to the advances it has made in arts, manufactures, and commerce. On these grounds, it is apparent that Great Britain must be the well-wisher of neighbouring states; since they cannot increase their produce and industry, nor add to their population, without the augmented supply of those articles which she needs, and an encreased demand for those which she furnishes. The interests in this case are reciprocal; and if it promotes the welfare of Britain to have the adjoining states advance in real and genuine prosperity, they have a similar reason for desiring that she should continue to be the wealthy and prosperous state which she has long been.

We may exemplify this position in the case of Russia and the northern states; and what is here laid

down, is capable of being still farther generalized.

—

Russia.

If we look at the amount of imports into Great Britain, comparing two years of last war with two years during the peace, we shall see that the increase, comparing 1784 and 1785 with 1801 and 1802, is nearly thus:

Imports from Russia have increased from 450,000*l.* to 2,230,000*l.* that is, they are four times greater than they were; those of Denmark have nearly doubled, and those of Sweden have done the same; and if those two latter powers have not increased still more, it is owing to themselves: Britain cannot purchase what they have not got to sell; and, if they do not increase their produce more rapidly, their commerce must feel the effects.

It may be hoped, that a convention being entered into, and the improbability of Russia ever being so unfortunately guided as she was in 1800, will prevent any future discussions on this subject, which, as we have seen, originated rather in private motives than in justice; still, however, as there is a possibility that what has happened may happen again, it may not be improper to enquire into the consequences of such hostilities.

The chief trade of Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, is with England; that would, in the first place, be interrupted; and England, during that interruption, would find it necessary either to raise at home, or procure from America, the articles now obtained from those nations. This, we shall see, is perfectly practicable, and the trade never would return to its present state. The northern nations would then be great losers, independent of the expences of the war, which, at all events, would be considerable; and the object for which they fought would be destroyed, whether they succeeded or failed. Let us suppose, for a moment, that England was compelled to yield; where would then be the commerce of Russia? Is it not the naval power and greatness of England that occasions the chief consumption of naval stores in every country? Would the materials for a few frigates, such as are maintained by the United States, support the commerce of the northern nations? And if England were destroyed, where would be the necessity for any thing more?

If, on the contrary, England conquered, the destruction of the rising navy of Russia would be certain; Denmark and Sweden would sustain a loss that twenty years of commerce would not repair, particularly of such mutilated commerce as they would then enjoy.

If this vast empire was to attain to the lowest population which prevails in the European states, namely, to that of fifty to a square mile, it would count inhabitants to the number of one hundred and twenty-five millions, a change which would most materially affect the mercantile and political interests of the globe. The actual population amounts to two millions: but its revenue does not exceed ten millions; which sum, however, will go three times as far in that country as in England.

This empire is divided into three divisions; from the 57th degree towards the north pole forms the northern division; between the 57th and the 50th degree of latitude forms the middle division; and the southern division begins at the 50th degree of latitude, and extends to the southern boundary of the Russian dominions.

The northern division abounds with all sorts of fish, some cattle, wild animals, and some of the metals, and much wood, though the latter diminishes in size, as it approaches the north.

The middle division is not only preferable, from its being a more temperate climate, but because it furnishes the greatest part of the produce for the export of Russia, as well as for its manufactures. In this division grow the hemp and

flax, as well as different sorts of grain; the cattle are here generally fatter: tallow, hides, and glue are produced here in greater quantities than in the northern parts: iron, copper, silver, and gold, and by far the finest fir timber, comes from hence.

The south division is more productive in cattle than the middle division, but not equally so in other articles, though from its climate it may be made to produce fruits, wines, and most of the luxuries of life.

Grand plans for the improvement of the country and the advancement of its commerce are carrying on with the utmost zeal and ardour: vast canals have been formed, others are now forming, and more are under consideration. The North sea is already united with the Baltic, and both with the Caspian and the Black seas. Petersburgh communicates by inland navigation with Astracan and the Crimea; and it will soon have intercourse by the same means with Archangel and Riga.

By means of the canals already finished, a great part of *European Russia* has a communication with one or other of the seas by which it is bounded; and, as the rivers are numerous, and a general plan is followed of constructing canals, wherever they can be useful, in a very short time, its internal communications will be such as to furnish it with the means of transporting all its produce into other parts, by means of water carriage.

There is a communication from the frontiers of China, by which the trade from thence, and that of Siberia, is carried on to the city of Petersburgh. This navigation first commences on the borders of China, passing by the Selenga to the Baikal lake, from thence upon the Angara into the Yenissey, as far down as Yenissey; there the merchandise is unloaded and carried over a short tract of land, and embarked on the river Ket; from thence down that river into the Oby; from which up the Irtish, the Tobol, and thence over land to the Tchussovaia, upon which river it is embarked again and falls into the Kama, and the Kama into the great river Wolga. By this conveyance Russia drew, some years ago, merchandise to the value of no less than twelve millions of rubles.

The increase of the Russian commerce within these last thirty years has been prodigious. The inland communications by water, and the land carriage by the sledge roads over the snow, by rendering the conveyance of goods easy and incredibly cheap, have wonderfully increased the activity and facilitated the operations of commerce.

It was not till the year 1588, that Great Britain began to trade with Russia by the way of the gulph of Finland. The vast proportion of the trade of this immense empire, which at present is engrossed by Great Britain, is generally known. The exports of Russia to Britain are to those which she makes to the rest of the world in the proportion of sixteen to seventeen, while the imports so classed are only as one to five. Russia has at some periods exported 80,000 tons of iron, of which England has been known to take 50,000; and the average export of that article at this time is calculated at 40,000 tons, of which three-fourths are carried to England. In 1803, Russia exported 15,000 tons of flax, of which two-thirds fell to Britain, and she uniformly deals in its hemp, and frequently in its grain, in the same proportion. In 1803, Russia exported 34,500 tons of tallow, at the price of nearly two millions sterling; of which quantity, 27,450 tons fell to the share of Great Britain. The waste and improvidence in regard to wood, which prevails in Russia, occasioned a temporary suspension of the trade in that article; and at this time only a very limited exportation is allowed, nearly the whole of which is furnished to the demands of the British empire. By proper management, Russia might supply the whole European market with timber.

The Black sea will furnish those articles through the Dardanelles,

which England receives by the Baltic; therefore the trade of the Black sea can never be one to be cultivated by the British: the voyage through the Marmora into the ports of the Black sea, will occupy nearly as long a period as one to Madras; and so long as the facilities are promoted, to convey the produce by the interior canals to the rivers falling into the Baltic, there never can be a trade carried on from Great Britain direct; her manufactures being in small compass and of greater value, will also be conveyed by the way of the Baltic. Indeed, when the canals of the interior, communicating with that sea, are completed, Great Britain might carry on her Turkey trade through that channel in time of war, rather than the circuitous one through the Mediterranean, loaded with heavy freights and high insurance, besides detention for convoy.

As Russia extends in civilization and refinement, her wants will increase, and her commerce extend; the soil and climate around this sea will derive every assistance from so great a power, and the encouragement given to commercial adventure in general, which is so much fostered as it is, by his present imperial majesty, that it may probably soon become very great, and be the cause of giving an entire new turn, not only to the commerce of the Baltic, but, most likely, to the politics of Europe. We have seen a wonderful change in Russia, in a short time, in transplanting its trade from the White to the Baltic sea; its next flight may, in the course of events and a short time, be to the Black sea.

The uncommon attention given by the Russian government to promote the trade of the Black sea, and establish the port of Odessa, is a good deal similar to that of Peter the great, in the building of Petersburgh, and the making of Sebastipol a royal dock, and sufficiently proves the great importance attached to the situation and commerce in this quarter by Russia.

Odessa.

The port of Odessa is situated on a bay formed by the Black sea, thirty miles distant from the mouth of the Dniester, and sixty from that of the river Dnieper. It is a secure and convenient bay, with a great depth of water; consequently it is seldom closed by the frost, which attracted the attention of the Russian government when it came into their possession, so that it is likely to become a second Petersburgh.

An unprecedented activity is now displayed in the construction of moles, lazarettos, and buildings of every kind: large sums are granted for that purpose, without suffering this important concern to be delayed by any correspondence. One of the new moles has already a length of 215 fathoms, and the other of 160, each of which is to be extended to 315 fathoms, and raised seven feet and a half above the surface of the sea. They are constructed after the manner of the piers at Bayonne, and will be made from ten to twelve feet wide, exclusive of a parapet with embrazures for 30 pieces of cannon. The port will comprise an area of 60,000 square fathoms, and its entrance will be 150 fathoms wide, so that the ships may get in with wind at north-east, which otherwise is adverse. The port has a good anchorage, the bottom being of a fine sand and gravel. The depth of water within the port is sufficient to admit the largest ships of war.

It is intended to render the Dniester entirely navigable, so as to bring down the produce of Galicia, and to form an aqueduct to Odessa. Round this new city it is an open country, not having any wood, which appears the only inconvenience.

So rapidly has its commerce increased, that in the year 1803, before the first of November, there had already arrived 502 ships, of which 472 were loaded and sailed.

In November, 1804, its population amounted to 15,000 souls, and above

2900 houses were already inhabitable, buildings were extending, and plans for its magnificence multiplying.

Its chief export has hitherto consisted in grain, but, from its situation, it will be the great depot for the produce which can be conveyed down the different rivers, which fall into the bay near to it.

His majesty gave directions and authority to the duke de Richlieu, to execute his favourite plan of raising this new city, and promoting this new channel of commerce, and at the same time issued an ukase, dated March 5, 1804, to make this port an entrepot, which shows the great consideration this new Alexandria enjoys.

To give this new port every possible advantage besides that of being an entrepot, it has particular privileges granted it for a transito trade, by a ukase addressed to the directing senate, dated St. Petersburgh, the 5th of March, 1804.

As a further proof of the great attention paid by government to the Black sea, we find that Sebastipol, situated so advantageously upon the promontory of the Crimea, is made an exclusive dock and port for the imperial navy.

—

In an infant commercial state like Russia, before enlightened views and corresponding habits have prevailed, and have generated in the trading part of the people a nice sense of honour and scrupulous integrity, the following institution must be highly beneficial:

The principal articles of Russian exportation must be examined or bracked by competent sworn brackers: for this purpose, in 1790, sixteen Russian and fourteen foreign brackers for hemp; five Russian and three German for tallow and oil; four Russian and three German for herrings (the Russian herring-brackers also brack caviar and isinglass); one Russian and two German for tobacco; five Russian and three German for yufts; two Russian and one German for horse-hair and hog's bristles; one Russian and two German for hare-skins, were appointed.

Such are the excellent regulations relating to the brackers, that if, through any neglect or fraud, an inferior quality is passed, which ought not to be, the bracker, whose name is affixed in some articles, and especially appointed for others, is liable to a very severe punishment as soon as the proof is produced, so that a precaution like the one mentioned prevents the possibility of an inferior article being substituted for the real one, and every merchant is sure that what he purchases is the very article he agrees for.

The merchant, in his purchases, has only to settle with a broker, who is likewise approved by the college of commerce, and who makes a contract betwixt the buyer and seller. The goods are received and the business is dispatched.

The articles subject to brack are: hemp, flax, tallow, hides, yufts, isinglass, glue, caviar, hare-skins, bristles, wax, cow and horse hair, linseed, hempseed, and train-oil, tobacco, rhubarb, masts, pot and pearl ashes, saltpetre, castor of beaver, &c., &c.

A certain rate is fixed to be paid to the bracker by the purchaser, which is very reasonable.

—

Prussia.

Prussia, made up as it is of an aggregate of provinces, dependent heretofore on different states, has not reached that uniformity of manners, habits, and maxims, as well as of laws and usages, which distinguish older states; and, consequently, in different parts of it, we find different modes of transacting business. Though the principles of commerce are little comprehended, in no state are trade and manufactures the objects of more attention, and of the protection of the government; nor have its effects, though not always the most judicious, been on the whole without success. Prussia has,

within a century and a half, established a basis for its future commercial and maritime greatness, by acquiring part of Pomerania, Polish Prussia, Dantzic and Thorn, and that part of Poland which is most favourably situated for the Baltic trade. The whole length of these districts forms a coast of nearly four hundred miles on the shore of the Baltic; in which distance some of the finest rivers fall into it.

In 1799, the manufactures of Prussia were rated at seven millions sterling, and since that time they have considerably increased. The manufacture of linen in Silesia is the most considerable among them, and is unrivalled by any other in the whole extent of Germany. The bleaching is better conducted there than in Ireland, and a finer sort is made than any of which that island can boast. Among the Prussian trading towns, Embden, Stettin, Konigsburg, Braunsburg, Dantzic, Elbing, and Memel are the most considerable; so great is the trade of the latter, that its exports, in 1802, amounted to six hundred thousand pounds. Its principal branch is timber; which article alone employs seven hundred sail of ships, and may be calculated to amount in value to 350,000*l.* per annum.

—

Dantzic.

Dantzic, from the earliest period, was the granary of the north, and, to judge of its piles of warehousing for that purpose, its trade must have been considerable; indeed, no place can be better accommodated in this respect, nor better regulations to prevent fire, robbery, or any irregularity.

The principal warehouses here are upon an excellent plan, situated on an island formed by the river Mottlau, running close by the city on one side, and another branch, by what is called the Forestadt, on the other. There are three bridges on each side of the island, at the end of streets over it, from the city to the Forestadt. In the night, all the bridges are drawn up, except two at the end of the main street, across the centre of the island, communicating betwixt the old city and the Forestadt. On this island are all the principal warehouses for ashes, hemp, linens, and the extensive granaries, containing seventeen streets, besides the large centre one, running the length of the island. To guard these warehouses are from twenty to thirty ferocious dogs of a large size, amongst which are bloodhounds, let loose at eleven o'clock in the night, to guard the warehouses, which are nearly equally divided by the main street, which passes over the middle of the island, as before described. To command and to keep the dogs within their districts, as well as the passengers from harm, at the end of each of the streets, leading to the main one, are large high gates run across: no light is allowed, nor any person suffered to live on this island. These dogs prowl about the whole night, and create great terror. It would be impossible otherwise to keep property secure among the hordes of Poles, Jews, and others, who resort here, as no exemplary punishment would be half as efficacious as the dread of these dogs.

In winter, when the water is frozen over, to keep the dogs in their proper district, there are three keepers placed at particular avenues, with whips to keep them in their range.

No fire or robbery was ever known; and the expence to each building, with the immense property they contain, is very reasonable. Vessels, either from the interior or other quarters, lying alongside these warehouses, are not allowed to have a fire, or light of any kind on board, nor is a sailor or any other person suffered even to smoke. Their regulations partly extend to all shipping lying in the harbour.

The Pole does not conceive himself paid for buying grain or other articles in the interior, the purchase of vessels, or making floats, and the expence of bringing it down, unless

he gets sixty cents per bushel for his rye, and a dollar per bushel for his wheat. If the prices are less, no supplies can be expected down from Poland. The quantities of grain sent from thence to Dantzic in any year do not so much depend on great crops, as the plenty of water in the rivers for easy navigation in summer, and the high prices in Dantzic, as an inducement to bring it down.

Since Great Britain has imported such vast quantities of grain, Poland has participated in the advantages of that trade more than any country whatever. Next comes Mecklenburgh. Since 1793, the riches which have been brought into Dantzic, by the exportation of grain and wood to Great Britain, is far beyond any moderate calculation: the quantity of specie abounding in this city, for its trade and size, exceeds any thing of the kind in any other place in Europe, and that chiefly within the short period mentioned. The greatest part of these riches have, no doubt, been occasioned by the great demand and importation of Britain.

—

Lubec.

Lubec, like all the other free imperial cities, is very limited in its territory; surrounded by Holstein, Hanover, and Mecklenburg. It produces nothing within itself, and therefore entirely depends on foreign commerce. It is an entrepot betwixt the Baltic and the southern parts of Europe; the produce of the former it receives to wait for the demand of the latter, before the navigation to the East sea can be open in spring.

Its advantageous situation, as the centre betwixt the Baltic and the south of Europe, likewise for the interior trade of the north-west of Germany from and to the Baltic, in receiving and transporting the produce of each to the other, will make it always a place of great interest: while it has the farther advantage of partaking of the trade by the Baltic on one side, that of the Elbe on the other, and it is only forty miles by land from Hamburg: with the facility of the Holstein canal joining the Baltic and the North sea, it has the Stecknitz canal directly from its own harbour to the Elbe, at Lauenburg.

—

Swedish Trade.

The produce of Sweden for exportation consists of iron, tar, pitch, and a little copper: but in other articles it furnishes scarcely sufficient for its own consumption. A great increase has lately taken place in the quantity of Swedish iron produced, which now amounts to upwards of 50,000 English tons, and is to be ascribed to its superior quality, and the more convenient forms which are given to it. Of this quantity, Great Britain purchases more than the half. Tar is the next considerable article of exportation, and it is superior to that which is procured from Russia and America.

It would be of the greatest national benefit to Sweden, to complete the junction between its eastern and western canals, in order to unite the Baltic and the North sea through the centre of her territory, since it would lay the foundation of independence in passing the Sound, not only in her favour, but in that of other nations.

—

Tonningen.

Tonningen is a small place, scarcely known to the world till the blockade of the Elbe and the Weser; since which time it has grown into notoriety.

Its population, in 1769, was only 1487. The resident inhabitants, in 1803, were only 1924, but, on account of the great influx of strangers, the many establishments, and the business of the Elbe, the Weser, and that betwixt the Baltic and North seas, passing through here,

it is as crowded as a place possibly can be, and not inferior, in charge and expence, to Hamburg, when in the zenith of its commercial career.

This place, which has the trade of the continent now passing through it, is a small town in the duchy of Schleswig, on the right bank of the river Eyder, not far from where it falls into the North sea, betwixt Eyderstadt and Dithmarschen; it has, for the considerable commerce it now has, bad accommodations, having but a small creek, which runs a few hundred yards in a curve from the river, by the town, and in which not more than two or three small vessels can lie abreast, if it is necessary to land and take in their cargoes there; but the vessels in general lie at anchor in the open river, above the town, where they load and discharge.

—

The Sound.

With regard to Zealand, it is well known that, on its entrance point in the north-west, stands the castle of Cronenburg, which is within a mile of Elsineur, and exactly opposite to Helsenburgh, on the Swedish coast; which two fortifications command the Sound, so that all the ships which pass are liable to be interrupted by them. The Great Belt on the other side of Zealand is not so narrow as the Sound: but the islands on all sides, and the circuitous navigation, both before it is entered and after a vessel has passed it, render the passage by the Sound preferable for ships sailing out of or into the Baltic sea.

From the year 1348 till 1659, that is, for 311 years, the Sound duties caused continual disturbances, and, besides other evils, such as the destruction of the Danish fleet repeatedly, those quarrels occasioned Copenhagen to be burnt twice. The English, Dutch, and French, at last, in 1659, entered into a union to compel the Danes to fix those duties permanently on a reasonable footing; yet, even that did not lay the matter to rest entirely, for there have been contests with Sweden on the same point; and, so late as 1720, there was still a misunderstanding; and with the Dutch in 1731.

In 1653, that is, a century and a half ago, it was farmed by the Dutch at a sum equal to 35,000l., which was equal to about 100.000l. at the present time.

With respect to the right by which this toll is demanded, or why Denmark has any greater or better title to it than Sweden, though it has often been disputed, yet it has so long been submitted to, that time appears to have settled the question of right.

The net duties collected here average annually about 600,000 rix dollars.

—

Denmark.

If the present oppression of the Dutch provinces continues, many of the inhabitants will emigrate to Holstein, and carry with them the true spirit of commerce, which appears to be the only thing wanting to make that state one of the most flourishing parts of Europe. The ordinary quantity of corn exported annually from the Baltic amounts in value to about two millions: but it has in some years reached the sum of eight millions, which is more than the regular profit of all the British West India islands put together! The share of Great Britain and Ireland in the Baltic trade is more than two thirds of the whole, and its cost to the country is nearly nine millions.

—

British Trade to Germany.

The British trade to Germany has for several years taken commodities to the amount of eight millions; these consist of a tolerably equal assortment of East and West India produce, and of their manufactures at home, such as woollens, cottons, and hard-ware. If the same

spirit prevailed in the empire of Germany that has been shown in Russia, the interior navigation of that country would not only produce a source of riches to itself, but give great facility to and increase commerce in general. The restrictions which affect the transport of goods along the Elbe defeat the great advantages which that fine river commands: but at some future period it will convey the principal commerce of Europe.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE HONEST MAN.

A Portrait.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

AVARICE, carried to an unusual excess, is sometimes ranked among diseases; but it is certainly a kind of insanity the most consistent, uniform, and harmless, of any that appears on the list. It produces less visible and direct injury to others, and is, with regard to the subject of it, more nearly allied to true wisdom than any other frailty or disease of the mind.

This passion seems divisible into two branches. It is a propensity to accumulate, either by active exertions, by efforts of ingenuity and labour, or merely by the sparing use and the safe keeping of that revenue which is regular and fixed. In order to increase our store, it is not always necessary to augment our profits, by striking out new paths of gain, or exercising new artifices of extortion; for if our early industry, or that of our ancestors, has given us an annual revenue, either as interest or rent, our hoards may be increased merely by receiving and retaining what is legally and periodically due to us. It is not requisite that we should add to our stock; that we should violate the letter or spirit of the law, or be guilty of any indisputable infraction of equity. It is merely requisite, in order to boundless accumulation, that I should keep what the law and what equity bestows on me.

These remarks are suggested by the character of one of my friends, with regard to whom I have often been uncertain whether he may justly claim the appellation of a miser. I shall conceal, for obvious reasons, his real name, and present him to my readers under that Caruthers.

Caruthers was the only son of a merchant who died in the midst of successful business, and in the possession of considerable real property. The father had diligently trained his son to his own profession, and entertained no ambition but that of leaving, at his death, his station occupied by a being exactly of the same habits and pursuits with himself. The young man was docile and obsequious; he performed, quietly and faithfully, whatever duty was assigned to him, and showed a species of capacity which, if it did not exceed, by no means fell short of the rank and profession in which he was placed.

His modes were regular and frugal, and did not differ essentially from those of his father. His expences, like his tasks, appeared to be the fruits of habit and obedience; and his frugality seemed to flow not from a lust of gain, but from the absence of desire.

At the age of twenty-four, he lost his father. It was an event which caused a few tears and sighs; but he quickly retrieved his customary tranquillity. His first business was to wind up his mercantile transactions, to receive his dues, and discharge his debts, and this was done without quarrelling or noise. Some of his debtors were unable to answer his claims; but he molested them not with menaces and importunities. He called on them often enough to show them that they were not forgotten; but he made no com-

plaints, dropped no intimations of poverty, and never talked of resorting to the law. Their excuses were received without anger or impatience, and the fiftieth application was made, and the fiftieth refusal endured, with as much equanimity and good-humour as the first. Perseverance, however, finally succeeded.

He turned his stock and his dues, as fast as he received them, into houses and lands. He dismissed his father's servants, let the house, and placed himself in a private family as a boarder, at a moderate expence. His expences, with regard to clothing, were regulated by the plainest standard. He never was mean or ragged; he consulted neatness in the choice of his apparel, and cleanliness and decency in the change and renewal of it. He avoided all kinds of expensive amusements, shunned all society but that of the family in which he lived, and of those whom he casually met with in his diurnal walks.

Being very accurate and regular in the preservation and arrangement of his clothes, and being a stranger to violent movements of any kind, his apparel preserved its texture and gloss longer than is customary, and he dressed with less cost than those who were less neat and elegant in their garb than himself.

By these arrangements, he continues to live upon one-tenth of his original revenue. In what manner, it may be asked, does he consume the remainder? He has no family and no near kindred whose poverty requires his assistance. Spontaneous charity is utterly unknown to him. He never carries money in his pockets, and, consequently, finds it easy to resist the importunity of casual beggars. When applied to, in a direct manner, in favour of public institutions, he urges, without seeming embarrassment, the want of money; or, if that plea cannot be truly urged, he states some common-place objection to the scheme. To this objection, in spite of argument and opposition, he calmly and stedfastly adheres.

He sedulously avoids loans. He never borrows from others, and never lends. His money is disposed of with so much expedition, that a borrower seldom finds him in possession of the sum that is wanted. When this excuse is wanting, he makes no scruple to refuse the loan, mildly but explicitly. Being in no habits of intimate and cordial intercourse with any human being, he is less exposed to importunities of this kind, and suffers less embarrassment in refusing compliance.

The surplus of his annual expences is speedily and invariably invested in houses and lots. Building is a province that requires personal attention and much intercourse with others, and these are inconveniences which he chuses to avoid. He contents himself, therefore, with purchasing what others have erected.

His purchases are generally judicious, for he has no employment which calls away his attention from this object. Long application has made him perfectly skilled in the changes of value incident to this species of property, and it is vain, therefore, for any one to hope to take advantage of his precipitation or his ignorance. All his contracts are made with caution and deliberation, and his mode of life makes him perfectly master of all the considerations requisite to a prudent bargain.

In consequence of this knowledge, he shuns every occasion for bickering or dissention. He takes care to proceed, in the choice of objects of purchase, with circumspection; to have the terms of every contract legal and explicit; avoids litigation, by shunning the mazes of mortgages and instalments, contingent conditions and future limitations, and scrupulously adheres to every promise and engagement, even where the law would countenance delay or non-compliance.

In this way have passed the last forty-five years of his life. By an adherence to this system, he has made himself one of the most opulent proprietors in the city where

he dwells. Last year, his income did not fall short of thirty thousand dollars.

Is the passion which actuates Caruthers avarice? All his actions have but one tendency, all his thoughts are employed on one object: the increase of his property. Not a farthing is bestowed through the impulse of benevolence; no expensive amusement is ever pursued; no toy or luxury is ever purchased; all intellectual gratifications are unknown to him. These seem to manifest the influence of avarice.

Some of the most noted ingredients of avarice are not, however, to be found in his character. The lust of gain does not prompt him to uncommon or intense exertions of mind or body. Neither does it impose upon him any remarkable or sordid expedients of abstinence or self-denial. It does not impel him to the use of artifice and cunning, nor to the rigorous exercise of all his legal rights. He disburses money when necessary, and performs his contracts without apparent reluctance, and without delay, and without cavilling. He betrays no solicitude about the safety of his property, the solvency of his debtors, and the punctuality of his tenants. It is not from his words so much as from his actions, that you perceive in what degree the pursuit of riches occupies his thoughts. He inquires and converses about nothing but sales and purchases; but this appears to flow merely from the inaptitude of his mind, in consequence of native or acquired incapacity to all other subjects of speculation.

Is he an *honest* man? He does what he wills with his own, but injures nobody. No one is the worse by his means. He never resorted to the law to effectuate his claims on others, and was never himself even menaced with a prosecution. He does not always exact what is due to him, and renders to others, with unexceptionable good faith, whatever is legally their due.

Let us then consider: yes, Caruthers is not munificent or liberal; he is not a public or a private benefactor; he does not employ the means which he possesses for the benefit of those around him; he never, by direct means, soothed the pangs or augmented the comforts of a human being; and yet, surely, Caruthers is an *honest man*, though, in spite of the poet's assertion, he is certainly not *the noblest work of God*.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE NUMBER OF BOOKS.

Books are like autumn leaves, their number such
That e'en to count them is for man too much.

I WAS in company, the other evening, where the benefits and evils of *much reading* were discussed. The various remarks on this subject at length led to an inquiry what was the actual number of books existing in the world, and whether it were possible for any man to read the whole of them. Several modes of ascertaining this number were suggested, but none of them were free from objection. Every computer was guilty of some mistake, and either wholly omitted some classes of writers, or mistated the number of that class which was included in his calculation.

At length, one of the company, who had been previously silent, was called upon for his opinion. In answer to this call, he observed, that the multitude of books might be powerfully inferred from the mistakes which had been committed, and from the uncertainty which appeared to cleave to the question. Books are so numerous, their topics are so infinitely diversified, and human capacity is so generally limited to one or two topics of inquiry, that few men have qualified themselves even to estimate the number of publications.

There is one class of books in the world, continued he, most calculated to throw light upon this question, and that is the class of catalogues. Every permanent and extensive collection of books, in Europe, has a catalogue of its treasures, from which the number of works and volumes in these collections, at least, may be known. Many persons have likewise amused their leisure, in compiling lists of books, either such as relate to a particular branch of knowledge, or such as have been written within a given period, or by the authors of a particular nation. I remember to have once seen a book that called itself "Catalogus Catalogorum," a catalogue of catalogues. It was a compact volume, and could scarcely contain less than two hundred and fifty pages. Each article was accompanied with a brief explanation of how, when, and by whom it was compiled; which, however, did not occupy more than half a page: if so, the number of articles did not, probably, fall short of five hundred. The deliberate perusal of this work alone would require a day, and if the catalogues enumerated were equally copious, it follows, that the perusal of catalogues alone would demand daily and incessant application of nearly a *year and a half*.

If you will allow this instance to support a conclusion, we may calculate that all these lists, added together, would amount to two hundred and fifty thousand names of books. Each book consisted of one or more volumes, and every work differed from its neighbour in bulk. Some, like the homilies of Chrysostom, the philosophical history of Brucker, or the anatomical library of Haller, might occupy a half score of quartos. It is, therefore, a moderate estimate, to suppose that each work, on an average, would demand, in its cursory perusal, four days. At this rate, and excluding sabbath days from our reckoning, the whole number would consume *three thousand* years; or, supposing thirty years of a life to be constantly devoted to books, and the task of reading to be performed with all possible celerity, a long-lived and indefatigable student might expect to read a *hundredth part* of the books that have been written.

The largest collection of printed books known in the world, is that of the kings of France. Many years ago it consisted of ninety-four thousand works. From the mode in which it is conducted, it must experience continual augmentations. The present number, not improbably, exceeds a hundred thousand; so that one collection merely contains two-fifths of what I have assigned to be the whole number. This library alone would, therefore, afford a reader constant employment for *twelve hundred years*: a conclusion, at first sight, incredible; and yet sustained by the most plausible evidence.

One may venture to affirm, that no man, however stupendous and diversified his reading, has read over the name of every book that has been printed, even in his native language. Each student has a path of his own, from which he deviates rarely and with reluctance. None but those whose passion is concentered merely in the names of books, like the compilers of catalogues, are likely to come near the truth; and even of the man who composed a catalogue of catalogues, it cannot be imagined either that he read every article in the catalogue which he enumerates, or that he did not omit, in his collection, the title of some catalogue which, though once in print, had since disappeared, or which, though extant in his time, was placed beyond his reach.

This supposition may be made still more narrow. It is likely that the most ardent student, and most diligent collector, has not seen the names of all the works that have been printed in his favourite science within the last fifty years, in his native tongue; much less likely is it that he has seen the names of publications during a longer period, or printed in any foreign language;

and how precipitate and ignorant must be *he* who pretends or imagines that he has read the *books themselves!*

Twenty years ago, a catalogue of English law books was published; the number, exclusive of various editions, amounts to fifteen hundred. Few of these are comprised in a single volume of moderate bulk. Most of them are quartos, and extend to four and five volumes. One of them occupies no less than twenty-four folios*. What appetite has been so voracious as to devour the contents? What eye has been so active as to glance over the title-pages of, at least, three thousand ponderous volumes of law? No man could read this number, though his reading were rapid, and interrupted only by sleep and meals, in less than *thirty years!*

English theology has funds of reading at least as copious as English law. Sermon and system writers in theology are as numerous as the reporters and abridgers of law cases. It is difficult to ascertain this number; but we may form some judgment of the written, if not of the printed compositions of this kind, by comparing a few facts.

The number of parishes in South Britain has never been fixed at less than ten thousand. In each of these, one sermon, at least, is delivered weekly, and may be presumed to be always written. If each sermon can be read in fifteen minutes, to read all that are composed in one year would consume forty years; every day, and ten hours of each day, being supposed to be devoted to it.

If English theology and law be thus abundant, what must we think of those of the continental nations of Europe? The Roman jurisprudence is the *lex communis* of Italy, Portugal, Spain, France, Germany, and the north. The laborious and voluminous genius of the civilians have become proverbial; and their heavy compositions as far surpass those of English jurists in number, as the population of the continent exceeds that of the island.

Historical works, since the revival of arts in Europe, must compose a stupendous catalogue. The narratives of original actors and observers, from the reign of Charlemagne to the French revolution, now actually in print, cannot be stated with any degree of precision; but is it extravagant to say, that, during the last three hundred years, there have been a hundred publications of this kind yearly, including, in this estimate, all the western nations of Europe, and including every work in which the actions of human beings are recorded? Many will think that the estimate is not exorbitant, if limited to England alone.

Men who record their own actions are not merely those who are engaged in war and politics. That importance which every man's affairs possess in his own eyes, has produced innumerable works. Voyagers, artists, philosophers, and especially religious men, have been as prone to publish their history as statesmen and generals.

The biography of religious persons is seldom of any value, and is rarely known to exist to any but their own followers, or the adherents of their own sect. An example of this may be found in the society of quakers. George Fox, the founder of this sect, lived somewhat more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Six generations have since elapsed, and the society has gradually increased; but the whole number of quakers now alive, in Europe and America, probably does not exceed fifty thousand persons. This sect is chiefly known to the rest of mankind by two works, George Fox's Journal, and Barclay's Apology. The most inquisitive, who derive their knowledge from public libraries and popular catalogues, will be surprised to hear that the biographical publications, merely of this sect, amount to more than five hundred. The number of controversial pieces, great and small, is immense. The same thing occurs in the history

* Viner's Abridgment.

of all the christian sects which have arisen since the origin of printing.

If, however, we chuse a statement unquestionably moderate, and suppose that the annual publications of the biographical and historical kind have been equal to a hundred yearly, during three centuries, throughout all Europe, the whole number will be thirty thousand. He that would undertake to read all these, supposing all to be accessible, must first discover the secret of protracting his existence a hundred degrees beyond the usual term.

Should we extend the same computations to the tribe of tales, novels, and romances, to poetry, and the various departments of physical and moral science, we should find ample confirmations of my original assertion, that to read all the books that have been *printed* would require not less a period than three thousand years.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ARTS OF LONDON GAMBLERS.

BEING continually on the watch for their prey, whenever gamblers hear of a youth, a young heir especially, or any man who has money, and has been seen at a gaming-table, they immediately begin to study how to ensnare their prey: they consult each other; one agrees to play with him, and suffer him to win, taking care that the sum shall not be large; others stimulate him by praise, and by betting on his head; and others again will pretend to dispute, whether he can or cannot play so well as some one of their own companions. I am now speaking of games of skill.

If they find that the person whom they wish to pillage has any knowledge of them, accompanied by a fear of their tricks and a sense of his danger, they call in some fresh associate, one of their fraternity, and generally one who they think can best assume the character that may most easily deceive. Thus the gambler will appear perhaps as a captain, a country squire, a sea-officer flush of money, or any other which they suppose to be most eligible.

To this their associate they will pretend to be utter strangers; and, if he, whom they hope to strip, be inclined to be himself a rascal, if he should but learn the means, they will offer to join with him, under a pretence that they may mutually strip the false captain, or whatever their associate affects to be. Their only object is to induce their well-feathered pigeon to play, and to stake his money: they then consider themselves as secure, and so they generally are.

A well-feathered pigeon is a cant phrase, common to gamblers, and signifies a person with money at command, and having a desire to game without any knowledge of the gamester's arts. To pigeon a man is to win, or rather to cheat him of his money. To pluck him is another of their elegant figures. A rook, a greek, and a blackleg, are the most ordinary appellations to signify a gambler. A flat and a sharp are synonymous to a pigeon and a rook.

One of these common and highly dangerous arts is to play a match (at billiards or tennis, especially) with each other, and to agree among themselves that he shall win by whom the most can be gained. This is a secret known only to themselves; for a by-stander, who should even know them well, seldom knows all of them; and perhaps some fellow, genteelly dressed and pretending to bet foolishly, is but placed there as a decoy. Any stranger that bets wagers in a common gaming place contributes to pick his own pocket.

Deceit is so habitual to these fellows, and they find such pleasure in practising it successfully, that they do not in the least scruple to plunder each other. A gambler is himself never certain that the gambler, who pretends to be his most intimate

friend, is not concerting schemes for his ruin: of this I have frequently been a witness.

One evening a tradesman of supposed property, who was thought to have a strong passion for gaming, with the desire to practise all its rascalities, and therefore one who was certain to fall the prey of gamblers, came into a room where they assembled, and was soon after followed by a couple of gamblers. One of them took from his pocket a tobacco or snuff-box, and asked the tradesman if he could open it? The latter looked at it, pretended to make several ineffectual trials, and handed it round that others might also try if they could be more successful.

The master of the house was of course a gambler, and it was put into his hands. He thought himself more than a match for the tradesman, and after trying a little while, and thinking he perceived what the secret was, or expecting perhaps that the gambler who brought the box would discover it to him, he offered to bet the tradesman twenty guineas, on these conditions; they should each have the box in their possession fifteen minutes, and, if one succeeded in the opening of it and the other failed, the former should be declared the winner.

The tradesman at first seemed to hesitate, examined the box again and again, said no, he found he could not do it; and then, suddenly appearing to take courage, offered to make the bet of twenty guineas a hundred.

The proposal was instantly accepted: the tradesman, it was agreed, should make the first trial; and he retired into a private room, accompanied by the landlord of the house, and the gambler who brought the box.

When ten of the fifteen minutes were elapsed, the tradesman pretended to be completely certain he could not perform the operation, and first made an offer of five guineas, then of ten, to be released from the bet. The gambler, whose box it was, gave the landlord an encouraging sign, and he consequently refused. Last, however, within the quarter of an hour, the tradesman exclaimed, I have it; and immediately presented the box open.

The landlord's turn to make the attempt now came: the box was pretended to be given to him, and he himself began to doubt that he should lose. He prophesied truly; the quarter of an hour had elapsed, without any discovery made by him of the secret, and he was adjudged to have lost his hundred guineas, which he paid with a very reluctant and a very foolish air.

The money was scarcely out of his possession, before he began to suspect he had been tricked. His suspicions were right: and the two gamblers, his supposed friends, had contrived this trick with the tradesman who was allowed to share. They had procured two boxes of similar appearance, the one of which might be opened by certain secret arrangements; but the other, though it had the same apparent mechanism, could not.

Of this trick I was a witness. The landlord dared not take any legal redress; his own cheating arts were too notorious, and he was laughed at for having been so easily pigeoned. The brain of a gambler, if he be a cunning fellow, is continually exerting itself to contrive new modes of deceiving, or to profit by the old in some new way.

It is well known to sober calculators, that the profits of persons who keep EO tables, and the bank at faro, and rouge et noir, are great. Still, however, these bankers are obliged to be most carefully on their guard against one another, and especially against the people whom they employ.

At a fashionable faro bank, then nightly kept in Pall Mall, a foreigner one night appeared, and had so great a run of fortune that he carried off twelve or fifteen hundred pounds.

About a week afterwards he returned, staked higher than he had

ever done before, and took away a still larger sum.

It was strange! according to all calculation, this could not continue. He came, however, a third night, and fairly broke the bank.

The mystery was discovered when it was too late: it was a concert between him and the dealer of the cards, although the dealer had a share himself in the bank, for they were seen sharing the money in the dark, under the walls of Lansdown-house.

If men could be made sensible of the mad risk they run, when they encourage a spirit of gaming, if they were not blind to the narrow selfishness, the odious passions to which it gives birth, the desire of gaining that which may be, and often is, the destruction of families, the hazard of being exposed to equal destruction themselves, and the contemptible and disgusting nature of such covetousness, did they, I say, but consider this, there would soon be no gamblers; for they could not long exist, were they deprived of the spoils of the unwary.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XIV.

PERHAPS it is necessary to the preservation of our love for mankind, that we do not too closely examine their actions, and trace them to the motives in which they originated, lest we might be disappointed by discovering that good actions sometimes are the consequence of motives less honourable and praiseworthy than the actions themselves; that what we consider as the spontaneous production of a grateful heart, has its root fixed in the fruitful soil of self-interest; and that those actions which seem to aim at relieving the miseries of a world, are not the effect of expansive benevolence, but are generated in the ardent fire of ambition.

I am not ignorant that there have been writers who describe all our actions as originating in self-love. Perhaps they may have believed what they wrote; perhaps not. It may have gratified their vanity by making the world believe they had more penetration than others, and in attempting it they may have ventured to defend a doctrine, which they themselves believed erroneous and chimerical. Be this as it may, there are those who unfortunately advocate the opinion. Unfortunately I have said; I will not now attempt to prove it so, but proceed with the subject I intended to dwell upon in the present number.

Happily for us, God alone can "weigh the thoughts of the heart," and all human penetration is vainly exerted to discover the characters with which it is impressed. Were it otherwise, could its deepest recesses be laid open and exposed to human view, what an astonishing subject of contemplation would it afford! what a wonderful display of the various motives which actuate it! how gratifying, and, at the same time, how humiliating a spectacle! How pure, how noble, how disinterested the motives of some; how foul, how base, how selfish those of another! How great the motive of one action; how little those of another, even in the same person, at different times, and under different circumstances! We should, perhaps, see the true patriot, inspired only by the love of his country, sacrificing every thing to the advancement of its interest, and the establishment and perpetuity of its glory; while, on the other hand, the noisy declaimer continually vociferating on the strength of his attachment, his disinterestedness, and the general purity of his motives; using every mean to advance his own views of personal or family aggrandizement; careless whether it eventually produced happiness or misery to that community whose interest he seems to have so

much at heart, or, what is worse, seeking to gratify some baser passion, by sacrificing its interest or its existence. We might probably see hatred assuming the garb of love, love that of indifference, revenge that of friendship, and indifference or disgust those of politeness and attachment; many concealing their real sensations, the better to effect the real purpose they have respectively in view. It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to bestow a little attention on an inquiry into the merit of actions, good in the abstract, but arising from motives either good, bad, or merely indifferent. Whatever may be the motive to any act, the latter must and necessarily does maintain its own independent character. If I receive a benefit, the motive of my benefactor in bestowing in no wise regulates the degree of advantage I receive from it; and, while his motive is unknown to me, I owe him all the gratitude which beneficence ought to inspire in a well-constituted mind. Here (as far as relates to my knowledge of it) the motive is neither good nor bad. If his beneficence originated solely in the interest he felt for my welfare, my gratitude is increased by the consideration of his disinterestedness, and, independent of selfish considerations, I love and esteem the man who is capable of such exalted sentiments. Should I find his beneficence was not exerted without a view to some possible though uncertain return, I consider him as having acted under the influence of a powerful, and by no means uncommon principle, and scarcely love him less, because his generosity is not far above the common standard of human excellence. In all these instances we are not disposed to detract from the merit of the act in question; but should I discover that, far from excellent, disinterested, or, even as far as they can be so, indifferent, his motives were wholly selfish, that he conferred a small favour, in expectation of a greater return from the person on whom it was conferred, I then see in it nothing more than a commercial speculation, and whenever that return is made, I consider the debt as fully discharged. And, lastly, should I find that, sacrificing every virtuous principle, he only conferred the favour, to be used as an engine in his own hands, by which he might hereafter mould me to the form he wished, and sacrifice my principles as he did his own, or convert all I possessed to his own use—like a usurer who lends money on an estate, only that he may hereafter wrest it out of the hands of its possessor—I feel myself not only completely freed from all sense of obligation, but justly execrate the very man who has benefited me; because, though the act itself was good, yet the motive in which it originated was such as gave him an undoubted claim to the character and rewards of a villain.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PREVAILING IGNORANCE OF GEOGRAPHY.

AN American gentleman was once entertained by a *Welsh* knight. It was at the opening of the American war, on which the discourse naturally turned. The knight, after some discussion on the causes of the troubles, very shrewdly observed, that the troops designed for the service would have a very long *march*.

This story was related by the American with much exultation over the ignorance of the Welshman. On inquiring where the knight lived, I was answered, "In Shropshire; but," added my friend, "I found equal ignorance of American geography in every *other* county in *Wales*."

A lady, sagacious and well-informed in general, observed that "the Welshmen in America were, in that respect, as ignorant as their countrymen. Her father had formerly a Welshman for his servant, whom she once asked whether the

city of Wales was as large as New York. But the question, however plain, and though David had lived three months in the latter city, he was unable to answer."

"Pray," said a young girl, who had been very attentive to the conversation, addressing herself to the traveller, "where about in *North Wales* did this knight you talk of live? I was bred and born there, but don't remember any man of that *name*. I recollect one *Peggy Knight*, who used to come and stay at my father's in *killing-time*."

This produced a laugh from a great part of the company, who knew the questioner to have been born in the township of North Wales, not forty miles from Philadelphia.

"Child," said the traveller, "the Wales that *I* was talking of was Wales in *Europe*, not in America."

"Really," said an old gentleman, who had hitherto been silent, and speaking with great deference, "I thought, till this moment, that Wales was a place, not in Europe, but in *England*."

The traveller's countenance betrayed some marks of confusion. "You are right," said he to the old gentleman, "I meant England. Wales is a part of England, it is true; for Europe is a continent; and England and Scotland, all the world knows, *are islands*."

This series of geographical blunders was, perhaps, the more remarkable, as there was hung up, in full view, on the wall of the apartment, a large map of Europe; and all the parties in this discussion had been, for a long time, accustomed to assemble conversationally in this room.

In truth, notwithstanding the facility with which geographical knowledge may be gained, there are few things with which men in general are less acquainted. This science is not immediately connected with any of the common pursuits of life. A man may outlive Methusalem, and bear his part in ordinary transactions without discredit, who yet knows not whether Indostan be an isthmus or peninsula.

Knowledge in general has been sometimes represented as a dome resting upon columns, which columns are the sciences. That column which contributes least to the grandeur or stability of the edifice is doubtless physical geography, or the sciences which acquaint us with the mode in which land and water, mountain and stream, are distributed over the surface of the globe. Whether the isles of New Zealand be hills or plains; whether the south pole be surrounded by continent or ocean; whether the Niger flows east or west; and whether the Nile proceeds, like other rivers, from springs in the earth, or from hills in the moon, are points than which it is hard to imagine any less important to our happiness, or less conducive to advancement in any of the useful arts or abstruse sciences. Every one knows the time, pains, and *fence* which the investigation of the three last questions has occasioned, and how much stress has been laid, by very grave people, on their accurate decision; yet surely human curiosity could scarcely be more idly employed.

There is a difference, it is plain, in the importance of different geographical questions. Lord North, when he proposed the invasion of the colonies, was under no absolute necessity of knowing that a long tract of water separated England from America. The admiralty commissioners and their agents, those at least who were to serve as pilots to the armaments, would stand in need of this knowledge; but lord North's coachman found it extremely convenient to know that his lordship's country residence lay on the north side of the Thames.

Baron de Tott found it very hard to convince the Turkish ministers that it was possible for a Russian fleet to make its appearance in the Archipelago, without passing the Dardanelles. This was a geographical fact, without doubt, of which it was dangerous to be ignorant.

Many a merchant of these states has sent cargoes to Petersburg and

Calcutta, who has been wholly ignorant whether oceans or mountains separated those places from each other; nor was this knowledge in him at all necessary to the success of his projects.

There were German abbots and bishops, before the reformation, who believed that the Cæsar spoken of in the gospels and apostolic acts was a descendant of Rodolphus of Hapsburg; and that Judea was a district somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rome.

The illiterate readers of the bible, indeed, in all nations, fall into whimsical and ludicrous errors, both as to the chronology and geography of the bible history. From some of these errors, the most enlightened and intelligent, in other respects, are not exempt. Two females, of great intellectual merit, once appealed to me, in a controversy which had risen between them, whether Egypt was separated from England by the Red sea or by the river Nile.

Geography indeed, in its strictest sense, and unconnected with other sciences, is of such little intrinsic importance, that no compilation or system, merely geographical, has hitherto appeared. Books under this title contain a medley of information, historical, statistical, philosophical, and moral; and, I may also add, astronomical: but the geography of these productions is little more than is contained in the maps which sometimes accompany them.

The value of geographical knowledge lies in its subservience to other arts or pursuits. It cannot boast of being a necessary handmaid to any; but its benefits to the reader of history are most conspicuous. It serves to make images flowing from narrations more vivid and durable, though it is not necessary to make them intelligible.

One, for instance, who should have engraven on his mind the map of England, consisting of all its outlines and divisions, and the mutual relations and distances of its shores, provinces, and cities, will read the history of the civil wars of Charles I. with conceptions different from him who never saw a map, or read a topographical description; but the latter is as likely to comprehend the causes and tendencies of all events, to derive from the perusal of the story political and moral knowledge, as the former. His ideas, however, will be differently modified, and will be less satisfactory, and, if I may use the term, less picturesque than those of the former. R.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SOCRATIC CONVERSATION.

Old Socrates was wise, they say,
But had an arrant shrew to wife;
He argued in the sweetest way!
She cursed and scolded all her life:

But, madam, if he talked as fine,
And argued in the style, *you* do,
I wish old Xantip had been mine,
And he had stumbled upon you.

IT is a pity that the most useful of intellectual exertions is at the same time the most difficult; but such is *definition*. The difficulty, indeed, disposes us to decry the utility; and to call for definitions is, now-a-days, accounted impolite. That readiness and accuracy of conception and command of language requisite to answer such calls, being seldom or never possessed, the call is heard generally with anger and impatience, and he that is used to make it may pass for logician or philosopher, but will never be ranked with polite men; politeness being merely the art of pleasing, directly, by soothing the vanity or banquetting the passions of others, or, indirectly, by avoiding accusation, and helping others to conceal their incapacity or ignorance.

The demand for definitions is part of the Socratic mode of talking; a mode which has got its name from one of the wisest and most benevolent of men, but which is looked upon, in most companies, as rude

and clownish, or, at least, as domineering and pedantic. It implies, in him that employs it, a belief not only of the error of his associate, but of his own power to rectify the error. Indeed, it implies something still more obnoxious to the pride of man: it implies, in me that uses it, a belief that my companion may be made to *confute himself*.

The true mode of proceeding on those occasions seems very obvious. If my companion be wrong in thinking me in error, and in thinking me *self-confutable*, let the truth show itself upon experiment. Let him take his own way, and, by putting questions, as many as he wishes, finally detect his own folly.

If he be in the right, why be reluctant to make it appear? Why be ashamed of our credulity or ignorance? Why be so enamoured of our opinions as not willingly to subject them to scrutiny? Do his interrogations prove him to be insolent or self-conceited? Let the promptitude with which we answer them, and adopt the inferences to which they inevitably lead, show our freedom, at least, from the same faults, and our alacrity in search of truth.

When we angrily repulse a Socratic questioner, what kind of temper do we manifest? Resentment, perhaps, at his insolence: the insolence of believing *us* in an error, and of thinking it possible to make *us* confute ourselves. A heinous offence truly!

Suppose, however, that we yield way to his humour, and answer freely and ingenuously all his questions; what will be the consequence? Either we shall ultimately be found in the wrong, and be actually made to confute ourselves, or our questioner will himself appear to be deceived, and the humiliation or conviction he designed for us, will redound upon himself.

Suppose the first consequence take place; then it was proper that it should take place; nor will genuine modesty, and the upright love of truth, labour to shun it. Our opinion was, indeed, erroneous, and the questioner was in the right in supposing our error demonstrable.

Suppose the latter consequence to take place; our judgment then is effectually vindicated, and the folly or rashness of the questioner is clearly established. Nor can these ends be accomplished any other wise. By sullenly declining to answer, or by openly rebuking the questioner, we do not accomplish these ends. At best, we prove nothing but our own disapprobation of the questioner. We show our opinion of his insolence, but we do not convince others of his folly. For aught that appears, it may be that *he* is right, that *we* are wrong, and that we could be made to confute ourselves. The other method is so natural, so ingenuous, so effectual, that not to use it implies, in the strongest manner, that we are doubtful or fearful of the consequences.

The Socratic mode, you say, is always fallacious. A man may appear to conquer in this warfare, who yet does not deserve the victory. Besides, every one has not his ideas and his words at hand. An artful questioner may easily embarrass and confound the diffident, the involuble, the deficient in dexterity, but may not enlighten or convince.

This may be true, but affords no reason for declining the conflict. If he is not, in truth, victorious, your pride is saved; your opinion, for which you have a parent's fondness, is still your own. You have only shown what, if true, it is only a censurable vanity that would labour to hide; that you have not arguments and words by rote; that your conceptions are not clear, prompt, and lucidly arranged; and, to make no secret of this, freely to acknowledge, or clearly evince these defects, is behaviour far more worthy of an honest mind, than to betray resentment at the imputation, and to repay contempt with contempt.

Contempts repaying contempts, and reproaches exchanged for reproaches; what do they prove?

Generally nothing: but the utmost which they can possibly prove is, that our contemner deserves himself to be contemned; our reproacher to be reproached in his turn. They do not vindicate ourselves. They evince not the falsehood of the charges made against us, and are, therefore, no wise satisfactory to a candid judge.

H.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE GROWTH AND CONSUMPTION OF TIMBER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

IT appears that the navy of the kingdom consumes annually nearly, if not above 117,000 loads of timber, and the quantity consumed in all the different mercantile yards throughout the kingdom, is little, if any thing short of 100,000 loads more, to which may be added, 10,000 loads at least for private provincial purposes, and the total quantity will be somewhere about 227,000 loads of timber cut down and consumed every year.

In order to ascertain the quantity of timber or number of trees now growing in South Britain, averaging ten feet meetings, the following mode has been adopted:

Supposing Great Britain to contain 108,000 square miles, equal to 69,120,000 square acres, and as the board of agriculture have ascertained that there are 7,888,977 acres of wastes, these deduct, together with 4,231,023 acres for downs, roads, rivers, canal, water, towns, and villages, from the total number of square acres, and that leaves 57,000,000 of acres.

Suppose there be five trees, averaging ten feet in every twenty acres, it will give us 12,250,000 trees, which being divided by 227,000, the number said to be annually consumed, the result will be that it will take near fifty-four years to consume them; but as scarce any thing less than twenty feet meetings will suit the dock-yards, and as that size and upwards will necessarily decrease the proportion by increasing the distance, we may venture to say, that if they go on cutting as fast as has been done for the last ten years, every large stick, at least down to that size, that can be come at, will be consumed in thirty years.

For the Literary Magazine.

EASTON DELAWARE BRIDGE.

THIS elegant and substantial structure is now completed, and was opened for public use on Tuesday the fourteenth day of October, 1806; and such was the attraction of the occasion, that the company received, on that day, tolls for eight hundred and fifty-five foot passages over the bridge. On the day preceding, though the bridge was not yet open for general use, a drove of more than 150 mules were permitted to pass over it, and by that indulgence were saved the delay of several hours, which must necessarily have been consumed in crossing the river by the ferry boats. Independent of the vast accommodation this bridge has added to the ordinary communication of the neighbourhood, in which respect the effect is already manifested by the great increase of the intercourse with the borough; it is certain, that so important a facility will draw exclusively to this point the numerous travellers, who, with their families, teams, and cattle, are daily emigrating from the eastern states to the western and north-western country.

The superstructure of the bridge is of timber, forming three spacious arches, erected on stone piers and abutments of the most substantial masonry; the piers being protected by sterlings or ice-breakers of correspondent strength and dimensions. The frame of the superstructure was constructed by *Timothy Palmer*, of

Newburyport, architect of the bridge over the Schuylkill at Philadelphia; and is built essentially on the same plan, but with improvements, the result of experience, and accommodated to the local situation. The materials are of the best quality; the workmanship exceeds any thing of the same kind heretofore executed in the United States. The dimensions of the bridge are as follow:

	Feet	*In.*
Length of the bridge, exclusive of the abutments and wing-walls,	570	0
Chord of the Arches.		
Eastern arch,	155	0
Middle arch,	157	6
Western arch,	159	4
Width of the bridge,	29	0
Width of each carriage way in the clear,	12	6
Curvature of the arches,	11	0
Curvature of the floor or carriage way,	6	0
Height, in the clear, over the carriage way,	13	9
Height, from the surface of the river at low water mark, to the floor,	45	0
Thickness of the piers at top.		
Eastern pier,	31	6
Western pier,	36	2
Length of the piers,	40	0
Height of the piers at low water mark,	27	0
Depth of water in which the western pier is sunk,	18	0

The access to the bridge, at either end, is perfectly gentle and easy, forming precisely a continuation of the curvature of the floor, to the extent of the wing walls.

The company for the erection of this bridge was incorporated in 1795, and some progress was made in the following year in the erection of the piers and abutments; but the failure of the funds soon suspended the work, and little further was attempted till 1803, when Samuel Sitgreaves, Esq., was elected president of the company, and, with the assistance of an excellent board of managers, undertook to restore the affairs of the company. In the spring of 1805, the work was resumed, and the whole has been accomplished, without accident or any untoward circumstance, in less than two years. The piers and abutments were raised to the necessary elevation in the first summer; and the whole of the superstructure was begun and completed, by the faithful skill and diligence of about twenty-five carpenters, between the middle of April and the middle of October, being only six months of the present year. Mr. Samuel Carr, of Newburyport, superintended this department of the work, and effected so unexampled an instance of industry and dispatch.

By an act passed at the last session of the legislature, the sum of ten thousand dollars has been granted on a loan to the company, to enable them to cover and inclose the bridge; and with this fund, which is yet untouched, and which will constitute the only debt of the company, it is intended to proceed early in the spring to the protection of this invaluble public improvement by a roof and weather boarding.

For the Literary Magazine.

FOREIGN NEWS, LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

ARROWSMITH has been for more than a year past engaged in constructing a new map of Scotland, from original materials, to which he has obtained access by means of the parliamentary commissioners for making roads and building bridges in the Highlands of Scotland. The elaborate military survey of the main-land of Scotland, made in the middle of the last century, and preserved in his majesty's library, has been copied and reduced for the present map, and the several proprietors of the western islands have communicated all their surveys, most of which have been very re-

tently executed. In addition to the astronomical observations heretofore known, many latitudes and longitudes have been purposely ascertained for this map, as well as a considerable number of magnetic variations. This map is to be accompanied by a memoir, explanatory of the several documents from which it has been constructed. The publication may be expected in the beginning of next year.

The first part of the Townley marbles have been lately removed to the British Museum; the new building of which will in a few months be ready for the reception of the whole, after which they will be opened to public inspection.

The hall of University College, Oxford, is soon to be decorated with the portraits of its most illustrious members. Living personages will be included; and among them will be sir Roger Newdigate, sir William Scott, and Mr. Wyndham.

Among the works now in the British press, under the direction of the record commission, are the *Nonæ Rolls*, of Edward the third's time; the record called *Testa de Nevil*; and a double Index to the Domesday Survey.

The Journal of Modern and Contemporary Voyages and Travels is now giving to the public translations of Durand's Voyage to Senegal, and of Depons' recent and highly curious travels in the Caracas. The next ensuing volume will contain Sarykschew's Voyage in the Northern Ocean, translated from the Russian; an unpublished Voyage to China, and new Travels in the Crimea. The first four volumes of this original and interesting journal have introduced to the knowledge of the English public thirteen recent works of voyages and travels.

Bonnycastle is going to publish a new Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.

The following is an account of the number of copies said to be regularly sold of the principal London magazines and reviews:

The Monthly Magazine	5000
Monthly Review	4250
Gentleman's Magazine	3500
European Magazine	3500
Ladies' Magazine	3000
Medical and Physical Journal	2250
British Critic	2000
Universal Magazine	2000
Journal of new Voyages and Travels	1500
Philosophical Magazine	1250
Anti-Jacobin Review	1250
Critical Review	1250
Monthly Mirror	1000
Nicholson's Journal	1000

How striking is the contrast of the sale of similar publications in France, of the most popular of which not more than 500 copies are regularly circulated. The periodical press of Germany is in a better condition, 4000 copies being sold of the Jena Literary Gazette, and nearly as many of some other literary and scientific journals.

Dr. Crotch, lecturer on the science of music at the Royal Institution, designs publishing Specimens of various Styles of Music.

Rogers, author of the Pleasures of Memory, has nearly finished an epic poem on the Horrors of Jacobinism.

Johnes, the translator and publisher of Froissart, is engaged in a new version of Joinville.

Dr. Toulmin, editor of the last edition of the History of the Puritans, and author of several original theological works, is printing at Birmingham the Life of the Rev. Samuel Bourne, with Sketches of the Lives of Ministers and others contemporary with him.

That illustrious patron of men of learning, the earl of Buchan, is collecting all the MSS. and drawings of the late Mr. Barry, with a view to publish them for the benefit of some indigent relations of that celebrated artist.

Walter Scott, Esq., is about to publish the Memoirs of Sir Henry Slingsby, Bart., from 1683 to 1648, written by himself. Also Memoirs of Captain John Hodgson, touching his conduct in the civil wars, writ-

ten by himself. To each work will be added various important papers relative to the operations of Oliver Cromwell and his army while in Scotland.

Jamieson is collecting for publication Popular Ballads and Songs, from tradition, MSS., and scarce editions, with translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish language.

Dr. Gilbert Gerard's Institutes of Biblical Criticism, read in the university and King's college, Aberdeen, are in the press.

Dr. Adams's second edition of his work on Morbid Poisons is nearly printed. The anomalous class is much enriched by the late controversies and by the author's clinical observations, which have enabled him to proceed a step further towards a proper discrimination of the true characters of such as have been confounded with syphilis.

Nicholson has in his Journal given directions by which a person may save himself from drowning, if he chance to fall into the water. The results of his reasonings are, that if a man fall into deep water, he will rise to the surface by floatage, and will continue there, *if he does not elevate his hands*, and that the keeping them down is essential to his safety. If he move his hands *under* the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe. And if, in addition, he move his legs exactly as in the action of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. He has himself been witness to the success of the experiment.

Valpy, of Pembroke college, Oxford, is preparing a new and improved edition of Maittaire's Greek Dialects.

The new East India docks at Blackwall are now ready for the reception of shipping. The sluices of the floating gate were opened on the 26th of July, in the presence of the chairman, deputy chairman, and several other directors of the East India Company. These docks consist of an entrance bason, of nearly three acres; a dock for inward-bound Indiamen of 18 acres; a dock for loading outward-bound Indiamen, of nearly nine acres, making together about 30 acres; there is an entrance lock, and two communication locks, capable of admitting the largest Indiamen, and his majesty's ships of war, of 74 guns. The depth of water at ordinary spring tides, is 26 feet. The whole premises are surrounded by a boundary wall 21 feet high; the quays are very spacious, being no less than 240 feet wide.

An artillery asylum is about to be established at Greenwich, similar to the military asylum at Chelsea. A grand general hospital is building at Woolwich for 700 sick, with suitable houses for the inspector-general, surgeon-general, physicians, chemists, &c.

An equestrian statue of king William the third is about to be erected in St. James's-square. The workmen have commenced their operations. The foundation of the statue below the water is to be of brick and Spanish terras; the pedestal will be ten feet high, and the statue is to be the same size as that at Charing Cross. Subscriptions to the amount of 8,000l. were collected some years ago for this purpose. The plan is under the direction of Mr. Bacon, the statuary.

Of all races of sheep, now fully naturalised in England, the South-Down are found to be the most profitable. Mr. William Dyke made, some time since, a comparative trial between the Wiltshire and South-Down breeds. It was on a farm of 230 acres of arable ground. The sheep were generally fed on about 40 acres of new field, 40 acres of old field, 14 acres of water-meadow, and 24 acres of pasture. Till 1791, the flock on these grounds consisted usually of from 320 to 360 Wiltshire breeding ewes, which produced 300 lambs, annually. From 1791, a flock of 430 South-Downs

was substituted. These, affording 480 lambs, yielded, in all, an annual profit of 304l. 10s. more than had been obtained from the Wiltshire flock.

A live toad was lately found in a block of stone at Newark, which a workman was dividing with wedges. It was of a white colour, and measured three inches and a half in length. The brilliancy of the light appeared to overcome its faculties, as it immediately stretched out its legs, and seemed exhausted. It died in about an hour, during which time it was seen by many hundreds of the inhabitants.

In a letter from Irkutzk, dated 24th April, 1806, the writer says, you will probably already know that the Russian embassy was obliged to turn back when arrived at the great wall of China. But new and unexpected will no doubt be the agreeable intelligence that Redowsky, the botanist attached to this embassy, has received from his majesty the emperor a new extraordinary commission to undertake a botanical tour in the extreme parts of the north-east of Asia. On the 5th of May he will leave Irkutzk, and sail down the Lena to Jakutzk; from that place he will proceed up the Aldan to its sources in the Mongolian mountains. These, as well as the Jablonoi-Chrebet (Apple Mountains), will be examined as far as the Eastern ocean. He will then proceed along the coast as far as Ochotsk, where he hopes to arrive in September. From Ochotsk he will either go by land round the Peuschin gulf to Kamtschatka, or by sea to Bolscheretzk, where he intends to pass the winter. In the summer of 1807, the Kurili islands will be examined as far as possible towards Japan, and the Aleutian islands as far as the continent of America. On his return he will visit Bering's island and the Copper islands. After passing the winter in Kamtschatka, the third summer's tour will be to Sagalien, and the islands at the mouth of the Amur, and thence he will proceed homewards up the Amur through Yellow Mongolia and Nertschinsk, Davurira and Siberia.

Dr. Westring, physician to the king of Sweden, has obtained excellent dyes from different species of club-moss, *lycopodium*. The following is the method which he has found to be the most simple: take a quantity of this moss, dried and chopped, nearly double the weight of the cloth to be dyed. Put them into a proper vessel, a stratum of the moss between every fold of the cloth, and pour on a quantity of water sufficient to cover the whole. Boil them together for two or three hours, adding more water from time to time, to supply the place of what is wasted by evaporation. Take out the cloth thus prepared, wring it, and hang it up to dry without rinsing. When the cloth is to be dyed, it must be rinsed carefully in cold water, put into a well-tinned copper with cold water, and a small quantity of brazil, and then boiled gently for half an hour or more, according as the tint is to be deeper or lighter. If too much brazil be used, the dye will have a violet hue. When it is taken from the fire, the cloth is to be rinsed in cold water. Care must be taken that none of the common mordants either saline or astringent are used, for they would alter the colour.

Dr. Westring has found that the bark of the Scots fir is an excellent tonic, and may be successfully used in several convulsive diseases, even epilepsy, and that it may be substituted for the cinchona. In some parts of Sweden it is made into bread, which is said to be very nutritious and palatable.

In the course of the next year, a great alteration in the established worship is expected to take place in the Danish dominions. The present liturgy, which was framed under Christian V, and published so long since as 1685, has long been felt to be little adapted to the liberal and enlightened principles of the nineteenth century. With a view to bring about a suitable reformation in this branch, the right reverend P. O. Boisen, bishop of Loland and Fal-

ster has composed a Plan of Improvement in Public Worship, which, in the latter end of last year, he submitted in manuscript to the consideration of government, desiring, however, that before any resolution should be taken upon it, it might be printed, and intelligent divines called upon to give in their opinions with respect to it. This has accordingly been done, and the bishop of Zealand, professor Munter, of the university of Copenhagen, and Laffen, of the royal chancery, have been appointed commissioners for examining and digesting the whole, the results of whose discussions are ordered to be laid before the king before the end of December in the present year.

A Danish Dictionary, on a plan similar to that of the *Dictionaire de l'Academie Francaise*, which is intended to fix the orthography and form the standard of the language, has for some time been in hand, and is already in some degree of forwardness. It is undertaken at the expence, and conducted under the direction of the Royal Danish Society of the Sciences, and the most distinguished literati of the country are engaged in the execution of it, having divided among them the different letters of the alphabet.

The tobacco plantations at Fredericia, in Jutland, are now in a very flourishing state. Last year 83,363 pounds of tobacco, of different qualities, were produced by fifty-six planters.

At a meeting of the Society of Sciences of Drontheim, it was resolved to appoint Arndt, of Altona, to undertake a botanical and antiquarian tour through Norway, agreeably to the will of the late Mr. Hammer, who left a legacy for that purpose.

On the 17th of May, the Polish Society of the Friends of the Sciences held at Warsaw their public meeting, which was opened by the president in a speech, in which he treated of the labours of the society, and the works to be expected from the members. He particularly directed their attention to the Travels of prince Alexander Sapieha, the results of which would considerably enrich the literature of his native country. Abbot Woronicz communicated the plan of a Polish epic poem, entitled the *Lechiade*, and read the first canto. A soaring flight of fancy; an enraptured, enthusiastic, and extremely correct diction, are the distinguishing traits of this production of genius, which is much more perfect than his Jagellonid and Sibyl. Abbot Von Stasic read a continuation of the account of his Geological Tour, which he lately undertook through the whole of the *ci-devant* Poland, during which he made many interesting and important observations and discoveries relative to the natural history of that country, and of geology in general, as the Carpathian mountains had been the principal object of his inquiries. M. Stasic has likewise presented to the society 5000 ducats, for the purpose of erecting a suitable place for holding their meetings.

In Prussia, the potatoe is cultivated with peculiar success. As the stalk grows, the earth is heaped up, leaving only three leaves at top. The roots are thus greatly increased, and the produce is said to be astonishing.

M. Louis de Baczko, is engaged on a work entitled On Myself and my Fellow-Sufferers the Blind. It is divided into ten sections. 1. General remarks on the relations and conduct of the blind. 2. Notices relative to some remarkable and celebrated blind persons. 3. Observations on vision, and on the manner in which the other senses may supply the want of it. 4. On the institute at Paris for the education of the blind; remarks on the character, the peculiarities, the advantages and disadvantages of blind persons. 5. Instructions relative to the first education of all blind persons. 6. The moral and religious education of the blind. 7. Their scientific education. 8. The labours, trades, or professions, in which they

may be employed. 9. The blind considered as friends, as husbands, and fathers.—Mr. Baczko lost his sight at the age of twenty-one, and has now suffered twenty-five years' blindness. In his youth he was one of the favourite disciples of the celebrated K ant.

The observatory of Seeberg, near Gotha, which the late duke of Gotha, the founder of it, used to call his only monument, is at present abandoned. The celebrated M. Von Zach has followed the duchess dowager to Eisenberg, where a new observatory is building.

Professor Mayer read at the meeting of the Royal Society of Gottingen, on the 25th of January, the first part of his meteorological researches, which treats of the "Chemical affinity of the celestial bodies;" i. e., of the influence they may exercise uponone another, independently of their gravity, an influence which must be manifested in their atmospheres. He particularly treats of the effects produced by the moon on that of the earth, which led him to a discussion relative to the stones which are said to have fallen from the heavens. He remarks that almost all these phenomena happened when the moon was near one of its nodes, and on the wane. In the cases which seem to contradict this observation, the coincidence of the passage of the moon through one of its nodes with its last quarter had taken place in the preceding lunation. Thus it was in 1803, in the lunation which preceded the shower of stones at L'Aigle.

Verner, professor at the academy of the mines of Friedberg, has lately discovered a new mineral, to which he has given the name of *zoysite*, in honour of baron de Zoys, an eminent mineralogist who resides at Laybach.

The literary productions of Holland during the year 1805, inclusive of translations, were very numerous. Theology is the department of science which has furnished the greatest quantity of original works, the number amounting to 130, besides the journals which treat chiefly of theological subjects. A weekly paper, which contains nothing but dissertations on the Bible, is supported by many contributors and subscribers.

Medicine, physics, and natural history, continue to be cultivated with considerable zeal, where they have already given celebrity to the names of so many eminent scholars.

In 1805, 114 works were published on various parts of these sciences. Of the journals peculiarly devoted to the sciences, the Magazine of the Healing Art, and the Memoirs of the Society of Haarlem, are the most esteemed.

The number of new pieces brought out on the Dutch stage is 58, tragedies and comedies; of which, however, only six were originals.

Holland can boast of several academies and literary societies, more or less celebrated, which are always ready to reward the talents of poets and orators. That which is known by the name of *Felix Meritis* has lately elected Geysbeck, author of a translation of Esmenard's poem on Navigation, one of its members. Another poet, Kinker, has sung the charms of Ziezenis and Kantian philosophy. There likewise appeared in the course of that year seven or eight original Dutch novels, and some accounts of travels, among which those of M. Vander Willengen in France are favourably spoken of.

That a taste for literature is generally diffused in Holland, appears from the project of a company of merchants at Amsterdam, who have there established an office for the arts and belles-lettres. They do not confine their views to the productions of their country, their aim being to form a point of union for Dutch and foreign literature. They have already completed a considerable collection of the best Dutch, English, French, German, and Italian works.

In Amsterdam, a society of German Jews have acted comic operas

with considerable success for more than twenty years. Only one piece however is mentioned as having been written expressly for this society: it is intitled Mardocheus, or the Jews saved. The music however is not original, being borrowed from several known operas.

The following is said to be an infallible remedy for stopping hemorrhages from the nose, and has been in use more than a century in the province of Frisia.—R. Sacchari saturni 1 oz. vitrioli martis ½ oz. seorsim terantur in mortario vitreo, add. spiritus vini 8 oz. To be taken in quantities of from 10 to 20 drops, according to the age of the patient, in a spoonful of wine or brandy.

M. de la Lande's annual medal for the best work on astronomy has been adjudged by the French National Institute to Svanberg, a Swedish astronomer, who has lately published an account of the measuring of a degree in Lapland, showing the error that has been made in measuring it in 1736.

The Imperial printing establishment at Paris affords constant employment to 400 workmen, besides a number of women, who fold and stitch the pamphlets and laws printed there.

Gum Arabic is successfully used as a remedy in France for pulmonary complaints.

Guyton gives the following as a sure specific against the effects of contagion:—Take four ounces of salt, six grains of oxide of manganese, water two ounces, and sulphuric acid two ounces. The manganese in powder is mixed with the salt in an earthen vessel, the water is then added, and afterwards the sulphuric acid. One fumigation is sufficient, if the chamber be not inhabited; but if there be patients, it must be repeated three or four times.

A splendid edition of the Poems of Petrarch has been published at Pisa, in two volumes, folio, under the superintendance of a literary society. It is adorned with a portrait of Petrarch, engraved by Morghen.

Humboldt and Gay-Lussac have published the results of some interesting experiments made at Naples, with the raja torpedo. They selected for this purpose large and lively subjects. They received a shock on touching with one finger a single surface of the electrical organs, or on laying both hands at once on both surfaces, the upper and the under; and it is indifferent whether the person so touching the torpedo be insulated or not. If an insulated person touch the raja with only one finger, the touch must be immediate. No shock is felt if any conducting body, any metal for instance, intervene between the finger and the organ of the fish. And if a torpedo be laid on a plate of metal, it may be carried in one hand with impunity. The hand does not feel any commotion when another insulated person irritates the fish, though convulsive motions of its breast-fins indicate the strongest discharges of its electrical matter. On the contrary, if the plate on which the fish lies be held in one hand, and the upper surface of the electrical organ touched with the other, a vehement shock is felt in both arms. The result will be the same if the fish be laid between two metal plates, the edges of which do not join, and the plates laid hold of with both hands at once. But if there be any immediate communication between the edges of the two plates, no shock is communicated. From experiments made with the electrometer and condensator, it appeared that flame is not a conductor of the torpedo electricity.

Demeter Alexandrides, M. D., of Tyrnawa, in Thessaly, has translated Goldsmith's History of Greece into modern Greek. The first volume, accompanied with a map of ancient Greece, has already been published.

Two Greeks, the brothers Zozima, are applying part of their fortune towards a new edition of all the ancient Greek classics, from Homer down to the Ptolemies, under the superintendance of their countryman

Coray. This collection, printed by Didot, is intended for such of their countrymen as wish to learn the language of their forefathers. It will be delivered gratis in Greece to diligent scholars and active teachers; and a considerable discount allowed to such wealthy patrons of learning as buy copies for the purpose of presenting them to poor students.

The Literary Society of Bombay, sir James Mackintosh president, will shortly publish a volume of transactions. The public library of Bombay has been transferred to the society; and they are about to collect specimens of the natural history and remains of antiquity in the country.

The college of Fort William, in Bengal, has opened new sources of information on all oriental subjects. There are now in that college upwards of one hundred learned men, from different parts of India, Persia, and Arabia.

Under the auspices of marquis Wellesley, a version of the holy scriptures was promised in seven of the oriental tongues, in the Hindoostanee, Persian, Chinese, Malay, Orissa, Mahratta, and Bengalee.

Kollman, the king's German organist, has lately published a New Theory of Musical Harmony, according to a complete and natural system of that science. This work is meant as an improvement or correction of a former publication on the same subject, is elaborate and erudite, and comprizes, as far as it is at present known, the whole science of musical harmony. The author enters on the consideration of his proposed system, of the musical scale, the modern scale, a musical mode, of intervals, the use of intervals in harmony and melody, the fundamental concord and its inversions, accidental chords, fundamental progression, modulation, simple counter-point, double counter-point, imitation and variation, and time and rhythm, in all which he is very minute, clear, and satisfactory. Those musical students who wish to fathom the depths of the science, and see the *rationale* of their practice, will derive much and rapid improvement from the perusal of this volume, and soon find themselves adequate to the ready comprehension of the most abstruse passages of the classical masters.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO HUBERT,

*In answer to his Rural Cot**.

HASTE, Cupid, haste, expand thy wing,
Thy quiver full of arrows bring,
And, with thy truest, surest dart,
Transfix for ever Hubert's heart;
And, when he writhes beneath the steel,
Call me the rankling wound to heal.
Or come and bind, with silken knot,
The hero of the *Rural Cot*.
For, though 'twas rais'd on empty air,
Around it hung thy magic snare,
Possess'd of more than syren's art
To captivate and hold my heart.
Why does the urchin stay?
What can the elf detain?
He hears not what I say,
Nor deigns to heed my pain,
But leaves me to endure
Pangs time may never cure.
To all my moanings deaf as though asleep,
My destiny is fix'd, I'm doom'd to weep.
But soft—O gently soft—he's near!
He comes, with sweetly laughing eye
He comes! a moment brings him here!
Ah! 'twas Zephyrus passing by.
'Tis thus the silly brain imparts
False hope that agonizes hearts!

* Vide Vol. V, p. 399.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

~~DUE JAN - 5'48~~ NS 8K

SEP 13 [illegible]

34[illegible]496

CANCELLED

3 2044 092 530 864